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COUNT FRONTENAC

COUNT FRONTENAC

C. Fronsenac

THE MAKERS OF CANADA

COUNT FRONTENAC

BY

WILLIAM D. LE SUEUR

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PREFACE

THE author of the following work desires to acknowledge his obligations to two preceding writers who have dealt with the life and times of Count Frontenac, the late Mr. Parkman, and M. Henri Lorin. The merits of the former are too well known and too thoroughly established to need any commendation at this time. If he charms by the lucidity and picturesqueness of his style, none the less does he achieve a high level of historical accuracy, and manifest the control of the true spirit of historical criticism. The work of M. Lorin is, perhaps, less attractive in point of style, but it treats the whole subject from an independent point of view, and in a very comprehensive manner. It is a treasure-house of carefully sifted facts in relation to the career of Canada's most famous governor under the old régime. A certain French writer once complimented another —a dim recollection suggests that it was Buffon who so complimented President Debrosses in regard to his work on language—by saying that whoever treated the same subject "*après lui*" would also have to do it "*d'après lui*"; and such the author inclines to think has, to some extent,

been his situation in relation to his two able and industrious predecessors. At the same time the present work has not been written without consultation of original sources, and it is trusted that it will be found—for Canadian readers especially—a not unserviceable or uninteresting narrative.

W. D. LE SUEUR

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CHAPTER I

CANADA BEFORE FRONTENAC

1608 to 1632

WHEN Count Frontenac landed at Quebec, in the month of September 1672, to administer the government of Canada or, as it was then more generally called, New France, the country had been for a period of a little over sixty years under continuous French rule. The period may, indeed, be limited to exactly sixty years if we take as the starting-point the commission issued to Samuel de Champlain on the 15th of October 1612 as "Commander in New France," under the authority of the Count de Soissons, who had been appointed by the queen regent, Marie de Medicis, as lieutenant-general of that territory. What had been accomplished during those sixty odd years? How had the country developed, and what were the elements of the situation which confronted Frontenac on his arrival? Answers to these questions may be gathered, it is hoped, from the following brief introductory narrative.

The territorial claims of France in the gulf and valley of the St. Lawrence were founded on the discoveries made in the name of the French king, Francis I, by that brave Breton mariner, Jacques Cartier, in the celebrated voyages undertaken by

him in the years 1534 and 1535. An attempt at colonization made in the latter year, the site chosen being the left bank of the St. Charles near Quebec, failed miserably; nor were the similar attempts made in 1541 by Cartier and in 1542 by Roberval any more successful. Cartier did not again return to Canada, and all efforts in the direction of colonization were suspended for sixty years, though French fishermen continued to visit the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In the year 1603 a notable figure appears upon the scene, Samuel Champlain, the true founder of French power on the continent of America. A few years previously a certain naval captain named Chauvin, who enjoyed considerable influence at court, had applied for and obtained from King Henry IV a patent granting him exclusive trading privileges in the St. Lawrence. This he had done at the instance of one Pontgravé, a leading merchant of St. Malo, well acquainted with the St. Lawrence trade, whose business instinct had led him to see that the fur trade alone of that region might be a source of vast wealth to any single company controlling it. One condition of the grant was that not less than five hundred persons should be settled in the country, and another that provision should be made for the religious instruction both of the settlers and of the natives. Having obtained the patent, neither Chauvin nor Pontgravé, whom he appointed as his lieutenant, seems to have thought of anything but the conversion of their privilege

into money. They sailed to the St. Lawrence, but proceeded no further than Tadousac, where they set up a trading establishment. At the end of the first summer season they returned to France, leaving some sixteen men behind them so ill provided for that eleven died during the winter of disease and hardship. The rest would have died of starvation had not friendly Indians supplied them with food. Chauvin made two more trips to the St. Lawrence without doing anything to redeem his engagements, and in the year 1601 he died.

The death of Chauvin having voided his patent, the king was moved to constitute Knight Commander de Chastes, Governor of Dieppe, his representative in the western world. A company was formed, and an expedition was organized and placed under the command of Pontgravé, as a man having special knowledge of the St. Lawrence navigation. By request of de Chastes, Champlain was associated with him. At this time Champlain was thirty-six years of age, and had already distinguished himself as soldier, sailor, explorer, and geographer. His chief work in the two latter characters had been done in connection with a voyage which he had made to the West Indies and Mexico in one of the vessels of the King of Spain. On his return he described the places he had visited in a work, still extant, illustrated by curious maps and pictures of his own drawing. Champlain had higher views than mere money making and no more valuable man could

have been assigned to the expedition. Setting sail with Pontgravé from Honfleur on the 15th March 1603, he arrived at Tadousac on the 24th May. How earnestly he was bent on carrying the Catholic faith into the wilds of Canada is shown by a conversation he reports having had with an Algonquin chief, into whose mind he was trying to instil correct views as to the origin of things, and particularly of the human race. The Algonquin had been under the impression that the Creator had placed arrows in the ground, and then turned them into men. Champlain assured him that this was an error, man having been made in the first place out of clay, and woman from a rib taken from his side while he slept. He dwelt somewhat also on the propriety and duty of the invocation of saints, with a view, as the Abbé Faillon hints,[1] to counteracting any prejudice against that doctrine which Chauvin and his companions, who were Calvinists, might have endeavoured to create in the savage mind. Judging, however, by the Algonquin's replies to Champlain's catechising, his mental attitude was one of admirable neutrality, securely founded on nescience, regarding any or all of the doctrines in debate between Rome and Geneva. Chauvin had attended strictly to business.

Before returning to France, Champlain explored the river St. Lawrence as far as the Lachine Rapids. On the way up he anchored before Quebec, the situation of which he describes; doubtless he

[1] *Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada*, vol. i. p. 79.

recognized it as the place near which Jacques Cartier and his men had spent their terrible winter. In passing Three Rivers he noticed how advantageously it was situated both for trade and for defence. He explored the country in the vicinity of the Lachine Rapids sufficiently to recognize that the land to his right, as he ascended, was an island (Montreal). Of the rapids themselves he says that never had he seen a torrent rushing with such impetuosity. Returning to Tadousac he proceeded down the river to Gaspé and Percé and entered the Baie des Chaleurs. After making, according to his custom, as many observations and inquiries as possible in regard to the character and outlines of the country, he returned to Tadousac, and, gathering his party, which had meanwhile been doing some profitable trading with the natives, set sail for France, where he arrived on the 20th September. M. de Chastes, under whose authority he and Pontgravé were acting, had died in the month of May. Champlain, therefore, went alone to court, exhibited to the king a map he had made of the country, and gave such information as to its resources and capabilities as he had personally gathered. The king was much interested; and, desiring that the work so well begun should be vigorously prosecuted, he issued a patent to a Huguenot gentleman, Pierre Dugas, Sieur de Monts and Governor of Pons conferring upon him exclusive trading privileges for a period of ten years not only in Canada, but in Acadia. The essential con-

dition of this grant, it has been said, was the establishment in the countries mentioned of the "Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman faith"; but, if such was the case, the terms of the document seem a little lacking in precision, as they speak only of instructing the natives in the principles of Christianity and the knowledge of God, and thus bringing them to the light of faith and the practice of the Christian religion. As de Monts was a Huguenot the generality of these terms may not have been without significance.

De Monts had been in Canada before, having accompanied Chauvin on one or two of his voyages to Tadousac. He had also some knowledge of Acadia, and had conceived a preference for that region, as being more favourably situated and milder in climate than Canada so far as he knew it. To that quarter, therefore, he directed the expedition, which left Havre under his command in March 1604. The result was complete failure owing to causes into which it is impossible in this hasty narrative to enter. Suffice it to say that, opposition having been raised to the privileges enjoyed by de Monts, the king, who was an accomplished politician—it was he who had thought Paris "well worth a mass"—cancelled his patent, and thus destroyed all the expectations which he and his business associates, who had incurred great expense in equipping the expedition, had founded thereon. Some progress had been made in settlement at Port Royal, and excellent relations had been

established with the natives, when in the fall of 1607 the whole colony was recalled to France. Champlain, who had accompanied this expedition, turned it to good account in increasing his stores of geographical knowledge. In the following year, 1608, de Monts succeeded in obtaining a renewal of his patent for one year. After consultation with Champlain he decided that Quebec would be the best place at which to attempt a settlement. He accordingly equipped two vessels for the enterprise, and placed them under the command of Champlain, whom he appointed as his lieutenant with full powers of control over the whole expedition. He himself remained behind in Paris to watch over his interests, which were subject at every moment to attack. His lieutenant sailed from Honfleur on the 13th April 1608, and arrived at Tadousac on the 3rd of June, and at Quebec on the 3rd of July. Having disembarked his men, Champlain set them to work at once to clear the level piece of land at the base of the rock, erect a storehouse and dwellings, and surround the whole with a palisade and ditch. Thus in the summer of 1608 was the city of Quebec founded, and the power of France formally established on the North American continent.

The first event of note in the annals of the new colony was certainly not an auspicious one: a plot that was formed by some of the men of the expedition against the life of their commander. Had the designs of the conspirators not been brought to

light in time, the course of Canadian history, as we know it, might have been seriously turned aside. Four men were found guilty, and sentenced to death; the ringleader only, a Norman named Jean Duval, was executed, the others were sent to France where their sentences were commuted. Lescarbot, a contemporary writer, to whom we are indebted for much information respecting the events of the period, states that the men were dissatisfied with their food; but from Champlain's own narrative it appears that the plot was formed, if not before the expedition left France, at least before it reached Quebec, and that the whole motive of the conspirators was gain, their intention being to deliver over all Champlain's goods to the Basques and Spaniards fishing and trading at Tadousac, and to escape on their vessels with the proceeds of their treason. This danger, however, having been happily averted, work was proceeded with on what Champlain in his narrative calls the "habitation," and by the time winter set in the dwellings were in readiness. The winter was destined to be a most unhappy one. As before, when Cartier took up his quarters on the banks of the St. Charles in the winter of 1535-6, scurvy broke out, and twenty men out of a company of twenty-eight died.

In the spring of 1609 a reinforcement for the shrunken colony was brought out by Pontgravé. It was in the summer of that year that Champlain, with little thought of the consequences his action

would entail, carried out a promise previously made to the Algonquins and Hurons to assist them in their feud with the Iroquois. Taking eleven Frenchmen with him in a ship's boat, and accompanied by about three hundred savages in their canoes, he proceeded as far as the mouth of the Richelieu River. There most of the savages changed their minds, and deserted the party. Finding that the boat was not suited to the navigation of the Richelieu River up which the route to the enemy's country lay, Champlain sent it back to Quebec and nine men with it. He with two Frenchmen and sixty Indians proceeded in canoes, and on the 30th of July a band of Iroquois on the war-path was encountered on the shore of what has since been known as Lake Champlain. The story is briefly told. Champlain, who had loaded his arquebus with four balls, brought down at the first shot three Iroquois chiefs, two instantly killed, and the third mortally wounded. His men did further execution. The Iroquois, astounded at such swift death, turned and fled. In the pursuit others were killed. Commenting on this campaign, and a somewhat similar one of the year following, the Abbé Faillon observes that if Champlain, instead of siding with the Algonquins and Hurons against the Iroquois, had declared himself the friend of all the tribes, he would not only have done more honour to the French name, but would have gained access for himself and for the missionaries who were to follow him to all the Indian communities.

By the course he actually followed he inspired the most powerful and best organized of the Indian tribes with a hatred for the French race and for the religion they professed, which during a long series of years wreaked itself in countless deeds of blood, and more than once brought the colony of New France to the verge of extinction. The massacre of Lachine (1689) was a late harvest of the blood sown on the shores of Lake Champlain eighty years before.

The vessels which brought out recruits brought also the news that the exclusive privilege of trade granted to de Monts had been cancelled, or at least had not been renewed, though de Monts still retained his position as the king's lieutenant in New France. Champlain was therefore obliged to return to France in the autumn and discuss matters. Leaving Quebec on the 5th September he reached Honfleur on the 14th October. He saw the king, reported progress, and showed him some of the products of the country. De Monts renewed his efforts to be reinstated in his privileges, but without success. In the end it was arranged that Champlain should return to Canada, which he did, leaving Honfleur on the 8th April 1610, and arriving at Quebec early in May. We pass over the second attack on the Iroquois, made in the month of June of this year, in which Champlain was slightly wounded. It is interesting, however, to learn that, on returning from his campaign, he found a piece of land near his "habitation" at

Quebec, which he had brought under cultivation, yielding good crops of vegetables, Indian corn, wheat, rye, and barley. He had been much annoyed on reaching Quebec in the spring to find that no care had been taken of some grape vines that he had carefully laid down the previous fall. This was but one example of an indolent neglect only too characteristic, unhappily, of the Quebec colonists in after years.

Towards the end of this summer grave news arrived. The king, Henry IV, had fallen under the dagger of an assassin. Champlain and Pontgravé both thought it desirable to return to France without delay, as it was impossible to say how their interests might be affected by the change of government. The only incident of importance, so far as is known, which happened during Champlain's stay in France on this occasion, was his marriage to a Protestant young lady named Helen Boullé, whom, on account of her tender years—she was only twelve years old—he left to grow up under her father's roof, but who brought him as her dowry a much needed subsidy of six thousand francs. Thus financially reinforced he sailed again for Canada in the spring of 1611. He had an appointment to keep, made the previous year, with certain Indians to meet them at the Grand Saut (Lachine Rapids) to discuss matters of trade and war. He arrived there on the 28th May, a few days later than he had said, but found no Indians. Not being a man to waste time he employed himself

while waiting in prospecting the Island of Montreal and erecting a wall, as the commencement of a fort, almost on the very spot selected thirty-one years afterwards by Maisonneuve for the same purpose. It has been conjectured that, if Champlain had known all the advantages possessed by Montreal, as compared with Quebec, before he began to construct buildings at the latter place, Montreal would probably have been the first capital of New France. This, however, seems hardly probable. It was important that the capital should be a place naturally strong in a military point of view—"naturâ fortis," as the motto of the city of Quebec has it—and of comparatively easy access from the sea; and these obvious advantages Quebec possessed in a much higher degree than Montreal.

De Monts was at last convinced that, under existing conditions, there was no money in the enterprise to which he was committed. Others could engage in the fur trade as freely as he, without having any establishments in Canada to keep up; so he willingly resigned his empty honours as lieutenant-general, in order to see what he could do as a private trader, or private member of a trading company. The office of lieutenant-general passed into the hands of a more powerful person, the Duke of Condé, who wisely made Champlain his lieutenant, and under whose auspices a powerful company was formed, consisting of all the traders of Rouen and St. Malo who wished to join it. The merchants of La Rochelle

had also been invited to take a share in the enterprise, but they held off, and were consequently left out of the arrangement. Champlain had returned to France in September 1611, and the difficulties and oppositions of one kind and another to which the organization of the new company gave rise kept him there till the spring of 1613, when, again setting sail for Canada, he arrived at Quebec about the 1st of May. It was in the early summer of this year that he made his celebrated trip up the Ottawa River as far as Allumette Island, about one hundred miles above the city of Ottawa, after which he again returned to France.

Up to this time nothing had been done by the various trading companies that had been formed towards the evangelization of the native tribes, nor even for meeting the spiritual necessities of the Europeans settled or trading in New France. Champlain, who remained in France during the whole of the following year (1614), thought it time to take the matter in hand. He therefore arranged with the Provincial of the Récollet Fathers, a sub-order of the Franciscans, that six of their members should go out to New France as missionaries, their maintenance and lodging to be provided by the company. Four of the fathers sailed with him from France in the ship *St. Étienne* of three hundred and fifty tons, on the 24th April 1615, and arrived at Quebec about the 1st of June. They were received with many tokens of satisfaction, but the good fathers were not long in discovering that there was

very little zeal for religion in the colony, and that their work was going to be beset with the most serious difficulties and discouragements. A Récollet writer, Théodat Sagard, who came to Canada a year or two later, and who wrote a most interesting record of his experiences, says that the French themselves, who were supposed to be Christians, were by their scandalous lives the greatest impediment to the conversion of the Indians. We gather from Champlain's narrative that the first celebration of the mass took place at Rivière des Prairies, a few miles below Montreal, before a few French and a large number of Indians, "who were full of admiration at the ceremonies practised, and the ornaments used, the latter in particular seeming to them, unaccustomed as they were to such things, very beautiful and interesting."

Champlain himself was present on this solemn occasion, and it is a cause of regret to know that he was at the moment under a promise to join the Huron Indians in another attack on the Iroquois. It was in connection with this expedition that some of his most interesting geographical discoveries were made. The point of rendezvous for the warriors was a Huron village to the west of Lake Simcoe called Cahiagué. To reach it Champlain's Indian guides took the route by the Ottawa River to Lake Nipissing, thence by the French River into the Georgian Bay, and down through the clustering islands on its eastern coast to some point not far from Penetanguishene. Beyond

Allumette Island on the Ottawa all was new to Champlain. He now saw for the first time Lake Simcoe, Sturgeon Lake, Rice Lake, and finally Lake Ontario. He describes the country he passed through as most beautiful. The expedition, however, was fated to be unsuccessful, and came very near to proving most disastrous. The attack made on a fortified position of the enemy was repelled; Champlain himself received two painful arrow wounds; and if the Iroquois had only sent a party to capture and destroy the canoes of the Hurons, the whole invading force might easily have been annihilated. It was about the middle of October that the fight took place. Champlain, as soon as his wounds were healed, was anxious to be conducted back to the Grand Saut, whence he might make his way to Quebec; but his allies pleaded the impossibility of sparing men and canoes for the purpose, and he was consequently obliged to spend the winter with them. Not unnaturally the French at Quebec had almost given him up for lost, when he made his appearance among them some time in the month of June 1616.

Little of interest occurred in the colony, if we may call it by that name, for several years after this. In 1620 Champlain began the construction of the Château St. Louis on a portion of the ground now covered by Dufferin Terrace; yet at this date the whole population of Quebec did not exceed fifty persons. Amongst these there was only one who could be called a settler in the true

sense of the word. This was Louis Hébert who had come to Canada in 1617 under a contract with the company, the terms of which do not give us a favourable opinion of the liberality of that corporation or of their desire to open up the country. Hébert, who was a chemist and apothecary by profession, was bound to serve the company for three years for a hundred crowns a year, his wife and children being also liable to be called upon for any help they could render. He received an allotment of land; but he could only work on it at such times as his services were not required by the company. At the end of three years he might grow crops, but he must sell his produce to the company at such prices as were current in France. Notwithstanding these restrictions, Hébert managed in the course of time to establish himself in comfort, and to become a substantial *bourgeois* of the new colony.

The Récollet fathers had now been five years in the country, yet the interests of religion were not flourishing. They found that they were not receiving the assistance from the company that had been promised; and, not only so, but that their influence with the natives was constantly being undermined by the company's agents and servants, whose one preoccupation was trade. In their perplexity and discouragement—for they were really making no headway at all—it occurred to them that, if they could have the assistance of a few Jesuit fathers, the situation might be materially improved, their

impression being that the Jesuits, if they came, would probably have some independent means of their own, and moreover that the high credit they enjoyed in France would stand them in good stead in the colony. They consequently sent home one of their number to conduct negotiations to that end. The result was that, in the month of June 1625, three Jesuit fathers and two coadjutors came out to Quebec, to begin that career of evangelization and of dauntless, self-sacrificing effort which has won for their order an imperishable name in the annals of French colonization in North America.

What may be called the first chapter in the history of New France was now drawing to a close. In 1621 the Duke of Condé had, with the royal approval, transferred the lieutenant-generalship to the Duke of Montmorency for a consideration of eleven thousand francs. Some changes were at the same time made in the organization of the trading company. In 1625 Montmorency in turn passed over the office to his nephew, Henri de Lévis, Duke of Ventadour. These changes in no way improved the situation of the settlement at Quebec which, under all managements, was consistently starved and kept down to the level of a precarious trading-post. The French during these years were more and more losing influence with their Indian allies, the Hurons and Montagnais, whose attitude at times became very menacing, and who actually committed several murders for which it was impossible to bring them to punishment. The chief

reason for the change of temper on the part of the natives was that they found they were being systematically cheated by the French traders, who beat them down to the lowest price for their furs, and charged them the highest price for commodities sold. A Récollet writer tells a story of an Indian chief which places the character of the red man in a much more favourable light than that of the civilized Europeans with whom he was dealing. The chief, at the request of some of his people, was begging one of the agents of the company to treat them with a little more fairness and humanity. The agent, after considerable discussion, offered the chief to do business with him personally on more liberal terms, but said he could not make any change as regards the other Indians. "You are insulting me then," said the chief, "for if I were to consent to such an arrangement I should deserve to be hanged by my own people. I am their captain; it is for them I am speaking, not for myself."

Things had reached such a pass that Champlain thought it necessary to speak very plainly to the home authorities. Cardinal Richelieu, who was at this time at the head of affairs in France, and specially in charge of the maritime interests of the kingdom, determined on what he hoped would be a radical measure of reform, namely the formation of a company on a much wider basis than any preceding one, and consisting of persons of higher mark and responsibility, who should hold their powers directly from himself. The edict establish-

ing the company, the legal name of which was the Company of New France, but which was afterwards more commonly known as the Company of the Hundred Associates, bore date the 29th April 1627. The preamble set forth in forcible terms the lamentable failure of all the previous trading associations to redeem their pledges in the matter of colonization; and the new associates were, by the terms of their charter, bound in the most formal and positive manner, to convey annually to the colony, beginning in the following year, 1628, from two to three hundred *bona fide* settlers, and in the fifteen following years to transport thither a total of not less than four thousand persons male and female. The settlers were to be maintained for three years, until they could get their land under cultivation, and then for one season till they had reaped their crops. Provision was also to be made for the maintenance of a sufficient number of clergy to meet the spiritual wants both of the settlers and of the native population. In consideration of these services all French possessions between Florida and the Arctic Circle, and from Newfoundland as far west as the company should be able to possess the land, were handed over to them in absolute sovereignty, saving only the supreme authority of the French king. They had, of course, a complete monopoly of trade, with the sole exception of the cod and whale fisheries which, as before, were to be open to all French subjects.

A most unexpected event, however, was destined to delay for some years the carrying out of the plans of the great cardinal. In the very year in which the new company was formed war broke out between France and England. The general result of the war was both disastrous and inglorious for England; but a notable incident of it was the capture of Quebec by a small fleet of privateers under the command of Captain David Kirke, sailing under letters of marque from the English king, Charles I, authorizing him to attack the French in Canada, and drive them out of the country if possible. Kirke's first exploit was to defeat and capture, early in 1628, not far from Gaspé, a French fleet of eighteen vessels carrying a considerable number of colonists, and also a large quantity of provisions, goods of all kinds, and munitions of war for the colony of New France. To what dire extremities the loss of these supplies reduced the already feeble settlement is movingly described in Champlain's own narrative. Kirke, after his victory, stripped the vessels of the enemy of whatever they contained that was valuable, burnt the smaller ones, and took the larger ones to Newfoundland. Then, after destroying the French settlements in Acadia, he sailed for England with his prisoners and a portion of the booty. This gave the colony at Quebec a year's respite from attack; but owing to a series of misfortunes no succour was received from France during the interval. The consequence was that, when Kirke

returned in the following year to the St. Lawrence, and sent two of his brothers, Louis and Thomas, with three small but well-appointed vessels—he himself remaining at Tadousac—to demand the surrender of Quebec, the only course open to Champlain, who not only had no adequate means of defence, but whose little garrison was on the point of starvation, was to make an honourable capitulation. It was agreed that the French should evacuate the place carrying with them their arms, clothing, and any furs they might individually own, and should be allowed to return to France in a vessel of their own providing. As they had difficulty in procuring a suitable vessel, Kirke in the end furnished one of two hundred and fifty tons, manned by seventy of his own sailors, and landed them, to the number of over a hundred, in England. The preliminary articles of capitulation were signed on the 19th July 1629, and two days later the English flag was raised on the Château St. Louis, to the accompaniment of salvos of artillery, fired both from the ships in the river and the land batteries, of which the English had now taken possession.

While all this was going on the Kirke brothers and Champlain were alike unaware that, three months previously, peace had been signed between England and France. The disappointment and chagrin of David Kirke when he landed the Quebec garrison in England, and learned that the capture had been made in time of peace and would

probably have to be restored, may be imagined. Champlain made it his business to go at once and see the French ambassador in London, in order to report what had taken place and urge the restitution of the colony to France. The matter was taken up by the French government, and Charles promised to restore Canada, but made no engagement respecting Acadia. The French king, Louis XIII, about this time had his hands full with domestic sedition and foreign war. His own brother, Gaston de France, with the sympathy both of the queen and of the queen mother, was in revolt against him, as well as the Duke of Montmorency, former lieutenant-general of Canada. The rebellion was crushed through the vigorous action of Cardinal Richelieu, and Montmorency was brought to the block; but meantime the negotiations with England had remained in suspense. Finally they were brought to a conclusion in 1632, Charles agreeing to restore both Canada and Acadia. The probability is that had he refused to do so the matter would not have been pressed—at least not to the point of war—and that Canada and Acadia would have remained English possessions. Never, in the course of history, did a country more distinctly stand at the parting of the ways; and it is singular to reflect that, in all probability, it is owing to the restitution of Canada to France at that time that the Dominion of Canada is to-day a British possession.

CHAPTER II

CANADA BEFORE FRONTENAC

1632 TO 1672

CANADA had fallen into the hands of the English before the new company organized by Cardinal Richelieu was able to enter on the rights and privileges secured to it by the edict of incorporation, or even so much as to set foot in the country. Whatever there might be at Quebec in the way of buildings, fortifications, etc., was the property of the preceding company, of which one William de Caën was the head. It seemed advisable, therefore, to Cardinal Richelieu to send William de Caën, or some one deputed by him, out to Quebec to accept transfer of the country on behalf of the French king from Louis Kirke, who had remained in command there. De Caën named his brother Emery for this duty, and the latter, provided with all necessary papers and instructions, set sail from France towards the end of April 1632, and arrived at Quebec on the 5th of July. An order from King Charles of England, of which he was bearer, required Kirke to evacuate the place within eight days. The order was complied with, and the French resumed possession of Quebec three years, all but a month, after yielding it up to the English. Mention has

been made of the one genuine settler or *habitant* at Quebec, Louis Hébert. He had died some time before the capitulation; but his widow and her son-in-law, who had between them some seven acres of land under good cultivation, had remained in the country during the whole period of the English occupation. The *Jesuit Relations* tell of the joy of the widow at welcoming her own countrymen again, and particularly of the delight she manifested when her house was used as a chapel for the first celebration of mass after the French re-occupation. In the spring of the following year Champlain, who had been recommended by the new company as governor, and had received his appointment as such at the hands of the cardinal, set sail for Canada with three vessels, carrying in all about two hundred persons, more than half being intending colonists. The ships brought besides a liberal supply of stores, the company, in the new-broom stage of its existence, being desirous of improving on the methods and practices of its predecessors. Arriving at Quebec on the 23rd of May, Champlain took over the keys of the place from de Caën. His first care was to put the fort and other buildings, which were found to be in a ruinous condition, in proper repair. He next erected a chapel to replace the one formerly in use which had been destroyed; and, at the earnest request of the Huron Indians, he established a fort at Three Rivers to assist in protecting them against the incursions of the implacable Iroquois.

De Caën had brought out one or two Jesuit fathers with him, and others came with Champlain. Why the Récollets did not seize the first opportunity of returning to Canada is not very clear. In the year 1635 they had made arrangements for returning, but were requested by the intendant of the company in France to delay their departure. The next year they were plainly informed that the cardinal did not wish them to go to Canada. They were thus shut out from a mission-field which they had been the first to occupy, and it is not surprising that they felt considerably aggrieved, nor that they were disposed to attribute their exclusion to the machinations of the Jesuit order. The responsibility in the matter seems to have rested with the cardinal. It was he who sent out the Jesuit fathers; and not improbably he thought that there would be less friction and more progress if the field of New France were entrusted to a single order of ecclesiastics than if it were divided between two.

The laborious, useful, and heroic life of Champlain was now drawing to a close. One of the last subjects that engaged his attention was the sale of liquor by traders and colonists to the Indians, a practice against which he issued the most stringent prohibitions, but which, as we shall have further occasion to see, proved a very difficult one to control. In the summer of 1635 he took advantage of the presence at Quebec of a large number of Hurons from the upper country to summon

them and the French residents to a general assembly, in order that he might have an opportunity of urging upon them the duty and advantage of espousing the religion professed by the French. If their friendship with the French, he said, was to be maintained and strengthened, they must embrace the faith of the latter; and in that case God, who was all-powerful, would bless and protect them, and give them the victory over their enemies. They would also learn the arts of civilization, and in every way enjoy great happiness and prosperity. What impression this discourse made is not stated. In point of fact the Jesuits, who devoted themselves specially to mission work amongst the Hurons, had eventually a considerable measure of success in converting them to Christianity; but the unhappy tribe, instead of triumphing in war, became a more and more helpless prey to their heathen enemies, and, in about fifteen years from this date, were almost obliterated from the face of the earth.[1]

Not long after the convoking of this assembly Champlain was smitten with paralysis; and on Christmas Day, 1635, he died in the sixty-ninth

[1] According to the *Jesuit Relations* for 1643-4, the Hurons cried out in their despair: "The Iroquois, our mortal enemies, do not believe in God, have no love for prayer, commit all kinds of crimes, and nevertheless they prosper. We, since we have abandoned the customs of our fathers, are slaughtered and burnt, our villages are destroyed. What good do we get by lending ear to the Gospel, if conversion and death walk hand in hand?" Garneau, who quotes this passage, adds: "One tribe of them that had counted its warriors by hundreds was now reduced to thirty."

year of his age. His funeral sermon was preached by the Superior of the Jesuits, Father Le Jeune, and he was buried with all due honour in—as the Jesuit narrative tells us—a "*sépulcre particulier*"; but a careless posterity soon forgot even the place of his interment, and to-day the question as to where he was laid is a matter of antiquarian debate. The contingency of his death had been provided for by the company, who had placed in the hands of Father Le Jeune, a sealed letter, giving authority to a M. de Châteaufort to act as interim governor. The following summer M. de Montmagny came out from France as second governor of Canada. He appears to have been a man of firm and upright character, but the position to which he succeeded was an extremely difficult and critical one. The Jesuits were as yet having very limited success in the conversion of the native tribes, and were even incurring a dangerous amount of suspicion and hostility. They were accused of witchcraft; and it began to be commonly said amongst the savages that baptism was a sure precursor of death. There was truth in the allegation just to this extent, that the fathers, for the most part, were only allowed to baptize those who were already in a dying condition, particularly children. The confusion between *post hoc* and *propter hoc* is so common among the civilized and instructed, that we cannot be surprised if Hurons and Algonquins were not proof against it. The Iroquois at the same time were becoming more

and more daring in their attacks, while the resources of the colony for repelling them were sadly inadequate. The Company of the Hundred Associates had made a fair beginning in the matter of sending out colonists and supplies—forty-five new settlers came out with Montmagny—but in a few years their capital began to run short, and it became a question whether the magnificent powers and privileges they possessed represented a very profitable business arrangement. The consequence was that, just as before under successive trading companies, the interests both of colonization and of defence were neglected.

But, if the company was lapsing into inertness, other agencies, not of a commercial character, were at work laying the foundations of institutions destined to exert a most important and lasting influence on the future life of the colony. The year in which Champlain died witnessed the establishment at Quebec by the Jesuit, M. de Rohault, son of the Marquis de Gamache, of a college for boys. Four years later, in 1639, a vessel arrived from France bearing two ladies of note, Madame de la Peltrie and Madame Guyard, Mère de l'Incarnation, whose mission was to establish a school for girls, white and Indian, and whose names are illustrious as the founders of the Ursuline Convent. On the same vessel were a number of nuns sent out by the Duchess d'Aiguillon to perform hospital duties: this was the origin of the Hôtel Dieu. In the year 1641 M. de

Maisonneuve, a pious layman, conducted to Canada a small band of trusty followers whose destination was the Island of Montreal, where it was proposed to form a strictly Christian colony. With M. de Maisonneuve was a pious lady, Mdlle. Mance, who three years later became the founder of the Hôtel Dieu at Montreal, funds for the purpose having been supplied by a rich benefactress in France, Madame de Bullion. Looking forward nine years, that is to say to 1653, we find the admirable Sister Margaret Bourgeoys establishing at Montreal the Congrégation de Notre Dame for the education of girls. As Garneau well says, "the love of learning and charity gave birth in Canada to all the great establishments destined for public instruction and the alleviation of human suffering."

The question may naturally be asked how it happened that Canada, at this very early stage of its history, attracted so much attention as a field for missionary and educational effort. An explanation is to be found in the fact that the Jesuits, from the time when they first entered on their work in this country, made a practice, under instructions from the head of their order, of writing year by year a narrative of their doings, which they despatched to France, and which was there published and circulated amongst those who were interested in religious work. These narratives constituted the celebrated *Relations des Jésuites*, which form the chief source of information regard-

ing the history of Canada for a period of over forty years. Of these interesting annals, forty volumes of which in all were published, Parkman has said: "The closest examination has left me no doubt that these missionaries wrote in perfect good faith, and that the *Relations* hold a high place as authentic and trustworthy historical documents." On the other hand the latest historian of the Jesuits in New France, the Rev. Father Rochemonteix, while also asserting the substantial accuracy of the *Relations*, acknowledges that "they do not reflect the complete physiognomy of New France; they only show one side of it, the most attractive, the most consoling, namely, the progress of Christianity, its toils and heroic struggles, and the valiant achievements of the colonists. The rest is intentionally left in the shade, passed over in silence. The other side of the physiognomy is omitted, or nearly so. What we have is history, but incomplete history."[1]

It was from these narratives, so carefully and

[1] *Les Jésuites et la Nouvelle France.* Vol. i. Introduction, p. xv. More than two centuries earlier the pious Superior of the Ursuline Convent, Mère de l'Incarnation, had referred, in her own gentle way, to their incompleteness. "If," she says, "any one is disposed to conclude that the labours of the convent are useless because no mention is made of them in the *Relations*, the inference must equally be drawn that Monseigneur the Bishop is useless; that his Seminary is useless; that the Seminary of the Jesuit fathers themselves is useless; that the ecclesiastics of Montreal are useless; and that finally the Hospital nuns are useless; because of none of these persons or things do the *Relations* say a word. Nothing is mentioned save what relates to the progress of the Gospel; and, even so, lots of things are cut out after the record gets to France."—*Lettres Spirituelles*, edition of 1681, p. 259.

skilfully edited for purposes of edification, that the impulse proceeded which moved pious souls to contribute, in some cases their labours, in others their wealth, to the advancement of the cause of religion in the wilds of Canada. The fathers told of their difficulties and discouragements; but they told also of the many signs vouchsafed that Heaven was interested in their self-sacrificing efforts. Sometimes they made direct appeals for assistance. A Jesuit school for boys had been established, as already mentioned, as early as 1635. A few years later Father Le Jeune writes in the *Relations*: "Is there no charitable and virtuous lady who will come to this country to gather up the blood of Christ by teaching His word to the little Indian girls?" The call was answered in the establishment of the Ursuline Convent. It is not easy, in these days of swift, safe, and luxurious travel, to imagine what it was in the earlier part of the seventeenth century for women of delicate nurture to leave friends and home and civilized surroundings, and, braving the Atlantic storms in small, ill-equipped and comfortless vessels, to set their faces towards a continent lost in the distant west, amid whose forests a handful of pioneers were doubtfully holding their ground against the scowling hordes of savagery. The historian, Parkman, devotes two chapters of his *Jesuits in North America* to an account of these enterprises, and of the holy women whose names are inseparably connected

with them. In Madame Guyard, Mère de l'Incarnation, who became Superior of the convent, he recognizes a very true woman, full of tender feeling, yet endowed with practical abilities of the first order. Of Margaret Bourgeoys, founder of the Congrégation de Notre Dame at Montreal, he speaks with equal enthusiasm. "Her portrait," he says, "has come down to us; and her face is a mirror of frankness, loyalty, and womanly tenderness. Her qualities were those of good sense, conscientiousness, and a warm heart. Her religion was of the affections, and was manifested in an absorbing devotion to duty." He recognizes "in the martial figure of Maisonneuve, and the fair form of this gentle nun, the true heroes of Montreal."[1]

Maisonneuve was the true type of the Christian warrior. An association of religious persons at Paris, of whom M. Jean Olier, founder of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and M. Royer de la Dauversière were chief, had obtained from the Company of New France a grant of the greater portion of the Island of Montreal, and a considerable block of land to the east thereof on the north shore of the river St. Lawrence. To effect this it had been necessary to pay a considerable sum of money to extinguish a prior claim of one M. de Lauson, an officer of the company, to the same territory. Marvellous stories are told of the supernatural communications received by MM.

[1] *Jesuits in North America*, chap. xv.

Olier and Dauversière, by which the duty was laid upon them of sending a colony for purposes of evangelization to the Island of Montreal, of the existence of which, it is averred, they had no previous knowledge. However this may have been—natural means of knowledge, it may be observed, were available in the *Relations of the Jesuits*—an association was formed under the title of the Associates of Montreal; money was liberally subscribed; the island was purchased; and the members of the projected colony were brought together. A "Greatheart" was needed to conduct the little band; and Maisonneuve, who was home from the wars of the Low Countries, hearing of the holy enterprise, placed his sword and his life at the service of the association. In the month of May 1641 two small vessels sailed from La Rochelle, one bearing M. de Maisonneuve and twenty-five men, the other Mdlle. Mance, a Jesuit priest, and twelve other men. Both arrived safely at Quebec in the month of August. Governor Montmagny wished to keep what he regarded as a valuable reinforcement at Quebec; but Maisonneuve insisted on carrying out his mission. He went up to Montreal accordingly before the navigation closed, in company with the governor, to take formal possession of the island, but returned to winter in Quebec. In the spring he took his whole party up the river, arriving at Montreal on the 18th of May. Madame de la Peltrie leaving her own work at

Quebec accompanied him, only to return, however, after a short stay. An altar was erected on the riverside, and mass was celebrated by the Jesuit father, Vincent, who afterwards delivered an address, in which he said he doubted not that the grain of mustard seed they were then sowing was designed by Providence to become a mighty tree.

The prophecy has been amply fulfilled, but many anxious years had to pass before the destiny of the tree was at all assured. The position of Montreal was far more precarious than that of Quebec, as it was so much more accessible to the sworn enemies of the colony, the Iroquois. For twenty-four years Maisonneuve held the post of military governor, edifying all by his piety, and inspiring confidence in all by his bravery and vigilance. The story of his trials and of his prowess, is it not told, with a rich blending of supernatural elements, in the naïve record of Dollier de Casson, and the more comprehensive and systematic, but equally naïve, history of the learned and unfailingly interesting Abbé Faillon? And yet—such is the irony of human events—when a very pious governor, the Marquis de Tracy, came out in 1665 as the king's lieutenant-general for all his North American possessions, one of his first acts, inspired, it is said, by the council at Quebec, was to dismiss this veteran warrior as being unfit for his position. Making no demur, attempting no self-justification, but bowing to the stroke, which he regarded as an intimation of the will of Provid-

ence, the brave Maisonneuve retired quietly to France, where he spent the remainder of his days.

After a service of twelve years as governor M. de Montmagny was relieved in 1648, and replaced by M. d'Ailleboust, who had previously exercised judicial functions at Montreal in close association with M. de Maisonneuve, whom he resembled in the exalted and ascetic character of his piety. The name of Montmagny had been translated by the Indians into "Onontio," signifying "Great Mountain"; and henceforth all French governors were, in Indian parlance, "Great Mountains." M. d'Ailleboust retained office only three years. During his administration, as during that of his predecessor, the Iroquois were incessant in their depredations, which they would sometimes carry on under the very palisades of Montreal. They succeeded during this period in all but exterminating the Hurons, their traditional foes and now allies of the French. One or two treaties were made with the aggressive savages, and once or twice they were repelled with loss; but the treaties were not to be depended on, nor were the defeats such as to give them serious check. One event which marked the latter part of M. de Montmagny's administration must not be overlooked. The Company of New France, or of the Hundred Associates, had, as we have seen, begun operations upon the retrocession of the colony by England in 1632. According to their charter their work was to be one of colonization as well as of trading; but ten years later the

total French population of Canada, Montreal included, did not exceed two hundred souls. The country, instead of being developed, was being strangled, the company having absolute control, not only of the fur trade, but of its commerce generally, which it hampered in every possible way. Meantime the company itself was losing money. Negotiations were therefore entered into between the inhabitants, represented by M. de Repentigny, who went to France for the purpose, and the officers of the company. The result being that, in the month of January 1645, a treaty, as it was called, was made between the company on the one hand, and the inhabitants, through their delegate, on the other, by which the former, while retaining all their sovereign proprietary and feudal rights, with power of nominating the governor and the judges, threw open to the latter, not individually but as a community, the fur trade of Canada on condition that they should assume all expenses of civil administration and military defence, pay the salaries of the clergy, bring into the country every year twenty new colonists, and finally hand over to the company annually one thousand pounds weight of assorted beaver skins. The inhabitants were, by this arrangement, which received the royal sanction on the 6th March 1645, formed into a corporation, afterwards called the "New Company," to distinguish it from the Company of New France or the "Old Company." It was understood that the New Company would elect its own managers;

while the Old Company reserved the right to keep certain officials of its own in the country to watch over its interests, throwing the cost of their maintenance, however, on the inhabitants in their corporate capacity.

This arrangement was received at the time with some satisfaction by the colonists, but in reality it was a most illiberal one, under which it was impossible for the country to thrive. Its immediate effect was to send nearly all the men of the settlement into the woods, and to turn the wilder and more daring spirits into *coureurs de bois*, a class of men who will figure largely in our subsequent narrative. Two years later we find the inhabitants complaining to the king that the new scheme was working very badly, and giving rise to serious "abuses and malversations." The king did not know very well what to do about it; but by the advice of certain of his ministers he decided to place the government of the colony on a slightly wider basis, with just the least particle in it of a representative element. To this end he created a council which was to consist of the governor, the ex-governor, if he were in the country, the superior of the Jesuits, pending the appointment of a bishop, and two inhabitants to be selected by the council, or three if the ex-governor were not residing in the country. In addition, the three settlements of Quebec, Montreal, and Three Rivers could each elect a "syndic," to hold office for three years, and to have a deliberative voice in the council, but no vote.

The effect of this measure, which seems to have been adopted without consulting the Company of New France, was to give the council full control of the fur trade of the country. That trade had to bear all the expenses of government, as well as provide for the toll to be paid to the Old Company; and it rested with the council to fix the proportion which the inhabitants should contribute out of the gross proceeds of the furs they either bought from the Indians or procured by the chase. If they bought from the Indians they would have to pay for them with goods purchased at the general stores, which again were controlled by the council or its nominees; and it was a constant matter of complaint that the prices of these goods were so high that it was impossible to trade with the Indians on any favourable terms; the latter, as a rule, having sense enough to put up their prices accordingly. A more burdensome system, or one more liable to abuse, could not easily be imagined.

In 1651, M. de Lauson was sent to replace M. d'Ailleboust. The question at this time was seriously debated whether the colony would not have to be abandoned. The settlement at Montreal was in imminent danger of extinction. Maisonneuve saw clearly that, with the scanty force he had, it was only a matter of time when the place would be at the mercy of the foe. He therefore sailed in this year for France, determined, if he could not obtain reinforcements, to return to Canada and bring all his people back to

France. The position of matters at Quebec was little better. Mère de l'Incarnation writes: "The Iroquois have made such ravages in this part of the country that for a time we thought we should all have to return to France." Maisonneuve succeeded in his mission; but he was two years absent from the country, and meantime anxiety both at Quebec and at Montreal was at the highest pitch. He arrived in the month of September 1653, bringing with him over one hundred soldiers carefully chosen and well equipped, furnished, not by the government or the Hundred Associates, who were tolerably indifferent to the fate of Montreal, but by the company which had sent him out in the first place. The governor was anxious to keep the whole force at Quebec; and Maisonneuve had to exercise considerable firmness in order to be permitted to take them all with him to Montreal. It was in the vessel which brought out this detachment that Margaret Bourgeoys, whose name has already been mentioned, came to Canada. She was struck on her arrival by the desperately poverty-stricken look of the country. "There were at the time in the Upper Town" (of Quebec), she says, "only five or six houses, and in the Lower Town only the storehouse of the Jesuits and that of the Montreal people. The hospital nuns were dressed in grey. The poverty on all sides was something pitiable." The Quebec Ursulines were desirous that Sister Bourgeoys should join their community, and afterwards perhaps assist them in

establishing a branch of their convent in Montreal; but the future foundress of the Congrégation de Notre Dame knew her own mind. Her purpose in coming to Canada was to establish a school for girls at Montreal, and to Montreal she would go.

The weakness of the colony was painfully exhibited about this time in its dealings with the Iroquois. The principal remnant of the Huron nation, whose original settlements occupied the country between the Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe, had taken refuge from their cruel enemies in the Island of Orleans just below Quebec. Even here, they were not left in peace. In the month of February 1654 a number of Iroquois came down to Quebec ostensibly to negotiate for peace, but secretly nourishing deadly designs against the unfortunate Hurons. What they proposed was that those who were settled on the Island of Orleans should leave their habitations there, go to the Iroquois country, and incorporate themselves, as a portion of their nation had already done, with the Iroquois confederacy. They also asked that a French colony, including a certain number of priests—"black robes," as they called them—should be planted in their territory. Although these propositions were believed to mask the most murderous intentions, it was considered imprudent to reject them, as the colony was in no condition to withstand the general attack which it was feared would in that case ensue. After some delay, therefore, a colony

consisting of over fifty French left Quebec in the early summer of 1656, the understanding being that the Hurons would follow later.

The Iroquois nation or confederacy comprised, as is generally known, five separate tribes, occupying the central and north-western portion of what is now the state of New York, and known —to mention them in geographical order from east to west—as Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas. There was a keen competition between the Mohawks and the Onondagas, both for the French colony and for the possession of the remnant of the Hurons. The colony was sent to the Onondagas; and the Mohawks in a spirit of revenge made a descent on the Island of Orleans, killed a number of Hurons, and carried over eighty into captivity. In their retreat they also committed various depredations under the very walls of Quebec—in so deplorable a condition of helplessness was even the citadel of French power in Canada. Two years later the French colony established among the Onondagas made its escape from impending massacre in a manner little short of miraculous; but meantime, in defiance and contempt of French authority, numbers of unfortunate Hurons had been slaughtered or carried into captivity.

M. de Lauson, the governor, does not seem to have been a man of any great force of character. Moreover he was now over seventy years of age, and, considering the helpless condition in which he

was left—practically abandoned by the Old Company and very feebly supported by the New—it is scarcely surprising that he should have anticipated the conclusion of his term of office, and returned to France in the summer of 1656. His son, M. de Charny-Lauson, replaced him for a year, when he too sailed for France without awaiting the arrival of his successor, M. d'Argenson. At his request M. d'Ailleboust consented to act as interim governor.

To the credit of the ecclesiastics it must be said that, whoever despaired of the situation in Canada, they never did. At the very time when the fortunes of the colony were at the lowest ebb, and the secular chiefs were debating whether it would not be necessary to retire, bag and baggage, the subject which chiefly occupied the minds of the clergy was the organization and government of the church. M. de Maisonneuve had brought out with him four Sulpician priests to minister to the needs of the inhabitants of Montreal, and one of them, M. de Queylus, was the bearer of letters from the Archbishop of Rouen, to whose diocese New France was attached, creating him vicar-general for the whole colony. Availing himself of the powers so conferred, M. de Queylus assumed the direction of the church in Canada; and when some signs of reluctance to recognize his authority manifested themselves in Quebec, he went to that city, took personal charge of the parish, and enforced at least an outward show of submission. The Sulpicians had hoped that M. de Queylus

would be made bishop ; but the Jesuits, who for many years had been in exclusive charge of the religious interests of the colony, were considered to have the best right to make the nomination. They chose, with characteristic wisdom, a man who was destined to fill a most important place in the history of Canada, François Xavier de Laval-Montmorency, Abbé de Montigny. The negotiations for the appointment of the new prelate were of a very perplexed and protracted character, and it was not till the summer of 1659 that he arrived in Quebec, and then not as bishop of Quebec, but as vicar-apostolic, with the title of Bishop of Petraea *in partibus.* Laval was a man of great piety, and inflexible determination; and for a time there was friction between him and M. de Queylus, who, in his capacity as vicar-general of the Archbishop of Rouen, was disposed to claim an independent position for himself. Laval cut the controversy short by persuading the governor to ship M. de Queylus off to France ; and, when he returned the following year, to ship him back again. This time the Sulpician had to remain at home for several years ; and the descendant of the Montmorencys achieved the first of a long series of victories over opposing forces.

In mentioning these incidents, however, we have run ahead by two or three years of the strict sequence of events. Argenson, the new governor, arrived on the 11th July 1658. He had hardly been twenty-four hours at his post before the

Iroquois gave him a hint what to expect by making a raid in the immediate neighbourhood of Quebec. In the following year the whole country, but particularly Quebec, was thrown into trepidation over the news that an army composed of twelve hundred warriors, gathered from the five Iroquois nations, was advancing with fixed determination to wipe out all the French settlements. It would be needless to repeat here, even if the limits of a very cursory narrative permitted it, the glorious feat of arms by which this great danger was turned aside from the colony. The story of our Canadian Thermopylæ is familiar to every school-boy and school-girl in Canada. Suffice it to say that the constancy of Dollard and the handful of companions who perished with him in defending a position they had hastily fortified on the river Ottawa, directly in the path of the invaders, so disheartened the latter that they relinquished their enterprise. When so few could hold so many at bay, what might not be expected when attack should be made on the fortified posts of Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec? The abandonment, however, of their larger design did not involve any discontinuance of their accustomed mode of warfare. We hear of horrible butcheries committed on settlers in the neighbourhood of Montreal and even of Quebec; it seemed as if the colony could never get rest from its tormentors. The new governor was a man of courage and ability, but he lacked the means of effectually guarding against

these treacherous attacks, while the destitute condition in which he found the colony filled him with discouragement. Whether general starvation or massacre was the more imminent danger was sometimes a grave question. Other difficulties arose. Argenson and Laval, the civil and religious heads of the state, found themselves at variance on points of ceremony and precedence; and the bishop, whose self-confidence was unbounded, undertook to give the governor certain doubtless well-meant admonitions, which the latter did not take in good part. The governor's health may, or may not, have been good, but he alleged that he was suffering from physical infirmities, and asked for his recall. He left for France in September 1661, his successor, Baron Dubois d'Avaugour, having arrived a few weeks previously. A remark which he made respecting the head of the Canadian church, in a letter written a year before his departure, may perhaps be put on record: "I can say with truth that his zeal on many occasions bears close resemblance to an extraordinary attachment to his own opinions, and a strong desire to encroach on the rights and duties of others."

The Baron d'Avaugour only remained two years in the country. When he arrived an earnest effort was being made by the clergy, headed by the bishop, to have the law against selling liquor to the Indians strictly enforced. The law was not popular in the country, and Avaugour thought it altogether too severe; still he allowed it to take

effect in the case of two men who had been sentenced to death, and of one who had been condemned to be publicly whipped. Shortly afterwards a woman was imprisoned for a similar offence, and the Jesuit father, Lalemant, having pleaded for a relaxation of the law in her case, Avaugour, glad of a pretext to do away with it altogether, said that if the woman was not to be punished, no one should be. The result was that liquor began to be sold to the natives almost without restraint, and with effects which one of the ecclesiastics said he had no ink black enough to describe. Doubtless they were bad enough. The bishop fulminated from his episcopal throne against the practice, and launched excommunications right and left, but with little effect. He then decided on going to France and laying the whole matter before the government. He left in the summer of 1662; and it was while he was absent, that is to say in February of the following year, that an earthquake occurred of which the most extraordinary descriptions have come down to us. The only moderate account is that given by Avaugour himself, who says in a despatch: "On the 5th of February we had an earthquake, which continued during half a quarter of an hour, and was sufficiently strong to extort from us a good act of contrition. It was repeated from time to time during nine days, and was perceptible until the last of the month, but steadily diminishing." This was all an unimaginative mind like that of

the baron could make of it, but not so with minds of another order. One pious soul saw four demons tugging at the four corners of the sky, and threatening universal ruin, which they would have effected had not a higher spirit appeared on the scene. We read that the air was filled with howlings as of lost spirits, and flashings of strange, unearthly lights, not to speak of a little detail of blazing serpents flying abroad on wings of fire. But the marvels that took place in the aerial regions were surpassed, if possible, by those that were witnessed on the solid earth. To take only one example out of many: some sailors coming from Gaspé, as Père Charlevoix relates, saw a mountain "skipping like a ram," after which it spun round several times, and finally sank out of sight. Houses swayed to and fro till their walls nearly touched the street, and yet righted themselves in the end. Quebec and Montreal, which, even at this early period, did not pull well together, were somewhat at variance concerning the significance of the phenomenon. At Montreal the favourite theory was that the devil was enraged to find God so well served in the colony; at Quebec the humbler view prevailed that the earthquake was a solemn warning to the people to abandon their evil ways, and be obedient to the teachings of the clergy. Considering that, despite the prohibitions of the clergy, the liquor traffic was just then at its height, the admonition could not have come more opportunely.

Laval, whose reputation for piety gave him great influence, the Abbé Faillon tells us, at the not altogether puritanical court of Louis XIV, was completely successful in his mission. Not only was the uncomplying Avaugour recalled, but the bishop himself was requested to nominate a successor. If the bishop had consulted the men by whom he had himself been chosen, he would likely have got good advice; but he followed his own judgment entirely and made a terrible blunder, as he did in a still more important matter some years later. His choice fell on a M. de Mézy, recommended to him by the possession of an exalted and almost hysterical type of piety; and the two embarking on the same vessel arrived at Quebec on the 15th September 1663.

It would be taking a very one-sided and radically unjust view of Laval's character to consider him simply as a man of ability with a strong propensity to autocratic rule. A man of ability he was, and his temper was unbending; but that, from first to last, he took the deepest and most unselfish interest in the welfare of the Canadian people, and also of the Indian tribes, is not open to a moment's question; nor can it be denied that his views on the whole were broad and statesmanlike. It was when he was in France, in 1662, that he arranged for the establishment of that historic institution, the Quebec Seminary, the higher development of which is seen in the Laval University of to-day. A few years after his

return he established the Lesser Seminary (Petit Séminaire), as a school where boys could get a sound education under religious auspices, and whence the more promising among them might be drafted into the Grand Séminaire with a view to their preparation for the priesthood. Memorable also were the services rendered by him in the organization of a parochial system for Canada, which before his advent had been treated almost wholly as a mission field.

In February of the year 1663, the Company of New France, whose affairs had been going from bad to worse, made a voluntary surrender of all their rights and privileges to the king, leaving it to his discretion to make them such compensation as might be just for the capital they had sunk in their not very well-directed efforts. The king accepted the surrender, and, as a means of providing for the better administration of justice in the colony, and also the due control of its finances, he created by royal edict a Sovereign Council, which was to consist of the governor, the bishop, or other senior ecclesiastic, and five councillors chosen by them jointly. A year later he proceeded to charter a completely new company—as if the régime of companies had not been sufficiently tried—under the name of the West India Company. To it the entire trade of all the French possessions in America and on the west coast of Africa was transferred. The new company was virtually the creation of the great administrator,

Colbert; and it may be assumed that he trusted to his own vigorous oversight and control to make it a success. He hoped, in fact, to succeed where a Richelieu had failed; experience had yet to teach him that no administrative ability, however eminent, can obtain prosperity from a system of close monopoly.

It was not long before Laval and his pocket governor (as he had hoped Mézy would be) found themselves at daggers drawn. The quarrel was of so trifling a character that its details need not detain us; suffice it to say, that Laval represented the case to the court and procured his nominee's dismissal. The unfortunate man, however, whose weak mind was assailed with the most distressing spiritual fears, when he found himself under the ban of the church, accomplished a hasty reconciliation with the offended powers, and died, desperately penitent, before his successor reached Canada.

The West India Company was empowered by its charter to nominate the governor of Canada, but had voluntarily ceded that power to the king. The latter, under the inspiration probably of Colbert, was now taking a great interest in Canada. He was not going to leave it any longer at the mercy of the Iroquois, if a thousand or more good French soldiers could avail for its protection. As lieutenant-general over all his possessions in America, he appointed a brave old soldier of much distinction, the Marquis de Tracy; as governor of Canada in particular, M. de Cour-

celles; and as intendant—a new office—M. Jean Baptiste Talon. The Carignan-Salières Regiment, about twelve hundred strong, had been detailed for service in Canada, and was sent out in detachments, which arrived at intervals during the summer; Tracy himself with four companies reaching Quebec in June. Many of the men were landed sick of fever; twenty had died on shipboard in the St. Lawrence. Mère l'Incarnation, in one of her letters, attributes the malady to their having opened the portholes when they got into the river, and let in the fresh air too suddenly. In these days one is apt to conjecture that it was the confined air, not the fresh air, that did the mischief, and that the portholes might with advantage have been opened earlier.

Tracy was eager to move against the enemy, but, as he was obliged to await the arrival of the rest of his troops, he improved the interval by erecting forts on the line of his intended march, one at the mouth of the river Richelieu, known at that time as the Iroquois River, a second at Chambly, some forty miles up the stream, and two others at points still higher up. While this work was in progress Courcelles, the governor, Talon, the intendant, and the remainder of the troops reached Quebec (September 1665). Courcelles was even more eager for war than his superior officer; and as it was too late when the forts were finished, and the health of the troops had been sufficiently restored, to attempt a

summer campaign, he obtained the consent of the marquis to organize a mid-winter one. Old inhabitants, who knew something of the rigour of the climate and the difficulties to be encountered on the march, tried to dissuade him from his purpose, but in vain. With a fatuity, of which military history furnishes too many examples, Courcelles despised all such counsels of prudence. He started with five hundred men on the 10th of January, marching on the frozen St. Lawrence. The cold was fearful, and the expedition had proceeded but a short distance when the sufferings of the men became almost unendurable. At Three Rivers a number had to be left behind who had been disabled by frost-bites. Some reinforcements having been obtained at that point, the little army again set forth. Two hundred men out of the whole force were Canadians, and these naturally proved the fittest for the undertaking; nor did their superior quality fail to impress Courcelles. At last the expedition reached the Mohawk country, but the enemy were not there; they had gone off on some warlike adventure of their own. There was some burning of deserted cabins; but the position of the invading force began to be a precarious one, for the winter was now merging into spring, and there was danger that if the ice melted in the streams, their retreat would be cut off. The Mohawks were already hovering in their rear. By the time they reached the nearest of their forts they had lost sixty men by cold and hunger.

The only thing that can be said in favour of the expedition is that it greatly impressed the minds of the Iroquois, as proving that the French had now the means of turning the tables on them and carrying the war into their own country.

The Iroquois showed some disposition to negotiate for peace; but nothing came of it, and in September a larger expedition set out, commanded by Tracy himself, with Courcelles as second in command. This time they not only reached the Iroquois country, but, the savages having fled in panic, they were able at their ease to destroy a number of fortified villages and large quantities of food that had been laid up for the winter. The Iroquois were deeply impressed by these vigorous proceedings. They saw that a great change had come over the situation and resources of the French colony, when, instead of submitting helplessly to attack, they could equip two expeditions in one year to seek them out in their own habitations. They hastened, therefore, to renew their propositions of peace, and, as this time they were clearly in earnest, Tracy concluded a peace with them which held good for several years. The colony now had a rest, and the beneficial effects of it were soon evident. Two years later the Jesuit annalist writes: "It is beautiful now to see nearly all the banks of our river St. Lawrence occupied by new settlements, stretching along more than eighty leagues, making navigation not only more agreeable by the sight of houses dotting the river-

side, but also more convenient through an increase in the number of resting-places." A charming picture is here given in very simple words.

We have already had occasion to mention incidentally the dismissal by Tracy of Maisonneuve. Whatever the motive of this harsh act may have been, its consequences were most unhappy. Maisonneuve was a man of incorruptible integrity. His successor, François Marie Perrot, was a man of good family and fine appearance, who enjoyed considerable protection at court and needed it all, for he had simply the instincts of a dishonest trader, and used his office for the sole purpose of personal gain. Tracy's connection with Canada was brief, for he was recalled in the year following that in which he made his campaign against the Iroquois, and the government of the country was left in the hands of Courcelles and Talon; the former, as governor, representing the king in a military, political, and high administrative capacity; while the latter, as intendant, was entrusted with all that concerned the finances of the colony and its industrial and commercial development. The two heads of the state seem to have worked together at first, and for a considerable time, with commendable harmony. The governor was a judicious and capable administrator; the intendant, a man of wide views, of singular discretion, and of indefatigable industry. The Abbé Gosselin, in his *Life of Laval*, says that Talon "troubled himself little about the moral con-

dition of the colony so long as he saw its commerce and industry flourishing"; and again that "he was never well disposed to the clergy, whose influence he feared, dreading that they might become too rich." It is probably the case that he was not very sympathetic with the ecclesiastical powers of the day, but he certainly did apply himself to promote the material prosperity of the colony. Amongst other things he caused three vessels to be built which were despatched to the West Indies with cargoes of dried fish, staves, and lumber; and also established a brewery at Quebec, in the hope of abating the consumption of imported spirits. If he did not achieve a larger measure of success, it was because little was possible under a system of combined monopoly and paternalism. His reports to the home government speak of the country as prosperous. In 1670 he writes that the money granted by the king for the encouragement of families, and the different industries established, have had such a good effect, that now no one dares to beg, unless perhaps some unprotected child too young to work, or some man too old to work or incapacitated by accident or disease.

A census of the country taken by the intendant in the year 1666 showed a total population of 3418. The estimated number of men capable of bearing arms being 1344. The old Company of the Hundred Associates was, by the terms of its contract to have brought 4000 settlers to the colony in fifteen years, dating from 1633;

but Talon's figures proved that, in more than twice fifteen years, the whole population still fell considerably short of that number. The population of Quebec at this time was 555, of Montreal 584, and of Three Rivers 461. The seigniory of Beaupré below Quebec had 678 inhabitants and the Island of Orleans 471. The French government had for some years been showing much zeal in sending out settlers to Canada, and it was chiefly owing to its efforts that the population had increased to the extent indicated by the census. The total number of state-directed immigrants from 1664 to the close of the year 1671 is estimated at over 2500—a most substantial addition to the strength of the colony. The Sulpicians must also be credited with some useful activity in the cause of colonization. Their settlers were of course directed to Montreal, and, as the figures above quoted show, the population of that place already exceeded that of Quebec.

The patent granted to the Company of New France, or of the Hundred Associates, had made them lords of the whole territory of Canada, with power to concede seigniories therein of varying degrees of extent, importance and dignity. A few seigniories were established by that company; but, as we have seen, the country under its management was practically at a stand-still. All the rights which it had in the disposition of the land were transferred to the West India Company; and under Talon's régime the creation of seigniories proceeded much

more rapidly, owing mainly to the fact that there were suitable applicants for them in the officers of the regiments which the king had sent out. The last few weeks he spent in the country were mainly occupied in this way. In one month he issued sixty patents.[1] This was entirely in accordance with the intentions of the French government, which had promised lands to any of the officers or soldiers of the Carignan Regiment who might elect to settle in the country. A large number accepted the proposition; and to provide wives for the excess of men existing in the colony the government was assiduous in sending out marriageable girls, on the whole very carefully selected, who as a rule were snapped up immediately on arrival by wistful bachelors or disconsolate widowers. If any were slow in finding partners owing to lack of visible attractions, they were bonused in money and household goods, which usually had the effect desired. Bounties were moreover paid throughout the colony for early and fruitful marriages; and the administrators were instructed to see that special respect was paid to the fathers of large families, and particularly to those who, having large families, had succeeded in marrying off their boys and girls at an early age. Contrariwise, fathers whose children showed backwardness in entering on matrimony were to be the objects of official displeasure. Parkman expresses the truth with his

[1] See the excellent monograph by M. Thos. Chapais, *Jean Talon, Intendant de la Nouvelle France,* Quebec, 1904.

usual picturesque force when he says that, "throughout the length and breadth of Canada, Hymen, if not Cupid, was whipped into a frenzy of activity." A gratifying success attended these practical measures. By the year 1671 the total population had increased to six thousand. There were in that year seven hundred baptisms; and the bishop, from doubtless reliable sources of information, was able to promise the governor eleven hundred for the next year. Unfortunately infant mortality was in those days extremely high; or the population would indeed have been increasing by leaps and bounds.

It is a matter of regret that the early historians of Canada feel themselves obliged to record a decline in the morals of the country, dating from the arrival of the king's troops in 1665. Up to that time, we are told, the inhabitants—those in the Montreal district at least—had lived in a condition of pristine simplicity and innocence, recalling that of the early Christians. No one locked his house by day or night, the crime of theft being unknown. The ordinances of the church were strictly observed by the whole population; but, if on occasion any one failed in his duty, punishment promptly followed. For example, a man on the Island of Orleans, having eaten meat on a Friday, was fined twenty-five francs, half of which went to the parish church, and threatened with corporal punishment if he repeated the offence. "Here," observes the Abbé Faillon with quiet enthusiasm, "we see the true destination of the secular power."

But—ages of gold have a tendency to vanish away, and the Astraea of the French colony took her sad flight shortly after the Carignan-Salières Regiment arrived. These men had the pleasure-loving ways of soldiers, and war had not trained them to a very strict regard for personal rights or clerical admonitions. A ball was given at Quebec —the first ever held in the country—on the 4th February 1667. The clergy held their breath, not knowing what might follow. Many abuses, it would seem, followed : morals began to be relaxed ; thefts became sufficiently common to bring bolts and locks into requisition ; a Seneca chief was cruelly murdered by three soldiers ; and shortly afterwards six Indians were massacred in their sleep by some settlers near Montreal. The object of the latter crime was to obtain possession of a large quantity of furs which the Indians had brought down to sell. That peace with the natives was gravely imperilled by these atrocious deeds may readily be imagined. It took all the firmness and tact of the governor to avoid an outbreak. The three soldiers were shot by his orders in the presence of a number of Indians. The other criminals seem to have escaped punishment by flight.

The last important act of Courcelles was to undertake a journey up the St. Lawrence as far as the outlet of Lake Ontario. The object of this adventure was to impress upon the more distant Iroquois tribes, who had boasted that they were out of reach of the French arms, that such was not

the case. The idea which these savages had was that the only route by which the French could penetrate into their country was by way of the river Richelieu and Lake Champlain, in which case they would have first to pass through the "buffer" territory of the eastern Iroquois tribes. The rapids of the St. Lawrence, they thought, would effectually bar approach by way of Lake Ontario. To demonstrate their error, Courcelles gave orders for the construction of a flat-boat of two or three tons burden, which could be rowed in smooth water, and dragged up difficult places on the rapids. When this craft was ready, he manned it with a crew of eight men; and, taking also thirteen bark canoes, he ascended the river successfully with a party of over fifty men, including the governor of Montreal and other leading officials. The Iroquois (Cayugas and Senecas) took due note of the feat and revised their opinions accordingly.

In the following year both Courcelles and Talon were recalled at their own request. There had been friction between them for some time, and they seem to have thought that it would be best for the king's service that they should both retire. Whatever the causes of difference may have been, they did not squabble in public like some of their successors. The services of both were highly appreciated by the French government, and the departure of both from Canada was very generally and sincerely regretted.

CHAPTER III

THE BEGINNING OF FRONTENAC'S ADMINISTRATION

THE information we possess respecting the life of Count Frontenac prior to his appointment to the governorship of Canada is far from being as complete as might be wished. Such particulars as the records of the period furnish have been carefully gathered by Parkman and others;[1] and it is doubtful whether any further facts of importance will come to light. He was born—there is nothing to show where—in 1620, one year after the great minister, Colbert, under whom he was destined to serve. His family belonged to the small principality of Béarn, now incorporated in the Department of the Basses Pyrénées, which, made an appanage to the French Crown by Henry of Navarre, was only formally incorporated with the kingdom of France in the very year in which Frontenac was born. His father, Henri de Buade, was colonel of the regiment of Navarre, but has not otherwise passed into history. His grandfather, Antoine de Buade, Seigneur de Frontenac and Baron de Palluau, was a man of more distinction, being not only state councillor under Henry IV, but first steward of the royal house-

[1] See particularly the interesting work of Mr. Ernest Myrand, *Frontenac et ses Amis*, Quebec, 1902.

hold and governor of St. Germain-en-Laye. He is described in the memoirs of Philip Hurault as "one of the oldest servants of the king." His children used to play familiarly with the dauphin, afterwards Louis XIII; and the association thus formed lasted for some time after their playmate became king, which he did, nominally, at the age of nine, upon the assassination of his father, Henry IV. The Frontenac family was thus noble, though not of the highest nobility; and its connection with the domestic life of the royal family gave it no doubt an additional measure of influence. The youthful king, with whom the young Frontenacs played, became the father of Louis XIV.

Louis de Buade, Count Frontenac, the subject of this narrative, felt early in life a call to arms. The Thirty Years' War broke out in 1618; and when France, in 1635, under the astute guidance of Cardinal Richelieu, interfered on the Protestant side, Frontenac, then fifteen years of age, was sent to Holland to serve under the Prince of Orange. He seems to have acquitted himself with bravery and distinction in many different sieges and engagements both in the Low Countries and in Italy. He was wounded many times: at the siege of Orbitello in 1646 he had an arm broken. In this year he was raised to the rank of *maréchal de camp*, or brigadier-general. Three years before, at the age of twenty-three, he had been made colonel of the regiment of Normandy.

His service appears to have been continuous, or nearly so, till the war was brought to a conclusion in 1648 by the Peace of Westphalia. In the year mentioned we find him resting from the alarms and fatigues of war in his father's house on the Quai des Célestins at Paris. Close by lived an attractive young lady of sixteen, daughter of a certain M. de la Grange-Trianon, Sieur de Neuville, with whom, as became his age and profession, the returned warrior fell deeply in love. His passion was returned sufficiently to lead the young lady, when her father's consent could not be obtained, to marry her suitor at one of the churches in Paris authorized to solemnize marriages, in more or less urgent cases, without the consent of parents. The marriage was not a happy one. Madame de Frontenac soon conceived a positive aversion for her husband, and they seem, at a very early period, to have ceased to live together, though not before the birth of a son. The child was placed in the charge of a village nurse, and little more is heard of him, except that when he grew up he embraced the profession of arms, and died, it is not certain how, at a comparatively early age. The mother joined the train of Mademoiselle de Montpensier. These were the days of the Fronde —the abortive rebellion against the fiscal iniquities of Mazarin during the minority of Louis XIV— and in following the fortunes of her patroness, whose father, the king's uncle, had joined the opposition, the young countess had some strange adventures.

What part, if any, Frontenac himself took in the troubles of the period, does not appear; probably none, for although somewhat turbulent by nature, as will abundantly appear hereafter, he was not without a large element of caution, particularly where persons in high authority were concerned. It is certain, at least, that, when the strife was over, he enjoyed a good position at court, as Mademoiselle de Montpensier notes, having met him more than once in the cabinet of the queen. He possessed a property on the Indre, in the neighbourhood of Blois, and here he attempted to keep up a state far beyond his income. "Your means are very slender and your waste is great," said the chief-justice to Sir John Falstaff; and the same observation might not inaptly have been addressed to Frontenac. He prided himself extravagantly upon his horses, his table, his servants—in a word, on everything that was his; entertained largely, and ran himself hopelessly into debt. In 1669 the French government sent a contingent to assist the Venetians in defending Candia (Crete), against the Turks. The Venetians offered to place their own troops under French command, and Frontenac had the high honour of being recommended by Turenne, the greatest military leader of the age, for the position. In this struggle the Turks triumphed; the island fell into their power; and Frontenac returned to France with enhanced military prestige, but without any amelioration of his financial position. Saint Simon

describes him as "a man of good abilities, holding a prominent position in society, but utterly ruined." He adds that he could not bear the haughty temper of his wife, and that his appointment as governor of Canada was given to him in order to relieve him of her, and afford him some means of living. His wife's temper was not more haughty probably than his own; neither apparently was disposed to show any deference to the wishes of the other. Madame de Frontenac, who was a woman of keen intelligence, without any large amount of feminine tenderness, took too dispassionate a measure of her husband's qualities to satisfy his rather exacting self-esteem. She must have had some means of her own, for, though she did not go to court, she lived for many years surrounded by the best people and enjoying a high degree of social authority. Though she did not accompany her husband to Canada, and probably was not invited to do so, it is plausibly conjectured that her influence in court circles stood him in good stead on more than one occasion.

Frontenac's commission as governor was dated 6th April 1672, but he did not leave France till midsummer. It is interesting to know that M. de Grignan, Madame de Sévigné's son-in-law, was a candidate for the same position. Had he obtained it, and had his wife, the accomplished daughter of a still more accomplished mother, accompanied him, what flashes of light on Canadian society might we not have obtained from that mother's

correspondence! Unfortunately no vestige of Frontenac's private correspondence with either his wife or any one else remains. Courcelles and Talon were still at Quebec when he arrived. From the former he obtained a full account of his expedition to Lake Ontario; and from the latter much information as to the general condition of the country, the various enterprises in the way of exploration that had already been undertaken, and the further ones that it might be well to organize. Frontenac, who had the eye of a soldier for a good military position, was much impressed by what Courcelles told him of Cataraqui; and from the first the idea of establishing a fortified post at that point took strong possession of his mind.

The new governor was not a young man—he was fifty-two years of age—but his natural force, either of body or of mind, was not abated. To a man of his tastes and habits there were many privations involved in a residence in a country like Canada; but there were compensations, the chief of which, perhaps, was to be found in the opportunity afforded him of exercising a semi-royal pomp and power; while a close second, it cannot be doubted, was the chance of rehabilitating his shattered fortunes. It would be unjust, at the same time, to suppose that the man who had fought through so many hard campaigns was not sincerely desirous of serving his king and country in the new position to which he had been assigned.

The first important step that he took was a characteristic one, namely, an attempt to constitute in Canada the "three estates" of nobles, clergy, and people, of which the kingdom of France was nominally constituted. True, the three estates, or "States-General," as they were properly called, had not been summoned in the mother country since 1614, and it was doubtful if their existence as an organ of political authority, or even of political opinion, was more than theoretical. This fact might have caused another man to hesitate, but not Count Frontenac; to him the idea of gathering representatives of the country round him, marshalling them in their respective orders, and, after addressing them in the name of the king, requiring them to take the oath of allegiance in his presence, was too alluring to be put aside. So the summons went forth, and the assembly was held on one of the last days of October in the new church of the Jesuits. The "estates" were constituted, the oaths were taken, and the governor stirred the feelings of his audience, consisting, he says, of over a thousand persons, by referring to the victories which his royal master had that year achieved in his war with Holland. Everything, indeed, passed off beautifully; but when a report of the proceedings reached the minister, Colbert, his response was of a somewhat chilling nature. The immediate effect of the assembly might, perhaps, he said, be good, but "it is well for you to observe that, as you are always to follow the

forms in force here, and as our kings have considered it for a long time advantageous not to assemble the States-General of their kingdom, with the object perhaps of insensibly abolishing that ancient form, you also ought only very rarely, or—to speak more correctly—never, give that form to the corporate body of the inhabitants of that country." Colbert did not even approve—though perhaps on this point he was expressing more particularly the views of the king—of the election of "syndics" to represent the interests of the population of Quebec. "Let every one," he said, "speak for himself; it is not desirable to have any one authorized to speak for all." This was absolutism with a vengeance. It answered for the day; but could the minister have looked forward to 1789 he would have seen that the "ancient form," which it was proposed to extinguish by desuetude, was destined, like a blazing star that suddenly flashes a strange light in the heavens, to leap into a new life, amazing, consuming, resistless.

The views of the governor, it must be admitted, were, in this whole matter, decidedly in advance of those of the minister, able administrator as the latter undoubtedly was. Frontenac had come to Canada to uphold the royal authority in the fullest sense, but he appears to have had a perception that, in a new country where so much responsibility was necessarily thrown upon individuals, there ought to be a certain measure of

spontaneous political life. Masterful as he was himself by nature, it is not recorded that he ever dwelt on the necessity of repressing individual liberty; it is the intendant, Meulles, a dozen years later, who writes: "It is of very great importance that the people should not be allowed to speak their minds."[1]

No, the quarter in which Frontenac conceived the authority of his royal master might, perhaps, be threatened, was a different one altogether; in other words the battle he foresaw was not against the political aspirations of the people, but against the excessive claims and pretensions of the ecclesiastical power. This idea did not originate in his own mind. The instructions which he brought out with him, while they eulogized the zeal and piety of the Jesuits, hinted that they might seek to extend their authority beyond its proper limits, in which case Frontenac was to "give them kindly to understand the conduct they ought to observe"; and if they did not amend their ways, he was, as the document read, "skilfully to oppose their designs in such a way that no rupture may ensue, and no distinct intention on your part to thwart their purposes may be apparent." The court had, indeed, for several years been under the impression that cautions of this kind to its representatives were necessary. In Talon's instructions, drafted in the year 1664, the troubles that had

[1] It was not till 1717 that the merchants of Montreal and Quebec were allowed to meet and discuss business affairs.

occurred between previous governors and the bishop were rehearsed, and the inference was at least suggested that these might in part have arisen from the domineering spirit of the prelate. He had had his way with Argenson, Avaugour, and Mézy; but, if the civil power was not to pale entirely before the ecclesiastical, it was about time that the series of his victories should close. Other despatches to Courcelles, Bouteroue (interim intendant during Talon's temporary absence in France), and Frontenac himself contain observations of a like tenor.

The redoubtable vicar-apostolic was not in Canada when Frontenac arrived. He had sailed for France in the month of May to press the important matter of his appointment as bishop of Quebec. A letter which he wrote to the cardinals of the propaganda almost immediately on his arrival serves to show the reasons he had for desiring this change of status, and, incidentally, his opinion of the civil officers of the Crown. "I have learnt," he says, "by a long experience how insecure the office of vicar-apostolic is against those who are entrusted with political affairs, I mean the officers of the court, the perpetual rivals and despisers of the ecclesiastical power, who steadily contend that the authority of a vicar-apostolic is open to doubt, and should be kept within certain limits. That is why, having considered the whole matter very carefully, I have fully determined to resign that office, and not to return to New France, unless

the bishopric of Quebec is constituted, and unless I am provided and armed with the bulls constituting me the Ordinary."[1] These are the words of a man who knows his own mind, and, we may add, of one who is prepared to fight his enemies to a finish. He may not have known, before he arrived in France, what man, and what kind of a man, had been selected as successor to Courcelles; but we may be sure that, when he found out, he was not less impressed than before with the need for a strengthening of his position.

Louis XIV had himself for thirteen years been pressing, at intervals, upon the Holy See the expediency of establishing a bishopric in New France, but without much success. There were some points of difference between the French court and the Roman authorities as to the conditions under which the projected diocese should be created, and the latter showed a wonderful skill in prolonging the negotiations. Finally, the only point in dispute was whether the new bishop should be a suffragan of one of the French archbishops, as desired by the king, or directly dependent on the Pope. This point was conceded by the king in December 1673; but it was not till October 1674 that the necessary bull was issued. In the following April Laval took the oath of fealty to the king as bishop of Quebec, with jurisdiction over the whole of Canada, and shortly afterwards he set sail for the scene of his pastoral

[1] Quoted by Faillon, vol. iii. p. 432.

labours. Thus it was that for nearly three years Frontenac had no direct relations with the head of the Canadian church.

Was this interval, then, one of peace? Not entirely. Frontenac defines his position and raises a note of alarm in his very first despatch to the minister for the colonies.[1] He was dissatisfied, he said, with "the complete subserviency of the priests of the seminary at Quebec, and the bishop's vicar-general to the Jesuit fathers, without whose orders they never do anything. Thus," he adds, "they [the Jesuits] are indirectly the masters of whatever relates to the spiritual, which, as you are aware, is a great machine for moving all the rest." He thinks they have gained an ascendency even over the Superior of the Récollets;[2] and he expresses the wish that the ecclesiastics of that order could be replaced by abler men who could hold their own against the Jesuit influence. He men-

[1] This office was held by Colbert (in connection with a general control of marine, finance, and public works) from 1669 to the date of his death, 6th September 1683; by his son, the Marquis of Seignelay, from 1683 to the date of his own death, 3rd November 1690; and from that time to the conclusion of the period covered by this narrative by the Marquis of Pontchartrain.

[2] Through the influence of Talon, the king was induced in the year 1668 to sign a decree permitting the Récollets to return to Canada, and reinstating them in their former possessions. Père Leclercq, Récollet, says they were very much wanted. "For thirty years," to quote his words, "complaint was made in Canada that consciences were being burdened; and the more the colony increased in population the greater was the outcry. I sincerely hope that there was no real occasion for it, and that the great rigour of the [Jesuit] clergy was useful and necessary. Still the Frenchman loves liberty, and under all skies is opposed to constraint, even in religion."

tions that he had expressed his surprise in strong terms to the Jesuit fathers at Ste. Foy that not one of their Indian converts had been taught the French language, and had told them that they "should bethink themselves, when rendering the savages subjects of Jesus Christ, of making them subjects of the king also—that the true way to make them Christians was to make them men." The governor had probably noticed that lack of vigorous, self-helping manhood in the Indian converts, which is hinted at even in the *Jesuit Relations*, and which had certainly been conspicuous in the christianized Huron tribe in the crisis of their struggle with the Iroquois. As regards teaching them the French language, the missionaries had their own well-defined reasons for not doing so. They did not wish to bring them into too close contact with the French inhabitants, lest they should unlearn the lessons of morality and religion that had been taught to them. The great object which the priests had in view was to build up a kingdom not of this world; and, as the object which the king and his officers had mainly in view was to enlarge and strengthen the French dominions, it is not surprising that there was clashing now and again. Frontenac, in writing to Colbert, seems to have felt assured of sympathy in his somewhat anti-clerical, or, at least, anti-Jesuit, attitude; otherwise he would never have ventured to make, as he does in the same despatch, the unjustifiable statement that the Jesuit

missionaries were quite as much interested in the beaver trade as in the conversion of souls, and that most of their missions were pure mockeries. It was of Colbert that Madame de Maintenon said: "He only thinks of his finances, and never of religion."

But while the elements of future trouble were plainly visible, no serious friction occurred during the first year of the new governor's administration. His relations with the Jesuit order were civil, and with the Sulpicians, at Montreal, and the Récollets entirely friendly. With the Sovereign Council, too, they were all that could be wished. His mind at this time was greatly taken up with the project he had in view of following in Courcelles' footsteps and establishing a military and trading post at Cataraqui. His general policy when he wanted to do a thing was not to ask permission beforehand, but to do it, and trust to the result for justification. Had he laboured under Nelson's disability, he would have been quite capable of turning his blind eye to a prohibitive signal, even after seeing it distinctly with his good one. In his despatch to Colbert of the 2nd November he mentions, in a casual way, that he proposes next spring to visit the place at the outlet of Lake Ontario where M. de Courcelles had projected the establishment of a fort, in order that he may be able "the better to understand its site and importance, and to see if, notwithstanding our actual weakness, it be not possible to create some establishment

there that would also strengthen the settlement the gentlemen of Montreal [the Sulpicians] have already formed at Quinté." He adds: "I beg of you, my Lord, to be assured that I shall not spare either care or trouble, or even my life itself, if it be necessary, in the effort to accomplish something pleasing to you, and to prove the gratitude I shall ever feel for the favours I have received at your hands." This is quite effusive, and at the same time tolerably diplomatic. How *could* the minister do otherwise than approve an enterprise undertaken in so self-sacrificing a spirit, and one prompted by so much personal devotion to himself? Colbert might possibly have replied—if he had had the chance—by pointing Frontenac to his instructions, and asking him to show his devotion to duty by following them out as closely as possible. Those instructions contained the following clause, the tenor of which we shall find repeated in many subsequent communications from the home government: "Sieur de Frontenac is to encourage the inhabitants by all possible means to undertake the cultivation and clearing of the soil; and as the distance of the settlements from one another has considerably retarded the increase thereof, and otherwise facilitated the opportunities of the Iroquois for their destructive expeditions, Sieur de Frontenac will consider the practicability of obliging those inhabitants to make contiguous clearings, either by constraining the old colonists to labour at it for a certain time, or by making

new grants to future settlers under this condition." There is not a word said about extending the boundaries of the colony, or throwing out advanced posts, or any other phase of the policy of expansion. The French government was in fact strongly anti-expansionist; but Frontenac, resembling in this point a later sage, did not think they knew everything in the "Judee" of the ministry of marine and colonies.

So, just about the time that the minister was inditing the despatch in which he gently chided the ebullient Frontenac for his rashness in summoning the States-General, the latter was preparing another little surprise for him. In the spring of the year he had given orders that men and canoes should be held in readiness for the contemplated movement; and, as the supply of available canoes was likely to fall short, he had ordered that a number of new ones should be built. He also directed the construction of two flat-boats, similar to the one used by Courcelles, but of twice the capacity. On the 3rd of June he started with a certain force from Quebec, and after visiting and inspecting different posts along the river, arrived at Montreal, the point of rendezvous, on the 15th of the same month. Here he was received, according to his own account, which there is no reason to question, with the greatest enthusiasm and *éclat*.

It may be interesting to pause for a moment and try to reconstruct in imagination the scene on which the grizzled and sun-beaten warrior

gazed as he alighted from his canoe at five o'clock in the afternoon of that long, bright summer day. The river bank, which had become a common, was probably no longer flower-bespread as it was on that glorious morning in the month of May 1642 when Maisonneuve, Mademoiselle Mance, and their companions knelt in prayer on the soil which their labours and sacrifices were to consecrate; but the mountain, with its leafy honours thick upon it, stood forth in royal splendour, while cultivated fields, smiling with the promise of a harvest, sloped upwards to its base. In the foreground was the growing burg, full of life and animation on this memorable day. To the left was the fort built by Maisonneuve, no longer relied on for defence, but used chiefly as a residence for the local governor. The river front was as yet unoccupied by houses, the nearest line of which lay along what is now, as it was then, St. Paul Street, from St. Peter Street in the west to somewhat beyond the present Dalhousie Square in the east. Montreal as yet did not possess any parish church; the churches maintained by the different congregations, particularly that of the Hôtel Dieu, having up to this time been made to serve the needs of the population. The foundations of a regular parish church had been laid, but the work of construction was proceeding slowly, and five years had yet to elapse before the edifice was finished. The principal buildings were the Hôtel Dieu, which had lately lost its pious founder,

Mademoiselle Mance; the Congrégation de Notre Dame, still conducted by the brave and cheery Margaret Bourgeoys; and the Seminary of St. Sulpice. The whole town, if we may so call it, was comprised between the eastern and western limits just defined, and the northern and southern ones of St. Paul and St. James Streets; even so, much the larger part of the contained space was not built up. A few of the wealthier merchants had erected substantial houses, and there was something already in the appearance of the place which suggested that it would have a future. We can imagine the zeal with which the local governor, Perrot, upon whose proceedings in the way of illicit traffic it is probable Frontenac already had an eye—an eye of envy the Abbé Faillon somewhat harshly suggests—would receive the king's direct representative. All the troops that the island could furnish were drawn up under arms at the landing-place, and salvos of artillery and musketry gave emphasis to the official words of welcome. The officers of justice and the "syndic"—the spokesman of the people in municipal matters—were next presented, and, after they had delivered addresses, a procession was formed to the church, at the door of which the clergy were waiting to receive the viceregal visitor with all due honour. By the time the appropriate services, including the chanting of the *Te Deum*, had been concluded, the sun had sunk behind the mountain. It was the hour for rest and refreshment, and the

governor was conducted to the quarters assigned to him in the fort, beneath the windows of which tranquilly rolled the mighty flood of the St. Lawrence, still bright with the evening glow.

Frontenac had brought with him his military guard, consisting of twenty men or so, his staff, and a few volunteers. Additional men were to follow from Quebec, Three Rivers, and other places; and some were to be recruited at Montreal. In ten or twelve days everything was in readiness. A waggon-road had been made to Lachine, over which baggage, provisions, and munitions of war were conveyed; and a start was made from that point on the 30th June, the whole force consisting of about four hundred men, including some Huron Indians, in one hundred and twenty canoes and the two flat-boats already mentioned. Some time before setting out Frontenac had sent on, as an envoy to the five Iroquois nations, to invite them to a conference, Cavelier de la Salle, a man who had already penetrated some distance into the western country, and who was destined to achieve the highest fame as an explorer.

The voyage up the river was attended, as had indeed been expected, with serious difficulty. The united strength of fifty men was necessary to draw each of the flat-boats up the side of some of the rapids. The whole force, however, worked with the utmost zeal and good-will; the Hurons in particular accomplishing wonders of strength and

endurance such as they had never been known to perform for any previous commander. But if portions of the journey were thus arduous, others were delightful. Thus we read in Frontenac's own narrative: "It would be impossible to have finer navigation or more favourable weather than we had on the 3rd of July, a light north-east breeze having sprung up which enabled our bateaux to keep up with the canoes. On the 4th we pursued our journey and came to the most beautiful piece of country that can be imagined, the river being strewn with islands, the trees in which are all either oak or other kinds of hard wood, while the soil is admirable. The banks on both sides of the river are not less charming, the trees, which are very high, standing out distinctly and forming as fine groves as you could see in France. On both sides may be seen meadows covered with rich grass and a vast variety of lovely wild flowers; so that it may be safely stated that from the head of Lake St. Francis to the next rapid above, you could not see a more beautiful country, if only it were cleared a bit."

On the 12th July, as the expedition was approaching Cataraqui in excellent military order, they were met by the Indians, who evinced much pleasure at seeing the count and his followers, and conducted them to a spot suitable for encampment. Some preliminary civilities were exchanged, but it was not till the 17th that serious negotiations were begun. The count, meanwhile,

having found close by what he considered an advantageous location for his proposed fort, set his men to work to clear the ground, fell and square timber, dig trenches, etc., in a manner which fairly surprised the Indians, who were not accustomed to seeing building operations carried on so systematically and speedily. But if they were impressed by the working capacity of the expeditionary force, they were still more deeply influenced by the discourse of the governor and the presents which accompanied it. Had the count been a "black robe" himself, he could not have spoken with more unction or more unimpeachable orthodoxy in urging his savage hearers to embrace Christianity. He condensed, for the occasion, the whole of Christian teaching into the two great commandments of love to God and love to man, and appealed to the consciences of his hearers as to whether both were not entirely reasonable. This portion of his speech, in which he also declared that he desired peace both between the French and the Iroquois, and between the latter and all Indian tribes under French protection, was recommended by a present of fifteen guns and a quantity of powder, lead, and gunflints. Next he informed them of his intention to form a trading-post at Cataraqui. "Here," he said, "you will find all sorts of refreshments and commodities, which I shall cause to be furnished to you at the cheapest rate possible." He added, however, that it would be very expen-

sive to bring goods so far, and that they must take that into consideration in criticizing prices. Twenty-five large overcoats were distributed at this point. In the third place he reproached them with their cruel treatment of the Hurons, and said that he meant to treat all the Indian nations alike, and wished all to enjoy equal security and equal advantages in every way. "See," he said, "that no complaints are made to me henceforward on this subject, for I shall become angry; as I insist that you Iroquois, Algonquins, and other nations that have me for a father, shall live henceforth as brothers." He asked also that they would let him have a few of their children that they might learn the French language and be instructed by the priests. Twenty-five shirts, an equal number of pairs of stockings, five packages of glass beads, and five coats were given to round off this appeal.

The reply of the delegates of the five Iroquois nations was in tone and temper all that could be wished. They thanked Onontio that he had addressed them as children, and were glad that he was going to assume towards them the relation of father. They readily consented to live at peace with the Hurons and Algonquins, and would, when they returned to their cantons, carefully consider the question of letting him have a certain number of their children. One delegate showed his financial acumen by observing that, while Onontio had promised to let them have goods as cheap as possible at the fort, he had not said what

the tariff would be. To this the count replied that he could not say what the freight would amount to, but that considering them as his children, he would see that they were fairly treated. Another, a Cayugan, evinced his knowledge of current history by lamenting the calamities which the Dutch were suffering in their war with the French, trade relations between the Dutch and the Iroquois having always been very satisfactory. He consoled himself, however, with the thought that his nation would now find a father in Onontio.

While the negotiations were in progress, work on the fort was proceeding rapidly, and by the 20th of the month it was finished. The count then dismissed the body of his force, the men being anxious to return to their homes. He himself remained behind to meet some belated delegates from points on the north shore of Lake Ontario, whom he did not fail to reprove for their want of punctuality, after which, with rare liberality of speech, he repeated to them all he had said to the others. A few days' delay was also caused by the necessity of awaiting a convoy from Montreal with a year's provisions for the fort. Finally, on the 28th July, the governor and his party started on their homeward journey and arrived safely at Montreal on the 1st of August. During the whole expedition not one man or one canoe was lost.

The narrative of this expedition has been given in some detail because it sets in a strong light the

better side of Frontenac's character. We see him here as the able and vigorous organizer, the firm, judicious, and skilful commander, the accomplished diplomat, and the lover of peace rather than war. Short a time as he had been in the country, he seemed already to understand the Indian character, and the Indians in turn understood him. His language in addressing them was direct and simple, frank and courageous. He had no hesitation in assuming the paternal relation, and won their hearts by doing so. But it was not only over savages that he exerted a natural ascendency, for we have seen the zeal and enthusiasm with which his orders were executed by the whole expeditionary force. Whatever weaknesses he may have had, it was not in the field or in active service that they were displayed.

The memorandum, which serves as authority for the facts just narrated, was addressed to Colbert, and sent to France by a ship sailing from Quebec shortly before the close of navigation. The minister's reply was dated 17th May of the following year. He does not at all congratulate Frontenac upon his exploit. "You will readily understand," he says, "by what I have just told you,[1] that his Majesty's intention is not that you undertake great voyages by ascending the river St. Lawrence, nor that the inhabitants spread themselves for the future further than they have

[1] He had been speaking of the slow growth of the population of Canada.

already done. On the contrary, he desires that you labour incessantly, and during the whole time you are in that country, to consolidate, concentrate, and form them into towns and villages, that they may be in a better position to defend themselves successfully." In acknowledging this despatch, far from apologizing for what he had done, Frontenac told the minister that the very best results had flowed from it. More Indians had come to Montreal than ever before, eight hundred having been seen at one time; Iroquois, Algonquins, and Hurons were mixing with one another in the most friendly manner; the Jesuit missionaries among the Iroquois found their position greatly improved, and were never tired of saying so; and, finally, he had obtained the Indian children he had asked for, eight in number, who were being educated in the French fashion, and who would be a perpetual guarantee of the peaceful behaviour of the tribes to which they belonged. At the same time he says, that if the minister absolutely disapproves of the fort, he will go next year and pull it down with as much alacrity as he had put it up. This the minister did not insist on. In fact he was not long in coming round to Frontenac's view that considering all the circumstances of the case the fort was a necessity. One point of interest connected with its establishment, upon which Frontenac has left us in ignorance, is whom he appointed as its first commandant. A contemporary writer[1] tells

[1] Père Leclercq, *Premier Etablissement de la Foi*, vol. ii. p. 117.

us it was La Salle, and the statement is not improbable. It was La Salle, as we have seen, whom the governor sent to the Iroquois to invite them to the conference, and as he had acquitted himself of that mission in the most successful manner, it seems natural that he should have been the first chosen to command a post, the principal object of which was to serve as a convenient meeting-place for Iroquois and French. A temporary concession of the fort was made a year later to two Montreal merchants, Bazire and Lebert, but it passed again, in the following year, into the hands of La Salle, who had meantime gone to France and laid before the court certain larger schemes for which Fort Frontenac was to serve as a base, and which he obtained the king's authority to carry into effect.

CHAPTER IV

THE COMMENCEMENT OF TROUBLES

IT is difficult in the present advanced condition of all the arts and sciences which converge on the perfecting of our means of transport and communication to form an adequate idea of the toils, inconveniences, and perils encountered by those who in the seventeenth century attempted the task of colonizing this continent. To say nothing of the difficulties of land travel, the colonist, by the mere fact of crossing the ocean, placed a barrier of two or three months of perilous navigation between himself and the land that had been his home. To the dangers of the sea were added the yet more serious danger of infection on ill-ventilated and pest-breeding vessels. A ship coming to the St. Lawrence could in those days make but one trip to and fro in the year. It is easy to see, therefore, in how critical a position a colony would be that depended in any large measure on supplies brought from the other side. The wreck or capture of one or two vessels might bring it to the verge of starvation. Success in agriculture, again, can only be looked for where there is peaceable and secure possession of the land. If all the results of laborious tillage are liable to be carried off or destroyed at any moment by marauding foes, there is little encouragement

to engage in that kind of industry. The population will, by preference, turn to the search for metals, or seek to trade in articles easily marketed. Thus it was that, in the early days, the Canadian settlers gave themselves up almost wholly to hunting and fur-trading. Later, when the French government began to interest itself directly in the settlement of the country, strong efforts were made to induce the colonists to apply themselves to agriculture. Lands were conceded on condition that they should be cleared and cultivated within a specified time, failing which, they should revert to the Crown. The same condition applied to any *portion* of a grant remaining unimproved after the stipulated period. Under these inducements agriculture began to make a little headway, particularly, as we have seen, after the lesson given to the Iroquois by Tracy.

Still, there was too much hunting and too much trading with the Indians in the woods, as distinguished from legitimate trading in the settlements. Mention has already been made of the *coureurs de bois*. These were men who, instead of awaiting the arrival of the Indians at the posts of Montreal, Three Rivers, or Quebec, went out to meet them, in order that they might get the pick of the skins they possessed, and perhaps also get the better of them in a trade by first making them drunk. Two classes of *coureurs de bois* have been distinguished: on the one hand, the men who merely *traded* in the woods in the way described, and, on the other,

those who attached themselves to different Indian bands, and lived the common life of their savage companions. This reversion to savagery had a great fascination for many of the Canadian youths; and, as it led to great moral disorder, the clergy were quite as much opposed to it as the civil governors. As a convert is generally more zealous than one born in the faith, so these converts from civilization to barbarism seemed bent on outdoing the original sons of the forest in all that was wild and unseemly. Like their bronzed associates they would sometimes spurn clothing altogether, even when visiting settlements, and would make both day and night hideous with their carousing and yelling.[1]

Frontenac had received from the king strict instructions to repress the *coureurs de bois* by all means in his power. The law against them was severe, for the punishment was death. One of the

[1] It was no doubt in large measure due to the extraordinary physical vitality of the French race in Canada that so strong a tendency was manifested towards this reversion, which of course was facilitated by the general condition of life in a country that was little else than forest. "*L'école buissonnière*" was at every one's door, and the men of the colony were not alone in feeling the call of the wild. Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, in her *Lettres Spirituelles* says: "Sans l'éducation que nous donnons aux filles françaises qui sont un peu grandes, durant l'espace de six mois environ, elles seraient des brutes pires que les sauvages; c'est pourquoi on nous les donne presque toutes, les unes après les autres." See Ferland's *Cours d'Histoire du Canada*, vol. ii. p. 85, who quotes this passage without any reference to page. Passages of similar purport may, however, be found on pp. 231 and 258 of the first edition (1681) of the *Lettres Spirituelles*.

first things Frontenac learnt on arriving in the colony was that Montreal was the headquarters of these lawless men, and that not only did the local governor, Perrot, make no effort to reduce them to order, but that he was commonly understood to be a sharer in their illicit gains. It was further stated that he had an establishment of his own on an island, which still bears his name, at the confluence of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, where his agents regularly intercepted the Indians on the way to Montreal, and took the cream of the trade. The king's instructions, it was well known, forbade any trading on the part of officials; but Perrot, whose family, as already mentioned, was influential, and whose wife was a niece of the late Intendant Talon, did not think that such a regulation was made for him. In passing through Montreal at the time of his expedition to Cataraqui, Frontenac had requested Perrot to see that the king's instructions respecting the *coureurs de bois* were obeyed. The latter promised compliance, but the promise was not redeemed. Frontenac at first thought he could get round the difficulty by appointing M. de Chambly as local governor for the district surrounding the Island of Montreal—Perrot's jurisdiction being limited strictly to the island—and thus establishing a kind of cordon by which the comings and goings of the *coureurs de bois* might be controlled. This arrangement was never put into operation, for the reason that, just about the same time, M. de Chambly received from the king

the appointment of governor of Acadia. Perrot, however, accompanied him as far as Quebec, and this gave Frontenac the opportunity of placing under the eyes of the Montreal governor the orders he had received from the court, and urging him to co-operate in giving them effect. Again Perrot promised to do his duty in the matter, but with what degree of sincerity events quickly showed. He had hardly returned to Montreal when the local judge, Aillebоust, who had received personal instructions from Frontenac in regard to carrying out the law, tried to effect the arrest of two offenders who were lodging in the house of one Carion, an officer. Carion refused to permit the arrest, and was upheld therein by Perrot, whereupon the judge took the only course open to him, namely, to notify the governor-general. It was now mid-winter; but, without a moment's hesitation, Frontenac deputed one Bizard, a lieutenant of his guard, to go to Montreal with three men, effect the arrest of Carion, and bring him to Quebec. He gave Bizard at the same time a letter to Perrot, but instructed him not to deliver it till he had first made sure of his prisoner. The lieutenant carried out his instructions, so far as the arrest of Carion was concerned; but, before he could leave Montreal, Perrot pounced down upon him and made him prisoner in turn, asking him how he dared to make an arrest in the limits of the government of Montreal without first notifying him. The scene was witnessed by two

prominent residents of Montreal, Lebert, the merchant, and La Salle, of whom we have already heard; and a report of the matter, attested by them, was despatched to Quebec. The choleric Perrot, hearing of this piece of officiousness, as he regarded it, put Lebert also into prison. La Salle, thinking the same treatment might be meted out to him, lost no time in taking the road to Quebec.

The rage of Frontenac at this open defiance of his authority may be imagined. Was it for this that he had come to Canada, to be flouted and set at nought by a subordinate officer? The worst of it was that there was no immediate remedy. The only thing to do at the moment was to summon the culprit to appear before the Sovereign Council at Quebec. But would he come? If he refused, Frontenac had no force to compel him. The force was all on the other side; the governor-general had but his body guard, whereas Montreal was full of men accustomed to Indian warfare, who would probably obey Perrot's orders, especially as there was a standing jealousy between Montreal and Quebec. At this point in his reflections, the count bethought him of writing a letter to the Abbé de Fénelon, Sulpician, of Montreal, who had accompanied him to Cataraqui, and with whom he was on very friendly terms, asking him to represent to Perrot what a serious thing it would be if he aggravated his former misconduct by refusing to go to Quebec. Rightly or wrongly, M. de

Fénelon understood this letter as signifying that the governor, while desirous of vindicating his authority, was prepared to compromise the difficulty to some extent, and consequently gave Perrot to understand that, if he would obey the order to go to Quebec, the matter would in all probability be amicably adjusted. He offered to accompany him; and the two set out towards the close of January on a snowshoe tramp to Quebec over the frozen St. Lawrence. They arrived at the capital on the 29th of the month. Perrot at once sought an interview with the governor; but the discussion, far from taking a friendly turn, soon became extremely violent; and the result was that Perrot found himself in an hour's time placed under arrest.

The surprise and chagrin of the Montreal official may be imagined. As for the abbé, his indignation at what he regarded as a breach of faith knew no bounds.[1] Sharp words passed between him and the governor, and he returned to Montreal in a most agitated and rebellious state of mind. A few weeks later, having to preach on Easter Sunday in the parish church, he slipped into his sermon some observations which could only be construed as an attack on the king's representative. Speaking of those who are invested with temporal authority,

[1] Mr. P. T. Bedard, in his lecture on *Frontenac*, published in the *Annuaire* of the Institut Canadien of Quebec for 1880 speaks of Frontenac's "duplicity" in this matter, a stronger term than the facts seem to justify.

he said—according to a summary of his discourse given by the Abbé Faillon—that the magistrate who was animated by the spirit of the risen Christ would be strict, on the one hand, to punish offences against the service of his Prince, and prompt, on the other, to overlook those against his own dignity; would be full of respect for the ministers of the altar, and would not treat them harshly when, in the discharge of their duty, they strove to reconcile enemies and establish general good-will; would not surround himself with servile creatures to fill his ears with adulation, nor oppress under specious pretexts persons also invested with authority who happened to oppose his projects; further that such a ruler would use his power to maintain the authority of the monarch, and not to promote his own advantage, and would content himself with the salary allowed him without disturbing the commerce of the country or ill-using those who would not give him a share of their gains; finally, that he would not vex the people by unjustly exacting forced labour for ends of his own, nor falsely invoke the name of the monarch in support of such proceedings.

In every sentence there was a sting. The last words referred to the expedition to Lake Ontario, and the unpaid labour of the men by whom the fort at Cataraqui had been constructed. The preacher, in fact, may be said to have summed up the charges which certain Montrealers were at the time making against the governor, and

which the Abbé Faillon, swayed perhaps in some measure by sympathy with a fellow Sulpician, does not hesitate to say were well founded.

The church on that Easter Sunday was filled to its utmost capacity, over six hundred persons being present. Amongst these was the watchful La Salle, who, not only took it all in himself, but by his gestures and movements called the attention of as many persons as possible to what was being said, and its obvious import. It was not only the friends of Frontenac, however, who recognized the drift of the sermon, for the curé of the parish, the Rev. M. Perrot, said to M. de Fénelon as he came down from the pulpit: "Really, sir, you have entered into details which have caused me a great deal of trouble." Other ecclesiastics were affected in the same manner, amongst them La Salle's own brother, an ecclesiastic of the Seminary, who went at once to the Superior, the excellent M. Dollier de Casson, to tell him what had happened. The latter, in turn, foreseeing trouble, sent to tell La Salle that the Seminary had no responsibility whatever for M. de Fénelon's sermon, as it had not been submitted beforehand for approval, and no one had the least notion what he intended to say. The same communication was made in the most earnest terms to M. de la Nauguère, who was temporarily filling the place of governor of Montreal by Frontenac's nomination, with a request that he would convey the assurance to the governor-general.

The extraordinary thing is that the reverend gentleman who had caused all this trouble, when spoken to on the subject by the Superior, gave his word as a man of honour and a priest, that he had no intention whatever of alluding to the governor-general, adding that those who so applied his remarks were doing much dishonour to that high officer. The Abbé Faillon does not like to call M. de Fénelon's word in question, but he says that he manifestly lacked "one quality very important in a missionary, the prudence which directs the exercise of zeal, and keeps it within the bounds that circumstances require."

It was not only by this sermon that the Abbé Fénelon showed his lack of prudence. Madame Perrot had come out from France with her husband when he was appointed to the governorship of Montreal in 1669, and now that he was in trouble, and his case was likely to come before the king, she was anxious to get some testimonial from the people of Montreal in his favour. As to the kind of a governor Perrot had really been, we may safely rely on the judgment pronounced by the industrious author of the *Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada*, who says[1]: "This governor contributed more than any one else to that fatal revolution which changed entirely the moral aspect of this colony [Montreal]. . . . The whole course of his conduct in Canada justifies us in thinking that when, in 1669, he decided to come

[1] Vol. iii. pp. 446-52.

here, it was in the hope of making a great fortune through the influence of M. de Talon, whose niece, Madeleine Laguide, he had married." The abbé goes on to explain that the Seminary (as seigneurs of the Island of Montreal) would never have nominated Perrot had they known his true character, and would certainly not have retained him in office after his character became known, if they had been free to act in the matter. What stood in the way was that, through Talon's influence, his commission as governor had been confirmed by the king, and that he had thus, in a manner, been rendered independent of the Seminary authorities. "From that moment," the writer continues, "he considered himself free from all control in the matter of the traffic in drink which he was already carrying on with the savages to the great scandal of all the respectable inhabitants. . . . It is certain that he himself gave open protection to the *coureurs de bois*, not only in his own island through M. Bruey, his agent, but also throughout the whole extent of the Island of Montreal. . . . In order to have, without much expense, *coureurs de bois* under his orders, he allowed nearly all the soldiers in the island to desert and take to the woods, without either pursuing them, or notifying the governor-general of their desertion." It may be added that, when some of the most respectable inhabitants of Montreal ventured on a timid remonstrance respecting the irregularities that were taking place,

he assailed them in the lowest and most ruffianly language, and put their principal spokesman, who at the time was the acting judge of Montreal, into prison.

This was the man, then, in whose interest, when Madame Perrot could not get any one else to do it, M. de Fénelon undertook to go round the Island of Montreal, and get the inhabitants to sign a petition. The petition, it is true, only stated that the signers had no complaints to make against M. Perrot; but its object was to throw dust in the eyes of the court, and it is impossible to think highly of the candour of the man—elder brother, though he was, of the great Archbishop of Cambrai—who was the chief agent in procuring it.

It is not surprising, in view of these proceedings, that M. de Fénelon received an order to repair to Quebec. Before summoning him, Frontenac had carried on a prolonged correspondence with the Seminary at Montreal. He first of all required them to banish Fénelon from their house as being a factious and rebellious person. To save his brethren trouble, Fénelon retired of his own accord, and took up parish work at Lachine. Frontenac then asked for signed declarations as to what had been said in the sermon. These the Sulpicians declined to give, saying they could not be called upon to testify against a brother. "Then send down a copy of the sermon," the governor said. The reply to this was that they had no copy

of it. For form's sake they consented to ask the vicar-general at Quebec, the highest ecclesiastical authority in the absence of the bishop, to request M. de Fénelon to furnish the original. The vicar-general did so, and the abbé promptly replied that he would do nothing of the kind; he did not acknowledge himself to be guilty of any misdemeanour, but, if he were, he could not be required to furnish evidence against himself.

These *pourparlers* consumed considerable time, as letters were not exchanged in those days with modern rapidity between Quebec and Montreal. Moreover, Frontenac took a slice out of the summer in order to pay a visit to Montreal at the height of the trading season, not impossibly with some thrifty design, though it is known that he attended to the king's business to the extent of capturing, through his officer M. de Verchères, no less than twelve *coureurs de bois*. It was not till some time in the month of August that M. de Fénelon appeared to answer for himself at Quebec.

To follow in detail the incidents of the abortive inquiry into Perrot's insubordination, and the equally unsatisfactory proceedings in the case of the refractory abbé, would be tedious and unprofitable. Two of the councillors, Tilly and Dupont, were appointed a commission to examine Perrot. The latter made no objection at first to answering their questions, but a few days later he took it into his head to protest the competency of the council to try the charges against him. The

governor, he said, was his personal enemy, and the members of the council, holding office during his good pleasure, could only be considered as his creatures. The council disregarded the protest, and continued the inquiry; but on each subsequent occasion Perrot refused to answer any question till his protest had been duly entered in the minutes. One of his answers almost betrays a sense of humour. He was asked why he had not arrested the *coureurs de bois* who made his private island their headquarters. "Because," he said, "I had no jurisdiction; my government does not extend beyond the Island of Montreal." In other words, he had chosen a spot for his illegal operations where, in his private capacity, he could, so to speak, snap his fingers in his own face in his official capacity. Possibly it was an attempt on Frontenac's part to repay humour with humour, when he caused one of these very *coureurs de bois*, a man whom Perrot probably knew very well, to be hanged directly in front of his prison window.

During the summer a despatch was received from the minister for the colonies which somewhat disquieted Frontenac, and doubtless had some effect also on the minds of the councillors. In order to lay an account of Perrot's rebellious conduct at the earliest possible moment before the king, Frontenac had taken the unusual course of sending a letter by way of Boston in February, hoping that it might reach the minister's hands in time to be answered by the ship leaving in the

spring or early summer. Colbert wrote under date the 17th May 1674, evidently without having received the letter, for he terminated his despatch with these words: "His Majesty instructs me to recommend to you particularly the person and interests of M. Perrot, governor of Montreal, and nephew of M. Talon, his principal *valet de chambre*." Nothing could well have been more awkward, considering that the person so warmly recommended was at that moment, and had been for months, in durance vile, as a rebel against the governor's authority, and indirectly against his Majesty's.

The Abbé Fénelon, when he appeared before the council, was more defiant by far than Perrot. He was told to stand up. He said, No, he would sit down, as he was not a criminal; and, if he were, he could only be tried by an ecclesiastical court. He was asked to remove his hat; to which he replied by jamming it harder on his head, saying that ecclesiastics had a right to keep their heads covered. In the end the council began to fear that the governor was getting them into trouble; and they consequently determined, in both cases, that they would confine themselves to taking evidence, and leave the court to pronounce judgment. This conclusion was not pleasing to Frontenac, who wished to have a distinct decision of the council in his favour. He, too, was "weakening," however, as we may see by his letter to the minister, dated 14th November 1674, and

despatched by the same vessel by which the governor of Montreal—released at last after ten months' confinement—and the fiery abbé sailed for France. "I am sending," he says, "M. Perrot and M. de Fénelon to France, in order that you may judge their conduct. For myself, if I have failed in any point of duty, I am ready to submit to his Majesty's corrections. A governor in this country would be much to be pitied if he were not sustained, seeing there is no one here on whom he can depend; and should he commit any fault he might assuredly be excused, seeing that all kinds of nets are spread for him, and that, after avoiding a hundred, he is liable to be caught in the end. So, My Lord, I hope that, should I have had the misfortune to take any false step, his Majesty will be kind enough to sympathize with me, and to believe that the error was due to an excess of zeal for his service, and not to any other motive."

The tone of this communication, it must be confessed, is not quite what one would expect from a man of Frontenac's character and antecedents. It shows what influence at court counted for in that day. The letter was accompanied by a docket of enormous proportions containing the charges against Perrot and the abbé, and all the evidence taken in the course of the prolonged investigation at Quebec. He received replies both from the king and the minister. In regard to Perrot the king wrote: "I have seen and examined

all you have sent me concerning M. Perrot; and, after having seen all that he has put forward in his defence, I have condemned his action in imprisoning the officer you sent to Montreal. To punish him I have sent him for some time to the Bastille, in order that this discipline may not only render him more circumspect for the future, but may serve as an example to others. But, in order that you may thoroughly understand my views, I must tell you that, except in a case of absolute necessity, you should not execute any order within the sphere of a local government without having first notified the governor of the locality. The punishment of ten months' imprisonment you inflicted on him seems to me sufficient; and that is why I am sending him to the Bastille for a short term only, in order to vindicate in a public manner my violated authority." His Majesty added that he was sending Perrot back to his government, but that he would instruct him to call on the governor-general at Quebec and apologize for all his past offences; after which Frontenac was to dismiss all resentment, and treat him with the consideration due to his office.

As regards Fénelon, he was not allowed to return to Canada; and he was censured by the Superior of his order for having busied himself with things with which he had no concern. At the same time Frontenac was informed that he was wrong in instituting a criminal process against that ecclesiastic, as well as in calling upon his

brethren of the Seminary to give evidence against him. The king made it clear that he thought Frontenac had been unduly harsh and autocratic in his proceedings generally. It would have been well for that dignitary if he could have taken the admonition more deeply to heart.

CHAPTER V

DIVIDED POWER

IF the king read carefully, as he says he did, the cruel mass of correspondence which Frontenac forwarded to him in connection with the Perrot-Fénelon imbroglio, he could hardly have failed to come to the conclusion that something was amiss in the state of Canada. Frontenac had begged, somewhat piteously, that he might be "sustained," and sustained he was in a manner, as we have just seen; but the king and the minister had their own opinion on the subject, which they only partly expressed in words, the rest they translated into action. Frontenac, from the date of his arrival in Canada, had been the only visible source of authority. Laval was in France, looking after the long delayed bull which was to raise him from the doubtful rank of a bishop *in partibus* to the full legal status of bishop of Quebec. Talon, too, had left the country a few weeks after the governor's arrival, and no one had been sent to replace him. The old warrior had, therefore, had things entirely his own way, and his own way had not proved to be the way of peace. To place matters on a better footing, the court decided on two measures: to reorganize the Sovereign Council, and to revive the office of intendant. The council,

it will be remembered, consisted of four members and an attorney-general, nominated by the governor and the bishop jointly, and holding office during their good pleasure. Henceforth it was to consist of seven members, each holding office by direct commission from the king. The main object of the change was to enable it to act with more independence in the performance of its proper functions, which were essentially of a judicial character. A secondary effect, probably neither foreseen nor intended, was to augment the influence of the bishop, at the expense of that of the governor, through the operation of the natural law which inclines men to side rather with permanent than with transient forces. Frontenac was jealous from the first of the increased prestige of the council, and soon became disagreeably aware of the advantage it afforded to his ecclesiastical rival.

The council, as reconstituted, consisted of the four old members, Louis Rouer de Villeray, who received the designation of first councillor, Le Gardeur de Tilly, Mathieu Damours, and Nicolas Dupont, with three new ones, Réné Charlier de Lotbinière, Jean Baptiste de Peyras, and Charles Denis de Vitre. The attorney-general, Denis Joseph Ruette d'Auteuil, a man described by Frontenac a couple of years later as "very ignorant, and having such imperfect sight that he can neither read nor write," was by name reappointed to his office, with one Gilles Rageot

as clerk. All these, holding their appointments directly from the king, were secure from removal by any lesser authority. The utmost the governor could do would be to suspend one or more of them for grave misconduct, subject to confirmation of his action by the sovereign. Another change in the judiciary of the colony was made a couple of years later. The king had, in the year 1674, abolished a court called the Prévôté (Provost's Court) of Quebec, which had been established by the West India Company for the purpose of exercising a kind of police jurisdiction, and making preliminary inquiries in certain cases. The royal idea at the time had been that it would be simpler to intrust the whole administration of justice to one court, the Sovereign Council. The enlargement and strengthening of the council, however, and the appearance upon the scene of an intendant whose views did not always harmonize, to speak very moderately, with those of the governor, somewhat altered the situation. There was a balance of powers; but justice itself would sometimes hang in the balance longer than was desirable. In order, therefore, to get as many cases as possible disposed of without troubling that important tribunal, his Majesty, in the month of May 1677, determined to re-establish the Prévôté, with power to judge, as a court of first instance, all cases civil and criminal, subject to appeal to the Sovereign Council. The court was to consist of a lieutenant-general as judge, a public

prosecutor and a clerk. To these was added, by an edict of the same month, a special officer having the title of *prévôt*, with judicial functions in criminal cases only. It probably was not foreseen that the governor might play off the Prévôté against the Sovereign Council. That, however, is what happened, and as the lower court had at its service six "archers" or constables, it was able, when acting in concert with the governor, to accomplish an occasional *tour de force*.

The new intendant, M. Jacques Duchesneau, arrived at Quebec in the month of September 1675 by the same vessel which bore back Laval, in all the glory and power of full episcopal authority, to a flock from which he had been absent three long years. His letter of instructions mentions the fact that he had filled a somewhat similar office at Tours in France, and had acquitted himself therein to the great satisfaction of his Majesty. Research has been made without success to find out what the office was; we have only, therefore, to take his Majesty's word for it. Whatever M. Duchesneau's previous history may have been, he seems to have come to Canada with the determination to keep a very watchful, and not too benevolent, eye on the proceedings of his official superior, the governor. There was the strongest possible contrast between the characters of the two men. Frontenac was haughty, headstrong, and aggressive; Duchesneau, cautious, crafty, and persistent. When two such men come

into conflict, it is not the cool calculator who suffers most, however he may whine (as Duchesneau did) at the high-handed proceedings of the other. Under the best of circumstances a governor and an intendant were not likely to work very harmoniously together. Courcelles and Talon did not, though both were well-meaning men. M. Lorin hints that Colbert sent out Duchesneau to act as a spy upon Frontenac.[1] The supposition seems to be a needless one. Duchesneau was sent out as Talon had been before him, to see that the intentions of the court in the government of the country were duly carried into effect, and in particular that the considerable sums of money which the king appropriated to the uses of the colony were rightly expended. It is possible that, had Frontenac acted with more judgment and moderation during the first two years of his administration, the appointment of an intendant would not have been considered necessary; but, in any case, the court in giving him a colleague, and thus relieving him of part of his responsibilities, was simply applying to Canada a system of administration long established in France, where, as a rule, every province had its intendant as well as its governor.

Duchesneau's instructions were certainly very clear as to the attitude he was to maintain towards the governor. He was enjoined "to be careful to live with Comte de Frontenac in rela-

[1] *Le Comte de Frontenac*, p. 159.

tions of great deference, not only on account of the honour he had of representing the king's person, but also on account of his personal merit, and not to do anything in the whole range of his duties without his consent and participation." To secure concordant conduct on the governor's part, he was instructed in a despatch of even date to allow the intendant to act "with entire liberty in everything relating to justice, police, and finance, without meddling at all in these matters, except when they are discussed in the Sovereign Council." It is significant that in this same letter a hint is dropped about trading: not only was Frontenac not to trade himself, or allow trading on his behalf, but he was not to permit any one belonging to his household to trade. It thus appears that, before Duchesneau had even arrived in the country, the court had had its suspicions aroused as to the course the king's personal representative might be tempted to pursue in this matter. We may be certain that anything Perrot and Fénelon knew on the subject would be poured into the minister's ear, nor were they the only ones whose representations regarding the governor would not be of a friendly character. Villeray, the senior member of the Sovereign Council and the Abbé d'Urfé, a relative of Fénelon's, were in France at the same time. The former had been denounced by Frontenac in one of his earliest despatches as a busybody and a close ally of the Jesuit order; while the latter had been very haughtily treated

by him in connection with the Fénelon matter, and had left Canada in high indignation by the same vessel which bore Fénelon and Perrot. It happened that, just about this time, Urfé's cousin, a Mademoiselle d'Allegre, was being contracted in marriage to Colbert's son and destined successor in office, the Marquis de Seignelay, so that altogether the influences which were operating against Frontenac at this juncture were of a somewhat formidable character. That his position should have been so little affected speaks well for his claim to personal consideration. It speaks well also for the spirit of equity which actuated the king in his relations with his officers.

A meeting of the reorganized Sovereign Council was held at Quebec on the 16th September 1675. It is this meeting which fixes for us as nearly as it can be done the date of the arrival of the bishop and intendant, for the minutes show that the former was present, and that part of the business transacted was the registration of the commission of the latter. M. de Laval lost no time in making his influence felt. The Abbé Fénelon, when arraigned before the Sovereign Council the year before, had demanded to be tried by an ecclesiastical tribunal, and reply had been made that there was no such tribunal in Canada. The bishop's first act was to supply this lack by establishing a court consisting of his two grand-vicars, Bernières and Dudouyt, and a clerk or registrar. The new court soon found work to do. A man

was cited before it, upon information of the *curé* of Montreal, for having failed to perform his Easter duties. He appealed to the Sovereign Council, which at first showed a disposition to assume jurisdiction in the case, but in the end left it in the hands of the ecclesiastics. The bishop wished it to be understood that Canada was not France. Some encroachments of the civil on the spiritual power had, he said, taken place in that country, but "these were things to be guarded against in a country in which a Church is in course of establishment." Manifestly Laval understood the word "Church" in a very absolute sense, and meant to enforce his understanding of it if possible.

During his absence from the country the clergy had got into the way, either of their own accord, or at Frontenac's suggestion, of paying the governor certain honours in church which the bishop considered—correctly it appears—unsanctioned by precedent or usage. He ordered that they should be discontinued. A wrangle with the governor ensued, and the matter had to be referred to the king, who must sometimes have wondered whether the colonial game was worth the candles consumed in reading the colonial despatches; for his Majesty, no less than his minister, had often to prolong the work far into the night. The patient monarch replied that the governor had been claiming more than was his due, and more than was accorded to men of his rank in the pro-

vinces of the kingdom; he must, therefore, make up his little difference with the bishop of Quebec, by gracefully moderating his pretensions. Three years later there were still some differences of the same nature pending, for we find the king sending directions to the bishop to pay the same honours to the governor of Canada as were paid to the governor of Picardy in the cathedral of Amiens. Frontenac, on his part, was not to claim more.

The document which throws most light on Frontenac's attitude towards the dominant ecclesiastical powers—the bishop and the Jesuits—and on his estimate of their work and general policy, is a letter which he wrote to Colbert in 1677, and which must have been of a confidential nature.[1] "Nearly all the disorders existing in New France," he therein declares, "have their origin in the ambition of the ecclesiastics, who wish to add to their spiritual authority an absolute power over temporal matters." Their aim from the first, he goes on to say, was to amass wealth as a means of influence; and in this they have been extraordinarily successful. They have had subsidies from the king and charitable donations from individuals in France; they have obtained concessions of large tracts of the best and most valuable lands in the country; finally, in spite of the king's prohibitions, they have been driving an active and most profitable trade. In support of the latter statement

[1] It is to be found in Margry, *Mémoires et Documents des Origines Françaises des Pays d'Outre Mer*, vol. i. pp. 301-25.

he cites the names of a number of persons who have given him positive and detailed evidence on the point. He estimates the bishop's revenue from all sources at not less than forty thousand livres; and refers to the fact that he is erecting vast and superb buildings at Quebec at a cost of four hundred thousand livres, although he and his ecclesiastics are already lodged much better than the governor-general. He complains of the espionage they exercise through the country and in his own household; and says there would be no end to the story if he were to attempt to tell all that they have done to augment their influence through the confessional and by threats of excommunication. Instances are given of what the writer claims to have been their undue severity towards persons who had incurred their censure. If the bishop chose, he could do what he has always hitherto refused to do: provide the country with a reasonable number of parish priests having fixed positions. He has ample means for the purpose if he would employ them in a less ambitious manner; his main objection to doing so is that the erection of parishes served by priests not removable at pleasure would diminish his power and throw patronage into the hands of the king. So far the governor. It is probable that his impeachment of his ecclesiastical rivals did not fall on altogether unsympathetic ears; but Colbert, as a statesman, recognized power wherever it existed; and his only advice to the civil administrators was to hold their own

as well as they could. In a despatch, written some years before, he had told Courcelles that he looked forward to the time when, with an increase of population, things would get into better shape, and the secular power assume its just preponderance.

Duchesneau himself, shortly after his arrival in the country, had a passing difficulty with the bishop, arising out of an idea he entertained, that, as intendant, he ought to rank next to the governor; and this wretched matter had also to be referred to the court, which promptly decided in the bishop's favour. From that time forward there was perfect harmony between the two, so much so that, on more than one occasion, the intendant drew down upon himself the censure of the court for what was regarded as his undue subservience to the bishop's views. One of the first matters regarding which he and the bishop joined forces was the policy of the governor in connection with the issue of hunting and trading licences. The law under which Frontenac had previously taken severe measures against the *coureurs de bois* was still in force; but the governor had felt himself justified in issuing a limited number of permits to responsible persons, authorizing them to carry goods to the Indians and trade in the Indian settlements. These persons became, in a certain sense, *coureurs de bois*; but as they went out by authority, and could be held to the terms of their licences, and as, moreover, they could be used for the purpose of obtaining information as

to the movements and disposition of the native tribes, the governor thought, or professed to think, that he was acting for the best in relaxing to this extent the strict letter of the law. The bishop, on the other hand, objected to the system; in the first place, because the persons licensed carried liquor as part of their stock-in-trade, and, in the second, because it threw impediments in the way of the effective ecclesiastical control of the population. It was agreed that he and the intendant should both write to the minister, the one dwelling on the evils of the liquor traffic with the Indians, and the other on the infringement of the law. Duchesneau, we have seen, had been warned in his instructions to keep in close touch with the governor in all that he did; but he had not been three months in the country before, in a matter of the first importance, and one affecting the governor's own actions, he sent home recommendations of which his superior officer knew nothing.

The answer came back the following year. It was dated 15th April 1676, but seems only to have reached Quebec in September. The governor, by royal edict, was forbidden to issue permits under any pretext whatsoever. The punishment of contumacious *coureurs de bois* was placed in the hands of the intendant exclusively, as it was he alone—such was the reason given—who had official knowledge of the conditions under which the fur trade was being farmed out. Quebec, Montreal, and Three Rivers were at the same

time indicated as the only places where the trade with the Indians might lawfully be carried on.

Frontenac was not at Quebec when this document arrived; he was at Fort Frontenac (Cataraqui), which was now in the hands of his friend La Salle under a concession from the king. Doubtless he was enjoying, not only his temporary freedom from the worries and vexations of office, but also the congenial society of a man, who, though much his junior, had, in common with himself, a large knowledge of the world, a keen and aspiring spirit, and a strong love of adventure. At Quebec the councillors were somewhat at a loss what to do in the matter of the despatch. Some were indisposed to register, in the absence of the governor, an edict which so directly condemned the policy he was pursuing. Duchesneau, however, did not approve of delay, and on the 5th of October the document was registered, and thus became the law of the land. When Frontenac returned to Quebec and found what had been done —that one of the first acts of the intendant had been to hand him over to the censure of the court, and that its censure had practically been pronounced—he was indignant beyond measure. He saw at a glance that, if the situation were not in some way retrieved, his authority and prestige in the colony he had been sent out to govern would be gravely compromised. The fall vessels were to leave in a week or two, so he sat down and wrote a despatch to Colbert which gave that able

minister something to think about. The bishop, dreading lest the governor's reasons—he probably knew that Frontenac wielded a vigorous pen—might lead to a countermanding of the instructions, thought it well to send an envoy of his own to France in the person of the Abbé Dudouyt. Frontenac meantime so far complied with the edict as to publish an order requiring all *coureurs de bois*, licensed and unlicensed, to return at once to the settlements; though, according to Duchesneau, he nullified this to a great extent by issuing a number of hunting permits which were only trading permits in disguise.

So far as the sale of liquor to the Indians was in question, it is impossible not to approve, theoretically at least, the stand taken by the bishop. He would have suppressed it absolutely, if he had had the power. The thing, however, was practically impossible. We see the effect probably of Frontenac's representations on the subject in a despatch which the intendant received dated in the spring of 1677. He is told that he had yielded too easily to the extreme views of the bishop in regard to this matter. The bishop had spoken of the fearful effects caused by drink amongst the Indians, who maimed and murdered one another, and committed all kinds of abominations, when under its influence. Colbert is not content with such a general statement; he wants particulars; and instructs Duchesneau to find out how many such crimes can be proved to have been committed

since he (the intendant) had arrived in Canada. Here was a very suitable piece of work cut out for M. Jacques Duchesneau, who was nothing if not a man of facts and figures; but there is nothing to show that he ever prepared the desired statement. The minister goes on to say: "The general policy of the state is necessarily opposed to the views of a bishop who, in order to prevent the abuse made by a few individuals of a thing good in itself, is prepared to abolish entirely the trade in an article of consumption which serves greatly to promote commerce, and to bring the savages into contact with orthodox Christians like the French. We should run the risk, if we yielded to his opinion, not only of losing this commerce, but of forcing the savages to do business with the English and Dutch, who are heretics; and it would thus become impossible for us to keep them favourably disposed towards the one pure and true religion." Colbert, it will be seen, had that judicious blending of the missionary with the commercial spirit which has been so efficacious in our own day in promoting great colonial enterprises. One or two other allusions to the bishop may be quoted: "It is easy to see that, though the bishop is a very good man, and most faithful in the performance of his duty, he nevertheless is aiming at a degree of power which goes far beyond what is exercised by bishops in any other part of Christendom, and particularly in France." Then, with reference to his attendance at meetings of the

Sovereign Council: "You ought to try and put him out of love with going there; but in doing so you must act with the greatest prudence and secrecy, and take care that no person whatsoever knows what I am writing to you on this point."

The minister, it is evident, had hard work to keep his representatives in Canada to their respective spheres of duty. He opens his despatch to Duchesneau by begging him to mind his own business, and not in future recommend any military appointments, as he had done in a late communication. He wrote to Frontenac a few days later, cautioning him to keep aloof from questions of justice, police, and finance, observing that men in military command "are too apt to let flatterers persuade them that they ought to take cognizance of everything and look after everything." Touching on the drink question, he said that "if the disorders complained of are limited in number, and if the Indians are only a little more subject to getting intoxicated than the Germans for example, or, among the French, the Bretons," there was no need for drastic prohibitive measures; the irregularities happening from time to time could be dealt with by the courts. He was not to take ground openly against the bishop; but he was to see that the latter did not go beyond his proper prerogative "in a matter that was purely one of police." The Abbé Dudouyt had evidently not succeeded in winning over the minister to the bishop's extreme views. He must, however, have

had more success with the king, for on the 12th May 1678 a royal edict was issued, dealing in a very uncompromising fashion with the *coureur de bois* question as well as with that of the liquor traffic. As regards the former, the previous prohibition, which, it was complained, had been rendered nugatory by the system of special permits, was renewed in all its force. The liquor traffic was equally condemned: no liquor was to be sold to the Indians under any circumstances. Colbert thereupon presented a memoir to his Majesty setting forth his reasons for considering a prohibition of the liquor traffic inexpedient, these being much the same as he had embodied in his despatch to Duchesneau of the preceding year. The result was that the king, without recalling his edict, ordered that the whole matter should be fully discussed in a meeting of the principal inhabitants of Canada, including the administrators and magistrates, and that a report of the proceedings should be sent to him for his information and further consideration.

Thus was the question referred back to Canada, and an appeal actually made, after a fashion, to public opinion. The meeting ordered by the king was held at Quebec on the 26th October. The persons composing it were chosen by Frontenac and Duchesneau jointly, and were beyond doubt as influential men as could be found in the country—nineteen in all, exclusive of those who attended in an official capacity. The sense of the

meeting was overwhelmingly against the suppression of the traffic, and against the stand taken by the bishop in making a "reserved case" of the selling of liquor to the Indians, or, in other words, excluding from the sacraments all who were guilty of that act. Two of the delegates, the seigneurs of Berthier and Sorel, said that the prohibition which was then nominally, and to a considerable degree practically, in force worked injury, not only to trade, but to the Indians themselves. They could get all the liquor they wanted from the Dutch of Orange (Albany); and the Dutch rum was not nearly so good as the French brandy. The last time the Indians came to trade at Cataraqui, they had forty barrels of Dutch spirits with them, having laid in a supply owing to their apprehension that they might not be able to obtain any from the French. But of course they would cease coming to Cataraqui or trading with the French at all, if they could not get liquor. They denied that the drinking of brandy prevented the Indians from becoming Christians. Did not the Christian Indians in the missions near Montreal drink brandy? Yet they remained docile to their teachers, and were not often seen drunk—a statement which certainly might have been challenged. Others urged the argument with which we are already familiar that, if the Indians had to get their liquor from the Dutch and English, they would either imbibe heresy at the same time, or be left in their heathenism. Others again said that the disorders

caused by drink amongst the savages had been greatly exaggerated, and moreover things of the same nature occurred among Indians who made no use of spirituous liquors. The "reserved case" was doing no good; on the contrary it was troubling consciences, and had possibly already caused the damnation of some inhabitants. Drunkenness, another delegate remarked, was not confined to the Indians. In the most civilized countries, where all were Christians, it was a common vice; yet no one thought of making a "reserved case" for the liquor sellers. One speaker went so far as to say that the Indians would never become Christians unless they were allowed the same liberties as the French, and that the clandestine sale of liquor promoted immoderate drinking. Robert Cavelier de la Salle was strongly in favour of the trade being left open. It was for laymen, he said, to decide what was good or bad in relation to commerce, and not for ecclesiastics. There had been but little disorder, upon the whole, amongst the savages as the result of drink. He thought they were less given to intoxication than the French, and much less than the English of New York. Two delegates were entirely opposed to the trade as being hurtful to religion, and the source of moral disorders. Two others thought it should be restricted to the settlements, and that no liquor should be sold in the woods.[1]

[1] See Report (Procès Verbal) of the proceedings of the assembly in Margry, *Mémoires et Documents*, vol. i. pp. 405-20.

How far the opinions of those who favoured the traffic were disinterested may be open to question. Traders are apt to consider exclusively the immediate interests of trade; and the love of gain is often sufficient to stifle the instincts of humanity. The church looked upon the Indians as its wards; but the majority of the settlers, it is to be feared, thought only of exploiting, if not of actually plundering, them. It is difficult to read the little treatise composed about twenty-five years after these events, under the title of the *History of Brandy in Canada*, without feeling persuaded that there was more ground for the position taken by the clergy than the seigneurs and others who assembled at Quebec were willing to admit. From what the anonymous writer, evidently a missionary in close touch with the facts, says, it is clear that brandy was often made an instrument for the robbery of the unhappy Indian. We are told of one man at Three Rivers who, having made an Indian drunk, insisted next day that the score for the brandy the poor savage had taken amounted to thirty moose skins. The author of the treatise is convinced that the horrible massacre at Lachine, of which we shall have to speak in a later chapter, was a direct manifestation of the anger of God at the drink traffic, of which that place in particular was the headquarters. If so, the warning unfortunately was not taken to heart, for the writer himself tells us that the traffic was resumed and prose-

cuted as vigorously as ever as soon as the village was rebuilt.

When Laval, who had just laid the corner-stone of his seminary at Quebec, saw the way things were going, he decided to start for France himself, to see what he could effect for the cause he had so deeply at heart by personal representations. The decision of the court, however, was what might have been expected under the circumstances. Two edicts were issued in the following year, one dated the 25th April 1679, confirming the regulations previously laid down respecting the *coureurs de bois*, but allowing the governor to grant hunting permits good from the 15th January to the 15th April of each year; and the other, dated 24th May, expressly prohibiting the holders of such permits from carrying liquor to the Indians, under pain of a fine of one hundred francs for the first offence, three hundred for the second, and corporal punishment for the third. The French of the settlements on the other hand were left free to sell liquor to the Indians resorting thither. The bishop was at the same time requested to make the "reserved case" apply only to those selling under illegal conditions, which, with no little reluctance, he consented to do.

It is to be noted that the second edict contains a clause expressly entrusting its enforcement to "Sieur, Comte de Frontenac, governor and lieutenant-general for his Majesty in the said country," and not as previously to the intendant. Frontenac

thus had it in his power, M. Lorin observes, "to free himself in practice from the time limits imposed, or even tacitly to authorize the hunters to carry a few goods to the Indians." This writer, who is an ardent admirer of Frontenac, seems to regard it as a thing quite to be expected that the king's representative should seize the opportunity to violate the king's regulations. The motive, however, which he assigns for such probable disobedience is a very high one: the governor was anxious to keep in touch, through the traders, with the outlying Indian tribes, in order that he might watch the course of their trade, study their dispositions, and thus be enabled to take timely measures to maintain them in right relations with the French colony. Were there ground for assurance that this was his only, or even his greatly predominant, motive, we might well join with M. Lorin in considering such far-sighted devotion to the king's interests as more than a set-off to a technical irregularity. But can we? The question is one in regard to which the documents before us, consisting mainly of the correspondence of Frontenac and Duchesneau with the court, render it difficult to arrive at a positive conclusion. The matter will be discussed in the following chapter; meanwhile let us briefly note the further development of the *coureur de bois* question to the end of Frontenac's first administration.

It does not appear that the ordinance of April 1679 improved the situation in the least. The law

continued to be violated, as Duchesneau affirms, with the connivance of the governor, and, as Frontenac says, with the active assistance (in favour of his special friends) of the intendant. In the month of November 1680 Duchesneau writes to the minister, observing that the only thing to do is to try and find the best means to induce these men to return "without prejudice to the absolute submission they owe to the king's will." He proceeds to hint at something like a conditional amnesty, lenient treatment to be promised to all those who, returning home promptly on the publication of the king's proclamation, should "make a sincere and frank declaration in court of the time they have been absent, for what persons they were trading in the Indian country, who furnished them with goods, how many skins they procured, and how they disposed of them." Evidently M. Jacques Duchesneau was in pursuit of information; and there can be little doubt with what intent. What Frontenac wrote on the subject is not on record. It seems probable that he too suggested an amnesty; but we may doubt whether he recommended the condition proposed by his friend the intendant. The court in the month of May following granted an amnesty, the sole condition of which was that the persons concerned should return to their homes immediately on being notified to do so. This was not to imply any indulgence for the offence in future, as another edict was passed in the course of the same month, providing

severer punishments than had previously been prescribed—flogging and branding on a first conviction, and perpetual servitude in the galleys on a second. When these edicts reached Quebec it was noticed that to the council was given the duty, not only of registering, but of publishing and executing them. The governor, however, intervened, and, upon his promising to take the whole responsibility upon himself, the council agreed to leave the publication and execution in his hands. "Under this pretext," says M. Lorin, "Frontenac could send officers to all the posts of the upper country; and if he was anxious to do so, it was less to participate, despite the king's orders, in the fur trade, than to control the proceedings of the merchants and missionaries." The word "less" can hardly be said to imply unambiguous praise. Moreover who can say what motive was predominant?

Under the edict of 1679 the governor had the power of issuing an unlimited number of permits for hunting exclusively. The privilege had clearly been abused; and orders were now issued that in future twenty-five permits only should be granted each year, the holder of a permit to be entitled to take or send one canoe only with three men. In this way the amount of trade which could be done under a permit was limited. In all only twenty-five canoe loads of merchandise could be sent out annually. Moreover the intention in granting these permits was less to promote trade at a

distance—an object the court never had at heart —than to reward certain supposedly meritorious individuals. It was a species of patronage which was placed in the governor's hands, and which he was expected to distribute in a judicious manner. If the holder of a permit did not wish to use it himself, he could sell it to some one else; and it not infrequently happened that a single trader would buy a number of permits, and send quite a little fleet of canoes up the river. The era of "trusts" was not as yet, but even here we can see the trust in germ.

CHAPTER VI

THE LIFE OF A COLONY

THE great trouble in Canada was that it was an over-governed country. The whole population when Frontenac arrived was but little over six thousand souls, scattered over a territory stretching from Matane and Tadousac in the east, to the western limit of the Island of Montreal. What these people needed in the first place was freedom to seek their living in their own way, and secondly, an extremely simple form of government. Instead of this they were hampered in their trade, and made continually to feel their dependence on the central power; while, in the matter of political organization, they were placed under the precise system which prevailed in the provinces of the French kingdom. In the Sovereign Council they had the equivalent of a parliament in the French—by no means in the English—sense; that is to say, a body for registering, and so bestowing a final character of validity upon, the decrees of the sovereign, and for administering justice. The executive power was divided between governor and intendant with very doubtful results. Below the Sovereign Council, as a judicial body, was the court of the Prévôté. The one thing the people were not allowed to have was anything in the way of representative institutions. Colbert, perhaps by

immediate royal direction, gave the keynote of monarchical absolutism when he said, in words already quoted: "Let every man speak for himself; let no one presume to speak for all." Thus was the king in his strength and majesty placed over against the solitary protesting individual. Doubtless self-government in the full sense would not have been possible at the time, seeing that self-government implies, as its first condition, pecuniary independence, and the country was not in a position to provide all the money required for its civil and military expenditure. However, possible or impossible, the thing was not thought of, or to be thought of, at the time. The result of the elaborate organization actually established was that administrators and councillors, having far too little to do, fell to quarrelling with one another in the manner already seen and yet to be seen. The Canadian colony was not really peculiar in this respect. Any one who reads in Clément's great work the voluminous correspondence of Colbert will see that strife and jealousy was the rule throughout the whole colonial service. The same spirit, in fact, prevailed which was exhibited in the daily life of the court, where every one was desperately struggling for the sunshine of royal favour, and where, consequently, questions of precedence and etiquette were regarded as of surpassing importance. And now a most serious question of this nature was to blaze forth in Canada.

In various despatches from the court, Frontenac had been spoken of as "President of the Sovereign Council," though that office had never in any formal way been attached to the governorship. Shortly after Duchesneau's appointment as intendant, a royal ordinance was issued conferring the title in question upon him. In this there was no intention whatever to diminish the rank or prestige of the governor. The idea was rather to relieve him from the drudgery of presiding at meetings of the council, by giving to the latter a permanent working head in the person of the intendant, a man assumed to be accustomed to routine business and to have the trained official's capacity for details. Any other man than Frontenac would have seen the matter in this light, and rejoiced that a substitute had been found for him in a most uninteresting duty. He still had access to the council, and whenever he chose to attend, he occupied the seat of honour as the king's immediate representative, while a lower functionary would act as chairman, put questions to the vote, and sign the minutes. To the mind of Frontenac, unfortunately, the thing presented itself in a very different light; he saw his prerogative attacked, his dignity impaired. If he was not president of the council, why was he ever so addressed in official despatches? M. Duchesneau, on the other hand, took his stand on the stronger ground of a special ordinance appointing him to the office. Behold the elements of a mighty quarrel!

In the early days of Frontenac's governorship the preamble of the proceedings in council used to read: "The council having assembled, at which presided the high and mighty lord, Messire Louis de Buade Frontenac, chevalier, Comte de Palluau," etc. Later it was simplified so as to read: "At which presided his Lordship, the governor-general." After the arrival of Duchesneau a new formula was adopted. In the minutes of the 23rd September 1675, the intendant is mentioned as "having taken his seat as president"; and in those of 30th September we find the words "acting as president according to the declaration of the king." The bickering began almost from the date of Duchesneau's arrival; but it was not till the winter of 1678-9 that it developed into actual strife. The minister received many tiresome communications on the subject, and in April 1679 he seems to think that the chief fault is on the side of the intendant, for he writes to him sharply: "You continually speak as if M. de Frontenac was always in the wrong. . . . You seem to put yourself in a kind of parallel with him. The only reply I can make to all these despatches of yours is that you must strive to know your place, and get a proper idea into your head of the difference between a governor and lieutenant-general representing the person of the sovereign, and an intendant." This was hard enough, but what follows is a shade worse: he is told that in making his reports, particularly when they contain accusa-

tions, he "should be very careful not to advance anything that is not true." Finally, he is warned that until he learns the difference between the king's representative and himself, he will be in danger, not only of being rebuked, but of being dismissed. Frontenac's turn came a few months later. Colbert writes in December of the same year, and tells him that the king is getting very tired of all this squabbling, and has come to the conclusion that he (Frontenac) "is not capable of that spirit of union and conciliation which is necessary to prevent the troubles that are continually arising, and which are so fraught with ruin to a new colony." The king had heard of the trouble that was being made over this petty question, and Colbert expresses his Majesty's surprise that Frontenac should bother his head about such a thing.

When this despatch reached Canada, Frontenac had gone much further in the matter than either the king or the minister suspected. Peuvret, clerk of the council, had been imprisoned because he would not disobey the orders of the council, in the matter of his minutes, in order to obey those of the governor. During four months the routine business of the council had been suspended while this wretched business was being fought over. Three of the councillors had been banished from Quebec, being ordered to remain in their country-houses till permitted to return. A more discreditable state of things could not well be imagined,

nor one of worse example for the country. At last a compromise was proposed by d'Auteuil, the attorney-general, which was that the minutes should mention the presence of the governor and intendant at the meetings of the council, without speaking of either as presiding or as president. Frontenac at first would not have anything to do with such an arrangement, but finally he consented to it till the king's pleasure could be known.

The king this time lost patience. When an answer came back, it was his *dis*pleasure that was known, and displeasure with his "high and mighty Lordship, the governor." The king told him plainly that he had on various occasions advanced claims that had very little foundation, and that in this matter his pretensions were directly opposed to a royal ordinance. His Majesty added: "I am sure you are the only man in my kingdom who, being honoured with the titles of governor and lieutenant-general, would care to be styled chief and president of a council such as that at Quebec." Colbert dealt with the matter officially, and quoted this opinion of the king's almost in the same words. He also observed that, if Frontenac had any wish to give satisfaction to his Majesty, he would have to change entirely the line of conduct he had hitherto pursued. It seemed, however, as if the court could not afford to give a clear victory to Duchesneau, for, as a practical settlement of the point at issue, it was ordered that the *modus vivendi* suggested by the attorney-general and actually in force

should be adopted as a permanent rule—a classical example of political trimming.

It is difficult to understand how any man in Frontenac's position could fail to feel profoundly humbled and chastened by so emphatic a reproof emanating direct from his sovereign master, and echoed in an official despatch from the minister in charge of colonies. We look in vain, however, for evidence that any such effect was produced on the spirit of the governor. He doubtless felt that he had achieved at least half a victory. The title had been depreciated in the despatches from the court; it was not worth *his* having, and Duchesneau was not to have it. For a time there was what looked like a truce between the two heads of the state, and shortly afterwards we find Duchesneau writing to say that he and the governor are now on excellent terms; that he is omitting nothing on his side that can give satisfaction to the latter; that he communicates the very smallest things to him, and that he hopes, by sheer force of amiability, to secure a little show of kindness in return. Seeing, however, that in the same despatch in which these excellent sentiments occur, he enters into lengthy accusations against Frontenac on the trading question, and that the latter was engaged about the same time in working up similar charges against him, as appears by a document bearing date the following year, we may reasonably doubt whether very amicable or charitable feelings prevailed on either side.

D'Auteuil, the attorney-general, who had been for some time in a failing condition, and whose health had probably not been improved by his occasional stormy interviews with the governor, by whom he was cordially detested, died in the early winter of 1679-80. Duchesneau, in anticipation of this event, had obtained the king's permission to name a successor, and had secured a signed commission which, to be complete, only required to have a name filled in. Auteuil's son, François Madeleine, had been assisting him for a couple of years in his office, and as he was a very assuming youth—he was not yet twenty-one—and bitterly hostile to the governor, he was naturally the intendant's choice. Young d'Auteuil had hardly entered on his duties before he picked a quarrel with Boulduc, prosecutor of the lower court, known as a firm ally of Frontenac, whom he ordered to wait upon him at his office every Saturday to prepare cases for the court under his (d'Auteuil's) supervision. Boulduc refused. The council took the matter up, but found it hard to decide, and the squabble dragged during most of the year 1680. In the following year facts came to light which caused Boulduc to be charged with embezzlement, and d'Auteuil pushed the matter with great zeal. Frontenac, anxious to save his friend, tried to represent the accusation as the outcome of private vengeance; unfortunately the facts were against the *procureur*, who was condemned, and dismissed from office.

Some of the side issues that were raised on this occasion brought out strikingly the spirit of Canadian official society. Villeray, first councillor, a man more obnoxious to Frontenac on account of his extreme devotion to the ecclesiastical authorities perhaps than by reason of his dubious antecedents,[1] gave himself, in certain pleadings, the title of "esquire." Frontenac denied that he had any right to it, and held the pleadings invalid. Frontenac's secretary, Le Chasseur, appeared on a summons before the council, but refused to answer because he had been described in the summons as "secretary of Monsieur, the Governor," instead of "Monseigneur the Governor." Thus were the king's instructions to all and sundry to practise peace and concord being observed! A worse affair was that of the councillor, Damours, who, in the summer of 1681, obtained a *congé* from Frontenac to go as far as Matane where he had a property, and who was arrested by order of the governor on his return a few weeks later for having in some way exceeded the terms of his permit. Damours' wife appealed to the council, but Frontenac objected to having her letter read. Duchesneau urged the council to take cognizance of the case, but some of the members did not feel it safe to do so, and finally the papers

[1] He had been charged some years before by a commissioner sent out by the Company of the Hundred Associates with embezzlement, and had taken part in a violent attack on the commissioner and in the seizure of his papers.

were referred to the king—another quarrel for his Majesty to adjust! Meantime Damours remains in confinement for about six weeks. His Majesty of course disapproves of such harshness. In a letter dated 30th April 1681, after giving his representative various other cautions, he begs him to divest his mind of all those private animosities which up to the present have been almost the sole motive of his actions. "It is hard," he adds, "for me to give you my full confidence when I see that everything gives way to your personal enmities."

A question reserved for consideration in this chapter was as to how far there was foundation for the charges of illegitimate trading brought so continually by the intendant against the governor, and retorted by the latter against the intendant. What may be noticed in the first place is the slight amount of attention apparently paid by the court to these charges and counter-charges. The king could not openly approve of trading on the part of his high officers; he was obliged to condemn it in strong and precise terms; but he knew at the same time that they had starvation salaries, and it is possible that he was not wholly unwilling that they should, in a quiet way, make a little money out of the traffic in furs. Frontenac and Duchesneau were both recalled in the end; but it was not for trading; it was for quarrelling, playing at cross-purposes, and sacrificing the welfare of the country to their mutual jealousies. M. Lorin,

whose sympathy with Frontenac is conspicuous, is disposed to admit that he did not wholly abstain from trading; but he thinks he did it in a more respectable and less rapacious manner than Duchesneau. He observes that Frontenac's partners, if partners he had, were chiefly the great explorers, La Salle, Du Lhut and others; while the associates of Duchesneau were traders pure and simple, men like Lebert, Le Moyne and La Chesnaye. On the other hand the court does not seem to have taken Frontenac's accusations against the intendant seriously. The king indeed informs him that he regards his charges as "mere recriminations." Duchesneau, it will be remembered, had been warned not to put into his despatches things that were not true; possibly he was worrying the minister and the king with information they would rather not receive. The correspondence of 1679 shows clearly the hostile relations of the two administrators.

In the summer and fall of that year the governor spent nearly three months at Montreal. On the 6th November, having returned to Quebec, he writes to the king: "I have received diverse advices from the Jesuit fathers and other missionaries that General Andros (Governor of New York) was lately soliciting the Iroquois in an underhand way to break with us, and that he was about convening a meeting of the Five Nations, in order to propose matters of a nature to disturb our trade with them." Four days later the intendant takes up his parable

and informs the minister that the governor "had *made* the news he pretended to have received regarding the plans of the English general, Andros, to debauch the Iroquois," the whole thing being a mere pretext for making a prolonged stay at Montreal at the height of the trading season. He charges the governor with exacting presents from the Indians in return for the protection afforded them by his guards, and with having taken seven packages of beaver skins from the Ottawas in consideration of his having settled a dispute into which they had got with some Frenchmen at Montreal. It will be remembered, and the fact certainly has an air of significance, that, when it was a question of granting amnesty to the *coureurs de bois*, it was Duchesneau who suggested that each man should be required to give the fullest information as to what trade he had been carrying on, and *on whose account*. The amnesty was granted without this condition. Evidently the court did not want an embarrassment of information. Duchesneau's trouble was an excess of not wholly disinterested zeal.

The case is not overstated by Frontenac's latest and fullest biographer, M. Lorin, when he says that "the lack of a good understanding between the two administrators had divided Canadian society, or at least that portion of it which came into contact with the king's officers, into two camps." Street brawls arising out of the embitterment of feeling were not infrequent. An illus-

trative incident was the imprisonment of young Duchesneau, son of the intendant, for singing in the streets some snatches of a song disrespectful to the governor. The patience of the court was at last exhausted, and in the summer of 1682, Frontenac and Duchesneau were simultaneously recalled; and thus was brought to a close the count's first term of office as governor of Canada.

Some larger questions relating to this period may now profitably occupy our attention. One of the earliest acts of Frontenac, it will be remembered, was to summon the Iroquois to meet him in conference at Cataraqui, where, by his happy manner of dealing with them, he established a remarkable personal ascendency over their minds, and succeeded, for the time at least, in placing the relations between them and the French upon an excellent footing. The frequent visits which he subsequently paid to his favourite fort gave him opportunities of improving his acquaintance with his dusky lieges and of strengthening the good understanding that had been brought about. For some years things worked smoothly, and the colony enjoyed a comfortable sense of security. From the first, however, the influence of Onontio was more felt by the eastern and nearer members of the confederacy than by the western and more remote; and, as time wore on, the latter, particularly the Senecas, began to show a quarrelsome and insolent temper. They did not venture to attack the French, but they committed various

acts of aggression on native tribes allied with them and under their protection. Several years before they had waged war with the Illinois and driven them from their habitations. Then they turned southwards and engaged in a prolonged conflict with a tribe known as the Andostagnés, during which time the Illinois, having recovered in a measure from their losses, ventured to return to their former abodes. The explorations of La Salle had brought these people into alliance with the French; but when the Senecas had successfully concluded their war with the Andostagnés they were not disposed to refrain from attacking them anew on that account. After various preliminary raids, they sent, in the spring of 1680, an army of five or six hundred men into the Illinois territory and committed great havoc. It was on this occasion that Tonty, La Salle's lieutenant, nearly lost his life at Fort Crèvecœur. The question now was whether the French would stand idly by and see their allies destroyed. If they did, not only would their influence over the tribes trusting in their protection be annihilated, but they might soon have to fight for their own preservation without any native assistance. Frontenac sent messages to the Iroquois enjoining them to keep the peace; but the voice that once had charmed and overawed sounded now a very ineffectual note. Father Lamberville, Jesuit missionary to the Iroquois, wrote to say that the upper tribes had lost all fear of the French, and

that a slight provocation would cause them to make war on Canada.

Frontenac and Duchesneau both discuss the matter in their despatches of the year 1681, the latter as usual blaming the former, hinting that he shirked his duty in not going up to Cataraqui in the previous summer in order to meet the tribes and use his personal influence in favour of peace. Frontenac writes as if he had not much confidence in that method; he asks for five or six hundred soldiers to quell the rebellious tribes. He thinks it would be quite enough to patrol Lake Ontario with a respectable force in order to bring them to submission. After this despatch had gone, news arrived of a most regrettable incident which threatened to precipitate war. This was the murder of a Seneca chief by an Illinois on the territory of the Kiskakons, one of the Ottawa tribes in alliance with the French. According to Indian usage the Kiskakons were responsible for the crime, and the Senecas were hot for revenge. Appreciating the gravity of the situation, Frontenac sends a special message to request the offended tribe to stay their hands, promising to hold himself responsible for seeing that full atonement is made for the wrong done. They consent, but ask that he will meet them somewhere in or near Iroquois territory on the 15th June of the following year. No pledge is given on this point, but messengers are sent to the Ottawas to tell them that they must be prepared to make full amends, and that, if they will send

delegates to Montreal, the matter will be discussed and arranged there.

The winter of 1681-2 was clearly an anxious one for the colony. Frontenac thought it well to summon the wisest heads in the country to meet in the Jesuit Seminary at Quebec in order to discuss the Indian question in all its bearings. Those taking part in the conference, in addition to himself, were the intendant, the provost, and three Jesuit fathers, who had had long experience in mission work and knew the savage tribes thoroughly. The general opinion of the meeting was that Frontenac should go to Fort Frontenac to meet the Iroquois, as they had requested, in the following month of June. Frontenac, for some reason or other, did not like the idea. He did not want to go further than Montreal. Moreover, there was no use, he said, in meeting the Iroquois till he knew what the Ottawas were going to do; and they would not reach Montreal till late in the summer. The governor had his way. The Ottawas, including the Kiskakons, came in August. Only with great difficulty were they persuaded to give the necessary satisfaction to the Iroquois, who, they said, no doubt with truth, were much keener in seeking satisfaction for wrongs than in giving it when wrong was done by themselves. The Iroquois sent delegates to Montreal in the following month; and by dint of presents and promises a somewhat doubtful arrangement was patched up for the temporary maintenance of peace. Fron-

tenac took advantage of his visit to Montreal to survey the fortifications and give instructions for strengthening them at several points. These were virtually the final acts of his administration, for in the last week of September his successor landed at Quebec.

What at this time were the resources of the colony in population? In 1668, under the administration of Courcelles, Talon, the intendant, had reported the population at 6282. In 1673, a year after his arrival, Frontenac made a return showing a total of 6705 souls. The king, Colbert said, was much disappointed at these figures and thought they could not be correct, as there were more people in the country ten years before. Where his Majesty got this information we do not know, but probably from some agent of the West India Company interested in exaggerating the prosperity of the country. He seems to have completely overlooked Talon's figures for 1668, not to mention two previous returns made by the same careful officer in 1666 and 1667; the first showing a population of 3418 only, and the second one of 4312. It seems probable, however, that Frontenac's figures were somewhat short, as the increase they showed was less than seven per cent. over Talon's for 1668, five years earlier; while a return which he made two years later gave a population of 7832, indicating a gain of nearly seventeen per cent. in that comparatively brief period. Even these figures did not satisfy the king, who insisted

that he had sent over more people himself in the fifteen years or so that the country had been under his direct control.

It is to be remarked that for some years after Frontenac's arrival in Canada immigration received a serious check. His commission as governor was nearly even in date with the commencement of Louis XIV's buccaneering war against Holland, in which he was joined by his English cousin Charles II. The heroic stand made by the Dutch against the united power of the French and English monarchies is one of the glories of their history. It was not a good time for French immigrant ships to be abroad; moreover, all available Frenchmen were wanted for military service, over 200,000 having been drafted into the land forces alone, and the losses by war continually calling for recruits. A natural increase, however, was going on in the colony all the time; and in 1679 Duchesneau reported the population of Canada at 9400, and that of Acadia at 515. Three years later, at the end of Frontenac's first administration, the number had increased to over 10,000.

Trade, however, was not prosperous. Duchesneau, in November 1681, speaks of it as declining; though he tries to show that the West India trade in particular had increased in his time. The reason why trade was not prosperous is not far to seek: it was hampered and strangled by various forms of political control. The West India Company,

called into existence by Colbert in 1663, had not fared much better than the Company of New France organized by Richelieu. The reflections which Clément makes on this subject in his life of Colbert are much to the point. "If ever a company," he says, "was placed in circumstances where everything seemed to promise success, assuredly it was the West India Company as reconstituted by Colbert. Monopolizing the commerce of a large part of the West Indies and of the settlements on the west coast of Africa, absolute and sovereign proprietor of all the territory in which its privilege was exercised, receiving large premiums on all that it exported or imported, one would naturally expect it to surpass the expectations of its founders. The contrary, however, was what happened, and new mortifications were added to all that had gone before. . . . By the year 1672 the company was bankrupt."[1] The chief cause of the failure M. Clément believes to have been the prohibition of trade with foreigners. Certainly what Canada most wanted was an outlet for its productions; and, could foreign vessels have freely visited the country to buy fish, lumber, potash, and skins, not to mention their own supplies, Canada would have had an open and really unlimited market during nearly the whole season of navigation. This restriction of foreign trading continued unfortunately after the king had bought out the rights of the bankrupt company in the

[1] *Vie de Colbert*, vol. i. p. 502.

year 1674. Having only the market of France to depend on, the trade of the colony was subject to all the vicissitudes by which that market was affected. It thus suffered severely through the war with Holland, which brought an enormous strain to bear, for a period of six years (1672-8), on the finances of the kingdom. In the years 1675 and 1676 starvation was stalking through the land; the courtiers, in driving from Paris to Versailles, would frequently see the corpses of the wretched victims of famine strewing the highway; while in Brittany and one or two other provinces the hangman was doing a merry business in swinging off the unfortunates whose misery had driven them to theft or other acts of disorder. "Gallows and instruments of torture were to be seen at all the crossways," says Henri Martin. Madame de Sévigné gives the most horrible details in regard to the severities exercised, but with very little show of sympathy for the unhappy people whom she speaks of as a "*canaille revoltée*"—rebellious riff-raff. "This province" [Brittany], she says, "will be a fine example for the rest and will teach the lower orders to respect the higher powers." To the same fluent and graceful pen we owe the almost Tacitean utterance: "The punishments are easing off: by dint of vigorous hanging, there will be no more hanging to do." "They make a desert," says Tacitus, "and they call it peace."

Such was the industrial stagnation prevalent about this time throughout the kingdom that very

often vessels arriving at certain ports could not find return freights; there was nothing to export. Colbert's efforts to build up great industries by means of bounties and restrictive tariffs had, after a temporary flash of success, resulted in dismal failure; and when peace was made with Holland in 1678, one of the conditions agreed upon was that "reciprocal liberty of trade between France and the United Provinces was not to be forbidden, limited, or restrained by any privilege, customs duty, or concession, and that neither country should give any immunities, benefits, premiums, or other advantages not conceded equally to subjects of the other." Thus was Colbert's leading principle of commercial policy completely overthrown, and that after a war which had brought him to the verge of despair to provide the means for carrying it on.

Those were the days, however, of "imperialism" in a very real sense. Whatever the state of commerce might be in the Mother Country, Canada still had to trade with her alone; and, even so, all mercantile operations were hampered by an arbitrary fixing of prices. This was so under the sway of the company, and continued to be so to a large extent after its privileges had been swept away. Very imperial was the rule of Louis XIV. In his youth he had seen an attempt by the parliament of Paris to assert its prerogatives. In January 1649, just about the time when the scaffold was being prepared for Charles I of

England, he and the court hardly knew where to turn for shelter; and he never forgot one night which they had to spend in fireless rooms without any attendance. The royal power, astutely guided by Mazarin, asserted itself eventually over parliaments and princes alike; and Louis XIV, arrived at manhood, determined that no such trouble should occur again in his time. Gaillardin, in his history of the reign of Louis XIV, fixes upon the year 1672—the year in which Frontenac was sent to Canada—as the epoch of the most complete enslavement of the parliaments. The historic function which those bodies were supposed to exercise, apart from their judicial powers, was that of registering the royal edicts; and in theory such registration was necessary in order to give any edict the full force of law. Manifestly this privilege might, like the control over money votes exercised by the English House of Commons, have developed into an effective check upon monarchical absolutism. The possibility was not overlooked, and marvellously clear and precise is the declaration by which Louis XIV, in the year 1673, put all the parliaments of his kingdom into the precise position he meant them to occupy. "First of all," the decree reads, "silent obedience: the courts [parliaments] are strictly forbidden to listen to any opposition to the registration of the letters of the king; clerks are forbidden to enter such oppositions on the records; bailiffs are forbidden to give notification of them. . . . The courts are ordered

to register the letters of the king without any modification, restriction, or condition which might cause delay or impediment to their execution." When this duty has been submissively performed, then, if the parliaments have any observations to make, they may make them; but, when once the king has replied, there is to be no further discussion of any kind, simply prompt obedience. The registration of the royal edicts became henceforth a mere matter of form; and remonstrances of any kind, even such as the king graciously permitted *after* registration, ceased to be made. The Chancellor d'Aguesseau[1] says that none were made during the remaining forty-two years of the king's lifetime.

It may be objected, perhaps, that this is French and not Canadian history; if so the answer must be that it is impossible to understand the history of Canada in this period unless we have a sufficient comprehension of the political system to which Canada was bound by the most vital of ties. We get a strong light upon the character of Frontenac when we rightly grasp that of his master, the Roi-Soleil, as he allowed himself to be called, the man who, daring the fate of Herod or Nebuchadnezzar, once said, "It seems to me as if any glory won by another was robbed from myself." Some years before he had put on record the sentiment: "It is God's will that whoever is born a subject should not reason but obey."

[1] Quoted by Gaillardin, *Histoire du Règne de Louis XIV*, vol. iv. p. 311.

To return, however, to Canada, when the king bought out the rights of the bankrupt company, monopoly was not at an end, for he proceeded to put up the trade of the country, under limited leases, to the highest bidders. Those who obtained leases were called the "farmers," and were entitled to ten per cent. of the value of all furs taken in the country. The Sovereign Council at Quebec undertook to fix the prices of goods except as regards dealings with the Indians; and non-resident merchants, while they might establish warehouses, and there sell to the French inhabitants, were not allowed to deal directly with the Indians, these being left to the mercy of local traders who made a practice of charging them excessive prices for all that they sold. Frontenac and Duchesneau both report to the home government that the Indians get twice as much from the English and Dutch in exchange for their furs as they do from the French; and yet the aim of both is to force all the Indians in their jurisdiction to sell their furs exclusively in Canada. Canadians who went to the English settlements, either in New England or in what is now New York, were amazed at the cheapness of goods. Duchesneau, in one of his later despatches, speaks of the commercial prosperity of Boston and the large fortunes accumulated by some of its citizens. Nothing similar was to be seen in Canada, where there was a settled belief on the part of the governing powers in whatever was most restrictive and illiberal in commercial policy.

The first administration of Frontenac will always be associated with the intrepid enterprises of the great western explorers, Jolliet, La Salle, Du Lhut, Nicolas Perrot, and others. To Jolliet is reasonably assigned the first discovery of the Mississippi. Starting from Green Bay, or, as it was then called, Baie des Puants, on the west shore of Lake Michigan, in company with the Jesuit father, Marquette, he worked his way to the Wisconsin River, which he followed to its junction with the Mississippi; and then descended the latter river till he reached latitude 33°, or about as far as the northern boundary of the present state of Louisiana. Fear of falling into the hands of the Spaniards, who, as he was informed by the Indians, had settlements not far to the south, caused him to retrace his steps. When he was just completing his return journey, his canoe upset close to Montreal, and all his papers were lost, including the notes he had made of his observations, and a map of the region through which he had passed. He himself narrowly escaped with his life—the laws of nature were in fact suspended, as he gravely declares, in his behalf—but a young savage whom he was bringing from the country of the Illinois was drowned.[1] He reached Quebec in the month of August 1674, and the thrilling

[1] See extract from a letter written by him in Faillon, vol. iii. p. 315. The Récollet, Père Leclercq, is uncharitable enough to hint that the canoe accident may have been made to cover a lack of the documents which the explorer professed to have had with him.

account which he gave of his adventures produced a strong impression on the mind of the governor. Nevertheless when, two years later, he asked permission to go with twenty men to make further explorations in the same direction, Colbert refused his request. A possible explanation is that his previous journey with Père Marquette had established relations which Frontenac did not quite approve between him and the Jesuits in the western country, who had lost no time in pushing their missions towards the south. However this may have been, Frontenac had his eye at this very time upon a man who seemed to him much better suited to be an agent of his policy.

It has already been mentioned that Robert Cavelier de la Salle obtained from the king in the year 1675 a grant of the fort erected by Frontenac at Cataraqui. The conditions of the grant were that he was to reimburse the cost of construction, estimated at ten thousand livres; keep it in good repair; maintain a sufficient garrison; employ twenty men for two years in clearing the land conceded to him in the neighbourhood; provide a priest or friar to perform divine service and administer the sacraments; form villages of Indians and French; and have all his lands cleared and improved within twenty years. On these terms he was to have four square leagues of land, that is to say, eight leagues in length along the river and lake front, east and west of the fort, by half a league in depth, together

with the islands opposite. But what was of most value in a pecuniary sense, and what he depended on to compensate his outlay, was the right of hunting and fishing in the neighbouring region, and of trading with the Indians. To what extent La Salle actually developed the property thus conceded to him is a matter of dispute. The Abbé Faillon, who perhaps has some little animus against him, says that he did nothing worth mentioning towards establishing such a colony as the king intended. The king, on the other hand, when granting La Salle authority to undertake explorations in the direction of the Mississippi speaks approvingly of the work he had done on his concession. The information may have been derived from La Salle himself, who went to France in the autumn of 1677 to obtain sanction for his proposed expedition; but it is hardly likely that he would lay altogether false information before the minister for submission to the king. It seems to be certain that he did at least put the fort in a good condition of defence. He pulled down the old one, which consisted merely of a wooden palisade banked up with earth and having a circumference of one hundred and twenty yards, and replaced it by one having a circumference of seven hundred and twenty yards, and protected by four stone bastions.

The probability is that La Salle, from the first, looked upon his establishment at the fort partly as an advanced base for the further explorations

he had in view, and partly as a means of providing the funds without which his schemes could not be realized. The proposition which he laid before the government, was that he should erect at his own expense two forts, one at the mouth of the Niagara River on the east side, the other at the southern extremity of Lake Michigan; and that he should be commissioned to proceed to the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi, and be granted the exclusive right of trading with the Indians inhabiting the countries to be visited. The trade he was most anxious to control was that in buffalo hides, a sample of which he had brought with him to France. Having obtained all necessary powers, he sailed for Canada in the summer of 1678, bringing with him as much money as he could persuade his family and friends to advance, together with a large quantity of goods. The pecuniary obligations thus assumed were to be paid off, as he hoped, partly by the profits of his trade at Cataraqui, and partly by those of his operations in the more distant West. The story of his struggles and tribulations is too long to give in any detail here, but the main points may be hurriedly sketched.

The first care of the explorer on arriving at Quebec in the autumn was to load several canoes with goods to the value of several thousands of francs, and despatch them with a party of men to the Illinois country. In the spring carpenters were sent forward to Niagara to commence the construction of a fort. He himself followed in a large

canoe laden with provisions and goods. His first misadventure was the loss of this canoe and its freight, not far from the mouth of the Niagara River. The accident was due to the inattention of his men while he was on shore. A little above the Falls of Niagara he began the construction of a forty-five ton vessel, destined for the trade between that point and an establishment he proposed to make at the southern end of Lake Michigan. The Iroquois of the neighbourhood did not like these proceedings, but did not make any active opposition. The vessel was completed and La Salle and his men sailed away in her through Lake Erie, the St. Clair River, and Lake Huron into Lake Michigan. Severe storms were encountered on the way. Near Green Bay the men whom he had sent forward with goods the previous fall met him with a number of canoes, all laden with skins, the result of their trading with the Illinois. This was more expedition than he had counted on, for he had told them to await his arrival. He caused the goods, however, to be transferred to his vessel, the *Griffon*, as she was called, and sent her back to Niagara with a sufficient crew. She was never heard of more; but the Indians reported that, shortly after she left shelter, a terrible storm had arisen on Lake Michigan. They watched her for some time as she was tossed about by the fury of the waves, and then they lost sight of her. Ignorant of this disaster, La Salle was making his way south. He established two forts on the Illinois

River. The first, which he called St. Louis, was near the site of the present town of La Salle. The second, a little further south, near to Peoria, he named Crèvecœur. The name is significant of "heartbreak," and his fortunes were then at their lowest ebb, for provisions were exhausted and a number of men had deserted; still it is not recorded that the name was given on that account. Leaving Henry Tonty, a man of great energy and resource, whom he had brought out from France, in charge of Fort Crèvecœur he made his way back alone to Fort Frontenac and thence to Montreal.

It was at Fort Frontenac that La Salle first learnt the fate of his richly-laden *Griffon*; while at Montreal the news reached him of the loss of a vessel coming from France with a large quantity of goods for his trade. Such an accumulation of misfortunes was enough to break the spirit of an ordinary man; but La Salle was a man whom adversity could not conquer. Straining his credit to the utmost to procure supplies and reinforcements, he returns to the Illinois country to find Fort Crèvecœur in ruins. It had been attacked by the Iroquois and its defenders scattered. Tonty, wounded in the skirmish, had gone to Michilimackinac. Getting no word of him, La Salle assumes that he is dead. Once more the long journey eastward must be faced. He reaches Montreal, and succeeds in organizing yet another expedition. Again he sets out for the West. It is late in the fall of 1680 when he reaches Michili-

mackinac, where he is overjoyed to find the lost Tonty. The two proceed together to the Illinois country. The year 1681 is spent in establishing or re-establishing posts and dealing or negotiating with the natives. On the 6th February 1682 La Salle strikes the Mississippi. Two months and three days later, or on the 9th of April, he is gazing forth over the waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

The tale is quickly told; but not so easy is it adequately to appraise the courage, determination and resource necessary for the accomplishment of such an enterprise. Knowing what we do of the man, the portrait of him in Margry's third volume seems to possess a certain convincing character, though Margry himself does not vouch for its authenticity. We see a face sensitive, perhaps sensuous, subtle, passionate, daring, tenacious. Such a man could not bind himself to the task of patient colonization at Fort Frontenac, or even find satisfaction in the more varied and exciting life of a frontiersman and trader. An overwhelming desire possessed him

> "To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
> Of all the western stars,"

and to follow the swelling flood of the mightiest of rivers to its bourne in some mighty sea. Such a man will have the defects of his qualities, and La Salle was neither devoid of jealousy nor incapable of injustice; and he was a somewhat hard taskmaster. Possessed himself of iron nerve and unbending resolution, and sustained by visions

of high accomplishment, he expected more from average men than they were altogether capable of rendering. More than once some of his followers deserted him. One attempt was made at Fort Frontenac to poison him; and finally he met his death at the hand of an assassin, a member of his own party, in that far southern region which he had added to the domain of France.

Frontenac's personal relations with La Salle are not very clearly defined. He was certainly favourable to him at first. The two men were much alike in their attitude towards the ecclesiastical power; and both showed a preference for the Récollet order, two members of which La Salle maintained at the fort. Frontenac also approved of La Salle's plans of discovery in the west and south, as tending to the extension of the French dominions and the glory of the French name, and possibly also as furnishing a counterpoise to the growing influence of the Jesuits among the western Indians. There is nothing, however, to show that he followed the later movements of the great explorer with any particular sympathy.

Du Lhut was a man of a different type. He did not possess the vaulting ambition, nor perhaps the talent for organization, of La Salle; but he discovered a vast stretch of new territory in what is now the western part of New Ontario, and along the course of the Assiniboine; and, so far as skill in the management of the native races was concerned he was probably superior to the more

romantic explorer. No man was more successful in upholding French prestige amongst the Indian tribes. It was just before La Salle returned from France in the autumn of 1678 that Du Lhut, in somewhat clandestine fashion, slipped off to the West. Those were the days in which the *coureur de bois* difficulty was at its height; and, upon arriving at Sault Ste. Marie, he wrote to Frontenac in a rather deprecatory tone as if sensible of the doubtful legality of his position, but pointed out the advantages that would accrue from entering into relations with the North Western Indians. About a year later he presided over a great meeting of the tribes on the site of the important city which now bears his name (according to one spelling of it); established peace between communities that had long been at war; and obtained the promise of the important tribe of the Nadessioux to direct their trade in future to Montreal. This was eminently useful work, and gained for its author the full sympathy of Frontenac. Nevertheless, on his return to Quebec in the following year (1680), he was imprisoned for violation of the king's regulations, in all probability at the instance of the vigilant M. Jacques Duchesneau, who would be prompt to suspect complicity in illegal trading between him and the governor. He was released after a short detention, and went to France in the fall of 1681, in the hope of obtaining the king's sanction for further explorations. In this he was unsuccessful; but, returning to

Canada, he obtained employment in the West as post commander and agent to the tribes west and north of Lake Superior. Through him the French influence was extended, not only far into what is now our own North-West, but even to the shores of Hudson's Bay, much of the trade which had before been done with the English of that region being diverted, through his persuasions, to Montreal.

While the secular rulers of the country were, with somewhat divided aims, striving to promote the material interests and provide for the security of the colony, the church, with considerably more unity of purpose, was labouring to achieve spiritual results. The promotion of M. de Laval to the see of Quebec put an end to much disputing and mutual distrust amongst different orders of the clergy. It is said to have had a markedly beneficial effect on Laval himself, who seemed at once to dismiss the exaggerated suspicions he had entertained regarding all who were not thoroughly subdued to his influence, and the Sulpician order in particular. Missionary work was actively carried on, and though the question of tithes gave more or less trouble, and the people were not as zealous as might have been wished in providing for the maintenance of their local clergy, the influence of the church and of religion was strongly felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. The king had much at heart the establishment of permanent curacies, and in 1679 issued an edict on the subject, which, however, had little effect.

His Majesty's idea was that the *curé* should receive tithes, and that if these did not suffice to give him a decent living, further rates should be levied on the seigneurs and the people. As even the tithes were paid very grudgingly, it is easy to believe that a scheme of further taxation for church purposes stood little chance of acceptance. We have already seen that Laval was by no means in love with the policy of fixed *cures*, and he was probably not sorry to be able to represent to the court that it really could not be carried into effect. Bishop and people together were too much even for the king.

The Récollets, always on the alert to make themselves useful, rose to the occasion by offering to serve the parishes and accept simply what the people might be disposed to give, but the bishop thought their zeal savoured of officiousness, and declined the offer with scanty thanks. These worthy ecclesiastics were very popular in the country, and it is probable they could have successfully carried out their undertaking had they been allowed to try. The bishop had other views for the nurture of his Canadian flock. The Récollet fathers did not at this time stand very high in his esteem. The Jesuits accused them of tolerating grave abuses in the household of the governor, who had a Récollet, Father Maupassant, for confessor; but, as M. Lorin pertinently observes, the accusation was singularly ill-timed, considering the flagrant disorders which marked the private life of Fron-

tenac's master, Louis XIV, whose spiritual interests were in charge of the Jesuit, Père Lachaise. The monarch—" ce religieux prince," as the Abbé Faillon calls him—had no hesitation in demanding of the parliament of Paris legitimation of successive batches of his bastard offspring, and registration of the titles of nobility he was pleased to confer upon them. Whatever the responsibilities of Father Maupassant may have been, he must have had a sinecure in comparison with the king's confessor. It may be added that Frontenac vehemently denied that there were any disorders or scandals in his household.

Missions to the different Indian tribes were in active operation during the whole of the period now under review. Those of the Jesuits were by far the most widespread. Their chief establishment outside of Quebec was at Sault Ste. Marie; in addition they had permanent missions at Mackinac, Green Bay, and various points in the Iroquois country; while Father Albanel penetrated as far as Hudson's Bay, and others laboured amongst the Indians of the Saguenay region. The Sulpicians were less adventurous; they did most of their evangelizing work on or near to the Island of Montreal. They had an establishment, however, on the Bay of Quinté, and one or more on the Ottawa River. The Récollets had Fort Frontenac, Percé on the Baie des Chaleurs, and certain posts on the line of La Salle's explorations.

As regards the conversion of the savage tribes,

Old Church of the Jesuit Missions at Tadousac

it can hardly be claimed that any of these missions were very successful. All authorities agree that it was extremely difficult to impress the Indian mind with the truths of Christianity, or with the idea of any absolute and exclusive theology. The Indian was quite ready to accept the missionary's version of the origin of the world, provided the missionary would reciprocate and accept his decidedly different version. Each, he held, was good in its place; a little variety in these matters did no harm. He had little or no sense of sin, for he did not recognize that the things he did were wrong, and when threatened with the terrors of a future world, he simply said that he did not believe the "master of life" could hate anybody. At the same time he was quite prepared to join in religious services if requested, and seemed even to enjoy the ceremonial. He believed in unlimited charity to relatives and friends, but could not be got to admit the duty of forgiving enemies. An Indian who had been informed that in France many died of want, while others of the same nation had food and substance of all kinds in the greatest profusion, was scandalized beyond measure. He was affected much as we should be by some dark tale of cruelty and superstition from a far-off heathen land. And to think that people of whom such things could be told were sending missionaries to *him*, to enjoin upon him, among other things, the duty of charity![1]

[1] See the *Recit d'un ami de l'Abbé Galinée*, in Margry, vol. i.

But if the missionaries made comparatively little headway in the matter of actual conversions, it is impossible to doubt that they exerted a general influence for good upon the tribes to whom they ministered. This may fairly be inferred from the moral authority they exercised and the security and respect they enjoyed. They were themselves men of pure lives and disinterested motives; and so far they personally recommended the doctrines they preached. To some extent also they taught the savages various useful arts of life. Frontenac specially commends the Montreal Seminary for their efforts to civilize the Indians of their missions who, under their instruction, had taken to raising domestic animals, swine, poultry, etc., and to cultivating wheat as well as native grains. The Abbé Verreau, on the other hand, is inclined to hold that the attempts made, at the urgent demand of the French government, to civilize as well as christianize the Indians are accountable, in part at least, for the general failure of the missions. "We all know now," he says, "what has been the result of so much effort and so much outlay of money. Two or three poor villages inhabited by unhappy creatures who have added our vices to their own deficiencies, without having adopted any of our better qualities. That is all that remains of the Abenaquis, the Hurons, and the Iroquois."[1] The reflection is a sad

[1] Mère de l'Incarnation remarked even in her day the decrease of the native population. "When we arrived in this country," she

one, and the abbé feels it, for he speaks further of the painful mystery of the disappearance of these children of the forest. Truly does the poet say that "God fulfils Himself in many ways," yet none the less the surviving white man may well feel some misgiving when he thinks of all his past dealings with his red brother.

says, "the Indians were so numerous that it seemed as if they were going to grow into a vast population; but after they were baptized God called them to Himself either by disease or by the hands of the Iroquois. It was perhaps His wise design to permit their death lest their hearts should turn to wickedness."—*Lettres Spirituelles*, edition of 1681, p. 230.

CHAPTER VII

GOVERNORSHIP OF M. DE LA BARRE

1682 to 1685

THE successors of Frontenac and Duchesneau received their appointments in the month of May 1682, and arrived at Quebec towards the end of the following September. They were, respectively, a military officer named Lefebvre de la Barre who had served with some distinction in the West Indies; and a man of whose previous career little or nothing is known, one M. Jacques de Meulles. If the fault of Frontenac had been the assumption of too much state and dignity, and the exercise of too much self-will, the fault of La Barre was that he possessed too little dignity and extremely little firmness of character. The recall of Frontenac had practically been one more triumph for the ecclesiastical authorities, who caused it to be understood that, if Duchesneau had also been recalled, it was simply to save Frontenac from too open humiliation. La Barre prudently determined, therefore, from the first not to come into collision with the clergy, whatever else he might do. On the other hand the Abbé Dudouyt writing from Paris, enjoins prudence on the bishop, lest "it should seem as if he could not keep on good terms with anybody." With such dispositions on both sides, it is

not surprising that, during the whole of La Barre's administration his relations with the church were extremely harmonious. The Abbé Gosselin says that he and Meulles "revived the happy times of the highly Christian administration of M. de Tracy." The king, however, did not view the situation with equal approval; the despatches of the period show that he thought that deference to the views of the clergy was being carried too far.

We have seen that, towards the close of Frontenac's administration, the Indian situation was again becoming critical. The arrangement patched up by him in the month of August was far from being of a very solid character; and when La Barre assumed the reins of government he found a widespread feeling of insecurity as to the continuance of peace. He thought it prudent, therefore, to summon, as Frontenac had done previously, a conference of persons specially competent to advise on the Indian question. The meeting took place on the 10th of October at Quebec, before Frontenac had left the country. He might, therefore, have attended it, had he chosen; and we cannot help feeling surprised that he did not. The general opinion expressed by those who took part in the deliberations was that the Iroquois were planning hostilities, and that the king should be asked to send out more troops. La Barre wrote home to this effect; but the same vessel that bore his despatch carried the returning ex-governor, who, on arriving in France, seems to have made it

his business to throw cold water on the appeal for help. It was doubtless to Frontenac's interest to represent that he had left the country in a peaceful and secure condition; but his conduct would appear in a better light had he gone before the conference at Quebec, and there explained, in the presence of those possessing local information, why he considered that there was no danger. La Barre could then in writing to the government have given his reasons and those of his advisers for dissenting from the ex-governor's views, and the latter could honourably have made his own representations to the court. As it was, the man who had ceased to be responsible was allowed to thwart the policy of the actual administrator on whom the whole responsibility for the safety of the country rested. La Barre is not a man who attracts our admiration or sympathy, but, in this matter at least, it is difficult to feel that he received fair treatment.

Remembering all the trouble there had been between the former governor and the intendant, La Barre hastens to inform the court that he and Meulles are on the very best of terms. As they had scarcely been two months in the country when this despatch was written, the announcement seems a little hasty. Meulles on his part does not make any such statement, and his letters of the following and subsequent years show that he had not formed a very high opinion of his superior officer. He complains that the meetings of the Sovereign Council are held in the governor's own

antechamber, amid the noise of servants going and coming and the clatter of the guards in an adjoining room. The minister takes no notice of this; and a year later Meulles returns to the charge, stating that the governor held the meetings "in his own chimney corner where his wife, his children and his servants were always in the way." The intendant was a man of business, and liked to see things done in a business-like way. If he did not admire the disorderly methods of the governor, neither did he approve of the dilatory methods of the council. When matters were brought before him for adjudication he dealt with them promptly; and, in his desire to save delays, he disposed of some cases which the council considered as falling within its sole jurisdiction. Frontenac, it will be remembered, had packed off young d'Auteuil, who had been nominated by Duchesneau as attorney-general, to France to justify, if he could, the conduct he had been pursuing. The youth had come back a full-fledged attorney-general, and at once fell foul of the intendant, accusing him of exceeding his powers. Meulles was a prudent man and contrived to make his peace with the council. M. Lorin says there was probably as much real dissension as in Frontenac's time, but that it was hushed up. There is no evidence of this. Some dissension there may have been; but La Barre was not as fiery as Frontenac, nor was Meulles as intriguing as Duchesneau. The same elements of discord were, therefore, not present.

We have seen that the court did not seem to take any serious notice of the charges of trading reciprocally brought by Frontenac and Duchesneau against one another; and in this matter La Barre appears to have assumed from the first that for him there was an "open door." At a very early period of his residence in the country, he formed intimate relations with certain prominent traders; it soon became evident, indeed, that he had placed himself and his policy largely in their hands. They were in the main the same men with whom Frontenac had accused Duchesneau of having underhand dealings, La Chesnaye, Lebert and one or two others. According to Meulles, the governor not only carried on trade on his own account contrary to the king's regulations, but trade in its most illegal form, that is to say with the English. His Majesty's representative found out without much trouble what the Indians were well aware of, that the English paid a much better price for furs than could be got in Canada from the king's farmers who controlled the fur trade of the country. He talks freely indeed of the English in a despatch dated in May 1683, and says that they both sell goods cheap to the Indians and give them full price for their furs. It is a saying among the English, he adds, that the French do not *trade* with the Indians but *rob* them. It is no wonder he was anxious to send his own wares to so good a market. If the intendant may be trusted, indeed the governor was continually receiving at the

château at Quebec Englishmen and Dutchmen who were simply his agents at New York. La Hontan avers that he saw two canoe loads of his stuff at Chambly on their way to that emporium.

A man so devoted to money-making as La Barre could hardly be expected to take a very deep interest in the wider schemes of exploration and territorial expansion which appealed to the imagination of a La Salle. Possibly he thought he could curry favour with the court by disparaging the achievements of the latter. In a despatch of the 30th May 1683 we find him saying that he did not think much of the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi, and that in any case there was a great deal of falsehood mixed up with the tales that were told of it. If the remark was meant to please, it seems to have been successful, for the king in his reply, under date 5th August following, says: "I am persuaded with you that *Sieur de la Salle's discovery is very useless, and such enterprises must be prevented hereafter*, as they tend only to debauch the inhabitants by the hope of gain and to diminish the revenue from the beaver." Could the power of official narrowness and banality go further? A man, taking his life in his hand, penetrates forest and jungle, commits himself to unknown waters, braves the encounter of hostile peoples, takes the risk of treachery among his own followers, faces every form of privation and all extremities of fatigue, travels a thousand leagues, and adds a continent to the possessions of

his sovereign, only to have the verdict pronounced by that sovereign that his discoveries are very useless, and that similar expeditions must be prevented for the future lest the beaver trade of Canada suffer!

La Salle's great discovery was made in the month of April 1682. Returning northwards in the autumn, with the intention of proceeding to France, and making a full report of his proceedings to the king, he heard, on reaching Michilimackinac, that the Iroquois were preparing a hostile movement against the Illinois. He determined at once to go back with a picked body of men to protect his threatened allies. The news of his discovery was therefore carried to France by the Récollet, Father Zénobe, who reached Quebec just as the ships were leaving, and may possibly have sailed in the same vessel as Frontenac. He does not seem to have given any information, in passing, to La Barre. The latter was expecting La Salle's return, and chose to put an unfavourable construction on his failure to appear. In writing to the minister he says that Fort Frontenac has been abandoned. The truth was that La Salle had left it in charge of one La Forest, and that subsequently a cousin of the explorer's, named Plet, had come from France to look after the trade of the fort in the interest of the parties in France who had advanced money for its construction and equipment. It is doubtful whether the place was ever left even temporarily un-

occupied; but certainly La Salle had no intention of abandoning it. On the contrary, not knowing of Frontenac's recall, he had written to him in October 1682 asking him to maintain La Forest in command and to let him have a sufficient number of men for purposes of defence. What is singular is that he does not appear to have given Frontenac any more information regarding his discovery than Father Zénobe gave to La Barre. Possibly he had some hope, as the latter hints, of organizing a separate government in the new territory he had discovered. In no case, however, can La Barre's proceedings towards him be justified. On the pretext that Fort Frontenac had been abandoned, he took possession of it, and turned it, if we are to credit Meulles, into a trading-post for himself and his friends. He had a barque built there, professedly for the king's service on the lake, but used it mainly, the intendant says, for his own trade.

La Salle spent the winter in the Illinois country. In the spring of 1683 he wrote to La Barre from his fort of St. Louis, announcing his discovery, and expressing the hope that the kindly treatment which he had always received from the previous governor would continue to be extended to him. His financial affairs had for some time been in a very unsatisfactory state, but he expected, he said, to be able in the course of the then current year to place them on a sound footing, and prove that he had not undertaken more than it was in

his power to accomplish. He had meantime sent men to Montreal for supplies, but these did not return, nor did he get any reply from La Barre either to this letter or to a later one written in June. Instead of replying, La Barre sent an officer named Baugy to take possession of Fort St. Louis. La Salle, who had started for Quebec, met Baugy on the way, and sent back word to his men at the fort not to resist the seizure. Du Lhut, under instructions from the governor, followed shortly after, confiscated the merchandise stored in the fort, and brought it to Montreal. La Salle on arriving at Quebec saw La Barre, and obtained from him restitution of Fort Frontenac, but could not get any compensation for the loss he had sustained through the interruption of his trading operations at that point. He consequently proceeded to France in the fall of the year, and in the course of the winter presented a full statement of the case to the minister, M. de Seignelay. Only a few months before, the king had expressed the opinion above quoted as to the uselessness, or worse than uselessness, of such explorations as La Salle had been engaged in; but when the explorer himself appeared upon the scene, a change came over the views of the court. The king writes to the intendant that, not only is the fort which the governor had wrongfully seized to be handed over to La Salle, but that full reparation is to be made for all the loss which he has sustained, and that the intendant is to see that

this is done. Writing to La Barre himself, the king informs him that he takes La Salle under his particular protection, and cautions the governor not to do anything against his interest. La Salle's agent, La Forest, is to be placed in charge of Fort St. Louis.

Settling down to business, as he did, almost immediately on his arrival in the country, La Barre was naturally anxious that the persons to whom he issued hunting and trading permits under the regulations established in Frontenac's time should, as far as possible, be screened from competition, and he therefore most ill-advisedly gave the Iroquois tribes to understand that they might treat as they pleased any persons found trading who were unprovided with permits signed by him. The Iroquois, greatly pleased to have a pretext for such operations, proceeded to plunder some canoes belonging to the governor's own friends, who were still in the woods on the authority of permits issued by Frontenac. This alarmed the governor not a little, and caused him, in the spring of 1683, to send a special vessel to France with an earnest request for military reinforcements. Worse news came to hand very shortly after. La Salle's fort of St. Louis having been seized, the governor wished to stock it with goods, and had despatched thither seven canoe loads to the value of fifteen or sixteen thousand francs. As these canoes were passing through the Illinois country, where the Iroquois were on the war-path,

the latter, who were not in a humour for fine discrimination, seized them, explaining afterwards that they supposed them to belong to La Salle, whose property they claimed to have the governor's permission to plunder. La Barre writes to the king, under date 5th June, in still stronger terms, and says that, with or without reinforcements, he will move against the Senecas about the middle of August. This was mere bluster, as no preparations had at that time been made for a campaign. The king sent out one hundred and fifty men in August; but these did not arrive till the 10th October. It was then decided that war should be waged the following year. The intendant appears to have agreed entirely with the governor that war was inevitable; his chief fear seems to have been that the governor, in whose stability of character he had very little confidence, would change his mind on the subject, and fall back on some weak and futile scheme of conciliation.

The winter of 1683-4 was not marked by any notable event. In the following spring, pursuant to the plan which he had communicated to the French government, the governor sent instructions to the post commanders in the West, La Durantaye, Du Lhut, and Nicolas Perrot, to rendezvous at Niagara with as many men of the different Ottawa tribes as they could persuade to follow them. At that point they would find awaiting them provisions, arms, and ammunition, with means of transportation to the scene of action.

Home levies of militia and of mission Indians were at the same time being raised and equipped. At this stage of the proceedings it occurred to La Barre that it would be a good thing to inform the governor of New York, Colonel Dongan, of his intention to make war upon the Senecas. The communication happened to be particularly ill-timed. The English of Maryland and Virginia had been having their own troubles with the Iroquois, who had made many destructive raids into their territory; and in the early summer of 1684 Lord Howard of Effingham, governor of Virginia, had gone to New York to consult with the governor there as to the measures to be adopted, and thence had gone on to Albany, Colonel Dongan accompanying him, to hold a conference with the offending tribes—in this case the Oneidas, Onondagas, and Cayugas. Delegates from the Mohawks, who had not broken the peace, were also present; and one of them, Cadianne by name, made ample acknowledgment of the wrongs done by his brethren of the other tribes, to whom he took the opportunity of addressing some very severe and wholesome remarks. Shortly afterwards delegates from the Senecas also arrived, when a general treaty of peace and good-will was made between the Five Nations on the one hand, and the English and their Indians on the other. It was in the midst of these proceedings that Dongan received La Barre's letter. He replied by saying that the King of England exercised sovereignty over the whole Iroquois con-

federacy, and that if the Senecas had committed the depredations complained of he would see that they made reparation; he hoped that La Barre, in the interest of peace, would refrain from invading British territory. He then took occasion of the conference to inform the tribes of the French designs, his object being to draw from them an acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the English king in return for a promise of protection against the French. The tribes, who had some time before requested that the arms of the Duke of York (now James II) should be raised over their fortresses, consented to this, but with the not altogether consistent proviso that they should still be considered a free people. The subject was further debated at the chief town of the Onondagas, the central nation of the confederacy, a few weeks later. Dongan was represented by Arnold Viele, a Dutchman. It happened that Charles Le Moyne of Montreal was also there, having been sent by La Barre to invite the Onondagas to a conference, as well as the Jesuit, Father Lamberville. Very little progress was made with the diplomatic question; but the Seneca deputies expressed very savage sentiments in regard to the French, promising themselves a feast of French flesh as the result of the coming war.

This was in the month of August, and La Barre, at the head of an expedition consisting of seven hundred Canadian militia, one hundred and thirty regular troops, and two hundred Indians, had left Montreal on the 27th July, expecting to be

joined by about one thousand Indian auxiliaries from the north and west. It took about two weeks to reach Fort Frontenac, where a delay of two or three weeks occurred, during which time the army began to sicken. The heat was intense, and the camp had been established on low malarial ground. La Barre himself became dangerously ill. Finally a move was made to the southern side of Lake Ontario, the army encamping at the mouth of what is now known as the Salmon River, a little east of Oswego. The place at that time was known by the ill-omened name of La Famine. In point of unwholesomeness the place was quite as bad as Fort Frontenac; and a large part of the army fell into a most deplorable condition of debility. Moreover, provisions ran short, and those whom malaria and other diseases had spared were face to face with hunger. Discontent was rife in the camp. All chance of taking the offensive against the Senecas was at an end. La Barre's one hope was that Charles Le Moyne's mission to the Onondagas had been successful, and that, through the good offices of that tribe, he might be able to make peace with some little show of honour. Most opportunely Le Moyne arrived on the 3rd September, bringing with him a celebrated Onondaga orator and politician named Ourouehati, otherwise known as Grande Gueule, or, as Colden, historian of the Five Indian Nations, has it, Garangula, together with twelve other deputies, eight of his own people, two Oneidas, and two Cayugas. To conceal as far

as possible his real situation, La Barre had sent away his sick, and pretended to have come with a mere escort, the body of his army being at Fort Frontenac. Nevertheless, in his speech, while professing a desire for peace, he threatened war unless complete satisfaction were rendered by the Senecas and others for the mischief they had done, and pledges given for their future good conduct. Perfectly informed as to the real weakness of the French governor's position, Grande Gueule (Big Mouth) did not mince matters in replying to him. He thanked Onontio for bringing back the calumet of peace, and congratulated him that he had not dug up the hatchet that had so often been red with the blood of his countrymen. Onontio, he said, pretended to have come to smoke the calumet of peace, but the pretence was false: he had come to make war, and would have done so but for the sickness of his men. If the Iroquois had pillaged Frenchmen, it was because the latter were carrying arms to the Illinois. (This of course was not true as regards the seven canoes which the governor and his friends had sent forward; but Big Mouth was a diplomatist.) As regards conducting certain English traders to the lakes, which was one of the points complained of by La Barre, they were acting perfectly within their rights. They were free to go where they pleased, and to take with them whom they pleased. They were also quite justified in making war on the Illinois, who had hunted on their lands, and would give no pledge to refrain from attacking

them in future. In this respect they had done less than the English and French, who had dispossessed many tribes and made settlements in their country.

This was a forenoon's work. In the afternoon another session was held, and the day concluded with the settlement of the terms of peace. La Barre was not to attack the Senecas, and Big Mouth undertook that reparation should be made for the acts of plunder committed. He refused entirely to pledge his people to desist from war on the Illinois; they would fight them to the death; and La Barre, notwithstanding what he had said about the king's determination to protect his western children, was obliged to give way. Next morning he broke up camp and set out on the return journey. Sickness continued to plague his force, and eighty men died on the way to Montreal.[1]

But this was not all. The commanders in the West had acted on their orders to raise as many men as they could amongst the Indian allies in the region of the Great Lakes, and to lead them to Niagara. Du Lhut and La Durantaye had great difficulty in executing their task. Only the Hurons seemed in the least disposed to move. Nicolas Perrot, however, possessed more influence; and, mainly through his persuasions, a force was gathered

[1] Colden pithily sums up the result of the campaign in the following words: "Thus a very chargeable and fatiguing expedition (which was to strike terror of the French name into the stubborn hearts of the Five Nations) ended in a scold between the French general and an old Indian."

of about five hundred men, drawn from the Hurons, Ottawas, and other neighbouring tribes. Accompanying these were about one hundred Frenchmen of the *coureur de bois* class, who in manners and customs were at times hardly distinguishable from their native companions. Having got the force together, the next thing to do was to start them and keep them on the march. The commanders had a hard time of it: certain accidents happened on the way which to the Indians were of evil omen; and it was difficult to prevent whole bands from deserting. Finally, however, the expedition reached Niagara just about the time that La Barre was making terms with Big Mouth. They found there neither provisions, nor arms, nor instructions. In a short time a sail appeared. It was a boat sent by La Barre to tell them that he had made peace with the Iroquois, and that they might go home. The indignation and disgust of the warriors, the disappointment and mortification of the French leaders, may be imagined. The Indian allies said they had been betrayed, and expressed their opinion of the French in no measured terms. Some of the more hot-headed ones urged that, as they had started on the war-path, they should go on and attack the Senecas by themselves. Wiser counsels prevailed. The chief men had not been eager for the war from the first; and, calming the spirits of their followers, they induced them to turn their faces homewards. Some of them had come a thousand miles, and now that long journey had to

be retraced with nothing accomplished. It was a desperate blow to French influence in all the region of the Great Lakes.

The only man who gave La Barre any comfort in these depressing circumstances was Père Lamberville, missionary among the Onondagas. This amiable and kindly priest, who had written to Frontenac some valued words of commendation when he was leaving the country, wrote to La Barre to tell him that he had acted most wisely in making peace. So doubtless he had, in comparison with making war just at that time; but none the less the peace was one which made the colonists hang their heads with shame. Meulles in his despatch to the minister did not help to put the matter in a more favourable light. Speaking of the governor he said: "He signed the peace just as he decided on the war, without consulting any one but a few merchants; and he has uselessly expended forty-five thousand francs, of which he alone will owe an account to the king." So much severity on the intendant's part was hardly necessary; the facts spoke for themselves; and the king, when they were brought to his knowledge, wrote to the discomfited governor, under date the 10th March 1685, the following gently worded letter:—

"Monsieur de la Barre,—Having been informed that your years make it impossible for you to support the fatigues inseparable from your office of governor and lieutenant-general in Canada, I

send you this letter to acquaint you that I have selected M. de Denonville to serve in your place; and my intention is that, on his arrival, after resigning to him the command, with all instructions concerning it, you embark for your return to France."

Thus ended an administration that cannot be regarded as a happy or a creditable one. In no respect was M. de la Barre on a level with the office he held. He had no clear policy of his own, and was, therefore, more or less, at the mercy of incompetent or interested advisers. As is not uncommonly the case with such men, he was sometimes foolishly impulsive. In a letter, dated 10th April 1684, the king expresses the greatest surprise that the governor should have actually proposed to hang, of his own authority, a colonist who was preparing to remove to the English settlements. He reminds him that, except in military matters, he possesses no judicial power whatever, and adds the sage observation that the exercise of such constraint would certainly increase the desire of the French inhabitants to go where they would enjoy more liberty. In the matter of ecclesiastical policy, La Barre failed to carry out the views of the king. His instructions were to afford all the help in his power to the clergy in their efforts for the good of the country, but to see that they did not extend their authority beyond its proper bounds. In his first despatch he indulges in a little criticism of the

bishop for his delay in establishing permanent *cures*, as desired by the king; but this is his sole exhibition of anything like independence of the ecclesiastical power. There was a question pending at the time as to the emoluments to be secured to the country *curés*; and La Barre and Meulles are both blamed by the court for having allowed the bishop to appropriate a larger amount out of the royal grant for church purposes than the king had authorized or intended.

In the matter just referred to, however, the bishop may well have been substantially in the right. He knew the country, its needs, and its possibilities better than the king; and he had the interests both of his clergy and of his people sincerely at heart. It seems a little surprising that, just at this time, when his relations with the secular power were so satisfactory, he should have formed the intention of resigning the office which he had been so eager to obtain only a few years before, and of confining himself to the oversight of the Seminary. The explanation is to be found partly in the state of his health, and partly in the expectation he entertained of being able to find a man to replace him as bishop who would adopt and carry out all his views with the utmost fidelity and exactness, and thus give him even greater influence than he had had in the past. If a bishop alone could make headway against all the opposition of the civil power, what might not be expected of a bishop of sound opinions supported by such

an ex-bishop as Laval himself? With these views he sailed for France in the fall of 1684 to tender his resignation to the king; and, with these views also, he not long afterwards recommended as his successor a pious ecclesiastic of noble family, M. Jean Baptiste de la Croix Chevrières de Saint Vallier, who, though only thirty-two years of age, had already refused two bishoprics. Once before Laval had chosen a man for his piety, M. de Mézy, and it had not turned out well. The Reverend M. Gosselin, in his life of Saint Vallier, says that the day of his nomination was a regular "day of dupes." The appointment did not take place till the year 1688; but meantime M. de Saint Vallier consented to go out to Canada in the capacity of vicar-general, and make acquaintance with the diocese. Thus it happened that he and the Marquis de Denonville, La Barre's successor, came out together in the same ship, arriving at Quebec on the 1st August 1685. The vessel which brought the new governor was accompanied by two others carrying troops to the number of three hundred. Fever broke out on the way, as was so often the case in those days, and there were many deaths. Amongst those who succumbed were two priests, who, in their attendance on the sick, had caught the malady. Their fate inspired Saint Vallier with intense regret that he had not taken passage on the same vessel, so that he might have shared so glorious a death. The sentiment seems strange on the part of a man at his time of life, just entering

on a career in which he might reasonably hope for long years of the most exalted usefulness. He did not in fact die till the year 1727.

We have two accounts of the condition of Canada at this time; one from the pen of the bishop designate, the other from that of the new governor after a residence of a little over three months in the country. Strange to say, the two do not in the very least agree. Saint Vallier sees everything *couleur de rose*, and detects the odour of sanctity everywhere. Denonville, on the contrary, sees license, insubordination, idleness, luxury, debauchery, running riot throughout the land. "The Canadian people," says Saint Vallier, "is, generally speaking, as devout as the clergy is holy. One remarks among them something resembling the disposition which we recognize and admire in the Christians of the early centuries." Even in the distant settlements where a priest is rarely seen, the people are constant in the practice of virtue, the fathers making up for the lack of priests, so far as the training of their children is concerned, "by their wise counsels and firm discipline."[1] Denonville, just about the same time, undertakes to give the minister an account of the disorders prevailing not only in the woods, but, as he states, in the settlements as well. "These arise," he says, "from the idleness of young persons, and the great liberty which fathers, mothers, and guardians have

[1] Saint Vallier, *Etat présent de l'Eglise et de la Colonie Française*, p. 84.

for a long time given them of going into the forest under pretence of hunting or trading. One great evil," he continues, "is the infinite number of drinking-shops. . . . All the rascals and idlers of the country are attracted into this business of tavern-keeping. They never dream of tilling the soil; on the contrary, they deter other inhabitants, and end by ruining them." Of the two pictures, it is probable that the governor's was nearer the truth; though probably his ascetic turn of mind led him to exaggerate the evils that existed. Saint Vallier, when he came to the country as bishop in 1688, was not long in discovering how greatly he had over-rated the virtue and piety of the inhabitants. He took an early opportunity of repairing his error as far as possible by preaching a sermon on the sins which he found prevailing. "We thought," he said, "before we knew our flock, that the Iroquois and the English were the only wolves we had to fear; but, God having opened our eyes, we are forced to confess that our most dangerous foes are drunkenness, luxury, impurity, and slander." We cannot think very highly of the judgment of a man who has to repudiate his own statements so completely in regard to facts fully open to observation.

It is allowable, fortunately, to take a more favourable view of the Canadian people than either the governor, or the bishop in his revised opinion, expresses. They were careless and ease-loving, more fond of adventure than of steady toil; they

were vain and given to luxury; but these qualities were in a large measure the result of the circumstances in which they were placed and the general influences of the time. How could they fail to be fond of adventure when incitements to it presented themselves on every hand, and the rewards that it promised were so much more tempting than those to be derived from the tillage of the soil? It was human nature in those days to prefer the gun to the spade, and the paddle to the scythe. If they were vain and fond of luxury and show, it proceeded in part from innate taste, and in part from the example of those above them, who, in turn, reflected the manners, the habits, and the tone of the most luxurious court in Europe. It soon began to be observed that a given class in Canada represented a higher degree of refinement and culture than a similar class in European France. The reason was that, in the vast spaces and free air of a new continent, human nature had more scope for expansion; ambition was stirred; thought and imagination were quickened. The old seed was germinating with new power in a virgin soil. The people were gay, chivalrous, courteous, and brave, with an underlying tenacity of purpose and power of industry ready to be revealed in due season under more settled conditions of life. That intemperance was a serious evil there can be no doubt; but that, too, was more or less incidental to the times. The physique of the people was good; and, if their moral habits were not all that

their spiritual guides could have wished. they were at least free from serious corruption. In a word, the Canadians of that period lived, on the whole, healthy lives, and were planting a hardy and enduring race on the soil they had made their own.

CHAPTER VIII

GOVERNORSHIP OF MARQUIS DE DENONVILLE

1685 TO 1689

THE Marquis de Denonville was sent to Canada to retrieve a difficult and dangerous situation. He was a soldier by profession, and had had thirty years' experience of military life. His courage and honour were alike beyond question. In morals he was irreproachable. He was one of those laymen who are half churchmen; and on the voyage from France he greatly edified Saint Vallier by the gravity of his conduct and his punctilious observance of all the forms and practices of religion. "He spent," Saint Vallier himself tells us, "nearly all his time in prayer and the reading of good books. The Psalms of David were always in his hands. In all the voyage I never saw him do anything wrong; and there was nothing in his words or acts which did not show a solid virtue and a consummate prudence, as well in the duties of the Christian life as in the wisdom of this world." Three years later Saint Vallier speaks of him in terms of equal praise, adding that "there is no need to be astonished at the benedictions which God is bestowing upon his government and upon his enterprises against the Indians." Unfortunately, this interpretation of the ways of Providence

preceded by just a year the greatest calamity in early Canadian history, the massacre of Lachine.

The three hundred men who were sent out with Denonville were far from constituting, even had their number not been sensibly reduced by fever on the voyage, the reinforcement he required in order to assume the offensive against the Iroquois with any hope of success. He was compelled, therefore, to temporize while making the most earnest appeals for a more liberal supply of troops. To counteract English intrigues among the Five Nations, he sent numerous presents in that direction, and carefully avoided any acts which could precipitate a conflict. One of the chief perils of the situation was the disaffection produced in the minds of the Lake tribes by the dismal failure of La Barre's expedition of 1684. The only way to regain credit, he says in a despatch to the minister (Seignelay), dated 12th June 1686, is to put a sufficient number of French troops, militia and regulars, into the field to attack and defeat the Iroquois without any assistance from the western allies. He wished to begin building blockhouses for defensive purposes, but was afraid to do so, lest the enemy should consider it a preparation for war. Like La Barre, he entered into correspondence with the governor of New York, Colonel Dongan, but in a more guarded manner. He wrote first simply announcing his appointment to the governorship of Canada. Dongan replied in his usual high-flown manner with many expressions

of courtesy. Denonville returned the compliment, and then took occasion to speak of the Senecas and the difficulty of keeping peace with them, inviting Dongan to assist him in protecting the missionaries who were labouring amongst those heathen at the peril of their lives. Dongan, who had been appointed by the Duke of York before he ascended the throne of England as James II, and who, as might be supposed, was a good Catholic, was quite ready to do justice to the personal merits of the missionaries; but his fidelity to the English Crown made it impossible for him to overlook the fact that they were Frenchmen operating on what he claimed to be English territory. Their influence, he knew, could not fail to be cast in favour of the rival claims of their own people; and his desire was to replace them, as soon as it could conveniently be done, by English priests, who, without being less sound in theological matters, would be more so on the political side.

The two governors were thus playing at cross purposes, and it was not long before all disguise in the matter was set aside. Each was planning the construction of a fort at Niagara for the purpose both of strengthening his influence in the Iroquois country and of shutting the other out of Lake Erie. Dongan heard of Denonville's intention from some *coureurs de bois* who had deserted to Albany; whereupon he wrote to the French governor to say that he found it hard to believe that a man of his reputation would be so ill-advised

as to follow in the footsteps of M. de la Barre, and seek to make trouble by planting a fort on territory clearly belonging to the King of England, and all for the sake of "a little peltry." Denonville replied with more diplomacy than truth that he had no intention of building a fort at Niagara; and expressed in turn his surprise that a gentleman of Dongan's character should "harbour rogues, vagabonds, and thieves," and believe all the silly stories they told him. As the correspondence went on its tone became warmer. Dongan had promised to send back deserters; but he found these men too valuable, and did not keep his promise. Denonville upbraids him for this want of good faith, and also for exciting the Indians by telling them that the French are preparing to attack them. He blamed him also for furnishing the savages with rum to the great detriment of their religious and moral interests; to which Dongan retorted that, in the opinion of Christians, English rum was more wholesome than French brandy.

While this correspondence was going on, both governors were doing their best to win over the Indians of the lake region. If these could be drawn into an alliance with the Iroquois, so that their trade should pass through the Iroquois country to the English, not only would the French lose the most profitable part of their traffic, but their political position would be seriously endangered, in fact would become un-

tenable. There was much in the arrangement from a business point of view to recommend it to the savage mind. The English paid better prices for goods, and gave their merchandise at lower prices; and, if their traders once had free access to the lake region, the effects of their more liberal dealing would be felt in every wigwam. Against this highly practical consideration was to be set a certain hereditary distrust of the Iroquois on the part of the Huron and Ottawa tribes, to which might be added the personal influence of the French missionaries and a few noted French leaders. The situation was for some time a most doubtful one; but in the end it was not the economic argument that triumphed.

In the winter of 1685-6, a Dutchman, named Johannes Rooseboom, had set out from Albany, by Dongan's directions, with a party of armed traders in eleven canoes, filled with English goods, to trade in the Upper Lakes. There was no resistance to their progress; and after trading most successfully, and to the great satisfaction of the Indians, they returned in safety. This was encouragement for a larger expedition the following year; so, in the fall of 1686, the same adventurer set out with a similar party in twenty canoes. On this occasion they were to winter with the Senecas and resume their journey in the spring, accompanied by fifty men, who were to come from Albany under the charge of a Scots officer named M'Gregory, and a band of Iroquois; the whole

party to be under M'Gregory's command. The intention was to form a general treaty of trade and alliance with the tribes that hitherto had been under the domination of the French.

This was a bold step to take, and shows Dongan in the light of an early advocate of the policy of "Forward." It was too bold. Fortunately for Denonville, he had in the early summer of 1686 sent an order to Du Lhut, then at Michilimackinac, to fortify a post at the outlet of Lake Huron, which that capable and zealous officer lost no time in doing. On hearing of the projected expedition, the governor was greatly incensed. He wrote to Dongan in strong terms, and at the same time laid the matter before the minister, declaring that it would be better to have open war with the English than to be in constant danger from their intrigues. A favourite plan of his was that Louis XIV should buy the colony of New York from James II, as he had previously bought Dunkirk from Charles II. The idea was not taken up by the French court, and there is much reason to doubt whether, with the best will in the world, the English king could have transferred the colony to France. It would have been an easy thing to send out orders, but it would have been quite a different thing to get them obeyed. In the New World men were already learning to put a very wide construction upon their civil rights; and, as far the larger portion of the population were of the reformed faith in one

or other of its branches, they would certainly have made strong objection to being handed over to the tender mercies of the monarch who, at this very moment, was extirpating Protestanism in his own kingdom by the cruelest forms of persecution. The appeal to Dongan drew forth from that worthy the declaration that, in his belief, it was "as lawful for the English as for the French to trade with the remotest Indians." He denied, however, that he had incited the Iroquois to acts of aggression, and protested, in regard to the deserters, that he would much rather "such rascalls and bankrouts" would stay in their own country, and that Denonville was welcome to send for them. Negotiations, however, were going on at this time between the English and French courts in relation to affairs in America; and both Denonville and Dongan received injunctions to cultivate peaceful relations with one another pending the settlement of all matters in dispute by a joint commission.

If Dongan was preparing to trespass upon French rights in the region of the Great Lakes, Denonville himself was acting with even less scruple in another direction. For several years before this, the Hudson's Bay Company, under the charter granted to them by Charles II in the year 1670, had been trading to the bay from which they derived their name, and had established a number of posts along its shores. The charter had been granted in perfect good faith, as the region in question, which had been discovered and ex-

plored by navigators sailing under the English flag, Cabot, Hudson, Baffin, and Davis, was regarded as English territory. It is true that a memoir prepared by M. de Callières, Governor of Montreal, for the minister of marine and colonies,[1] mentions proceedings taken at different times by governors of Canada, between the years 1656 and 1663, to bring the country under French sovereignty; but there is nothing to show that any attempt was made at settlement or even at trading on the coast. The Hudson's Bay Company, on the other hand, had from the date of its charter, not to mention earlier operations, been carrying on trade, and establishing posts in that region without any remonstrance from the French government, and without disturbance of any kind until the year 1682, in the early winter of which two Frenchmen, named Radisson and Des Groseilliers, sailed into Hudson's Bay with two vessels, and took possession of a fort which the English had established near the mouth of the Nelson River. The explanation given by these parties was that they were acting on behalf of the "Compagnie Française de la Baie du Nord de Canada," which had previously formed establishments some distance up that river, and that finding that some English had begun to erect dwellings on an island at the mouth of the river, they

[1] *New York Colonial Documents*, vol. ix. p. 268. See also "Transactions between England and France, relating to Hudson's Bay, 1687," in *Canadian Archives*, 1883, p. 173.

had forced them to retire, considering their own claim to the river and its outlet the better.

This was the beginning of trouble. The French king in writing to La Barre on the subject authorized him to check, as far as possible, English encroachments in that quarter. In the spring of 1684 he writes again, and says that he has had a further communication from the English ambassador in regard to the proceedings of Radisson and Des Groseilliers, and that, while he is anxious not to give the English king any cause of complaint, he still thinks it desirable that the English should not be allowed to establish themselves on the Nelson River. La Barre was therefore to make a proposal to the English commandant in Hudson's Bay that no new establishments should be formed there by either French or English. This was at the very least an acknowledgment of the *status quo*. Nevertheless, a charter having been granted by the French king in the following year to a Canadian company authorizing it to trade on the Bourbon River, called in previous correspondence the Nelson, Denonville chose to consider that fact a warrant for making a general attack on the English in the bay. While his discussion with Dongan was in progress in the summer of 1686, he organized an expedition of about a hundred picked men, thirty being regular soldiers, and placed it under the command of a very capable officer, the Chevalier de Troyes, assigning to him as lieutenants three sons of Charles Le Moyne, of

Montreal: Iberville, Ste. Hélène, and Maricourt. The difficulties of the overland route were most formidable, but Troyes surmounted them with the loss of only one man. He did not attempt any negotiation with the English, nor send any summons to surrender, but fell upon Port Hayes, the first to which he came, in the dead of night, and captured it without difficulty, the garrison being totally unprepared to resist an attack. At this point there does not appear to have been any loss of life; but at Fort Rupert, which was similarly attacked at night, three of the occupants were killed, and two were wounded. Three more men were killed on the same night on board a vessel anchored near the shore. When the assailants reached Fort Albany, held by a garrison of thirty men, they found that their coming had been anticipated, but, with the aid of cannon captured in the other forts, they had little difficulty in forcing a surrender. Leaving Maricourt in command at the bay, Troyes returned to Quebec. The English captured in this buccaneer fashion were sent home in one of their own vessels which happened to arrive opportunely for the purpose.

Denonville had succeeded in arousing the French government to the importance of proceeding vigorously against the Iroquois. Eight hundred men were sent out to him in the spring of 1687, which, with about eight hundred already in the colony, made the force at his disposal quite a formidable one. In the summer of the previous

year there had been a change of intendant. M. de Meulles had been recalled, and a new man, Bochart de Champigny, sent out in his place. As the appointment of the latter was made as early as April 1686, it may be surmised that Denonville, shortly after arriving in the country, signified to the king that he and Meulles were not adapted to work together satisfactorily. Meulles was certainly far from having the fervent piety of the governor; and it may not improbably have been some difference of opinion or policy arising out of this fact that caused his recall. His successor was a man conspicuously devoted to the church; and Denonville in his despatches praises him in high terms. Having now the necessary force at his command, and being zealously seconded in all his views by the new intendant, the governor determined not to let the summer of 1687 pass without undertaking his long meditated campaign against the Iroquois. While preparing for war, however, he talked of peace, in the hope of taking the enemy unawares. So far did he carry his dissimulation that he completely misled the colonists, so that, when they discovered that war was intended, they manifested a strong indisposition to respond to the call to arms. There were enough regular soldiers, they said, in the country to meet all military requirements. Denonville was too well advised, however, to dream of taking a force of regulars into the woods, unsupported by militia accustomed to the country and familiar with the

methods of Indian warfare. He therefore issued a special proclamation, which the vicars-general, in the absence of the bishop, supported by a *mandement*, with the result that the inhabitants, accustomed to yield to authority, furnished the quota of men required, about eight hundred.

The more effectually to throw the Iroquois off their guard, the governor had instructed his chief agent amongst them, Father Lamberville, a man in whom they had perfect confidence, to invite them to a friendly conference at Fort Frontenac. The good father was kept completely in the dark as to what was really intended, and was allowed to continue his solicitations to the Indians to attend the conference up to the moment when all disguise was thrown off. He was still with them when they discovered that they had been deceived; and, had it not been for the unbounded faith they had learnt to place in the good priest's word, they would certainly have put him to death with torture as a traitor. As it was they charged the deception entirely on Denonville, who, in this case, had certainly carried craft to very dangerous, not to say indefensible, lengths.

The expedition as organized by Denonville consisted of four companies of regulars, men who had been some time in the country, and four of militia, making in all fifteen hundred Frenchmen, to whom were added five hundred mission Indians, Christian in name, but scarcely less savage in instinct than their unreclaimed

brethren of the forest. The regulars were commanded by their own officers, amongst whom we recognize Troyes, the hero of the Hudson's Bay exploit. The militia were led by four notable seigneurs, Berthier, Lavaltrie, Grandville, and Le Moyne de Longueuil, brother of the three Le Moynes who had accompanied Troyes. All the French troops were placed under the general command of Callières, Governor of Montreal, a very capable officer. M. de Vaudreuil, who had just come out from France as commander of the king's forces, accompanied the expedition in the capacity of chief-of-staff to the governor. The troops that he brought with him were left behind to take care of the country in the absence of its other defenders.

Starting from Montreal on the 13th June 1687, the expedition, after encountering the usual perils and fatigues of the St. Lawrence route, and losing one or two men in the rapids, arrived at Fort Frontenac on the 1st July. Here news was received of a reinforcement on which the governor had not permitted himself to count. In October of the previous year orders had been sent to the commanders in the West to rally the Indians of that region for another movement against the Iroquois. As Denonville well knew, there were serious difficulties in the way. The fiasco of 1684 had left a deplorable impression on the minds of the Lake tribes, whose loyalty was being further undermined by the pleasing prospect of trade with the

English. These arguments, however, did not weigh with the Illinois, the latest victims of Iroquois barbarity; and Tonty in charge at Fort St. Louis, who had been notified with the others, had little trouble in getting a couple of hundred of them to follow him to Detroit on the way to Niagara. Nicolas Perrot in like manner raised a contingent among the tribes to the west of Lake Michigan, and, passing by way of Michilimackinac, joined his efforts to those of La Durantaye who had been labouring all winter to win over the dissatisfied Hurons and Ottawas. The Hurons were at last persuaded to move; but the Ottawas still refused, and La Durantaye and the Hurons started for Detroit, the first place of rendezvous, without them. Scarcely had they left Michilimackinac when they fell in with a number of the canoes which Dongan had sent to trade in the lakes. La Durantaye at once summoned the intruders to surrender; and, as he seemed to have a formidable force with him, the summons was obeyed. The commander distributed most of the goods among his Indian followers to their great delight, and sent some barrels of rum to the Ottawas in the hope that it would incline them to follow. It is difficult to say what did influence the minds of these savages; but in a few days they set out, taking, however, a route of their own by way of the Georgian Bay and overland to what is now Toronto. Perrot and his men went to Detroit, and from that point he and the others conducted

their respective commands to Niagara, arriving there just about the same time that Denonville's force reached Fort Frontenac.

The gratification of the governor on learning that this important reinforcement had arrived just in the nick of time may be imagined. He sent word to the commanders to proceed to Irondequoit Bay, the entrance to the Seneca country; and, conducting his force thither, saw the western men approaching just as he himself was about to land. Such a concentration, on the same day, of troops brought from as far east as Quebec, and from as far west as the sources of the Mississippi, was indeed remarkable. It seemed on this occasion at least as if everything was destined to go well.

Denonville had now nearly three thousand men under his command. Forming a camp and erecting temporary fortifications on the point of land which shuts in Irondequoit Bay from Lake Ontario, he left four hundred men at that place to guard supplies, and arranged his army in marching order. The van was led by La Durantaye, Du Lhut and Tonty with their *coureurs de bois*, about two hundred in number. On their left were the mission Indians, and on their right the Lake and other western tribes—a wild and motley gathering of, for the most part, naked savages, made hideous with paint and horns and tails. Separated from these by a short interval, the main body of the army followed, regulars and militia in alternate companies. A broad trail ran southwards to the

heart of the Seneca country, but on either side was a dense bush in which enemies might well be concealed. The first day a distance of about ten miles was covered. It was mid-July, the heat was intense, the flies were outrageous, and the men were burdened with thirteen days' provisions in addition to their arms and ammunition. On the second day, as they were drawing near to the first fortified habitation of the enemy, whom they supposed to be awaiting them behind their defences, the advance guard was vigorously attacked both in front and rear by a foe as yet invisible. The Senecas had supposed that the advance guard, *coureurs de bois* and Indians, constituted the entire army, but learnt their error when those making the rear attack found themselves, as they soon did, between two fires.

Meantime, however, no little confusion had been caused in the ranks of the invaders; and Denonville and his principal officers had to exercise all their powers of command to prevent a panic. As soon as confidence was restored, the vigorous firing of the French and their allies put the enemy to flight. "The Canadians," says Charlevoix, "fought with their accustomed bravery; but the regular troops did themselves little credit in the whole campaign." "What can one do with such men?" wrote Denonville in a despatch to the minister. On the Canadian side five militiamen, one regular soldier and five Indians were killed, and about an equal number, according to Denon-

ville's statement, were wounded. The Senecas left twenty-seven dead upon the field. Their wounded they succeeded in carrying off; to have abandoned them would have meant to leave them to torture at the hands of the hostile Indians. As it was, the victory was followed by horrible scenes of cannibalism, in which the Ottawas, who, in the fight had showed marked cowardice, took the principal part.

This engagement, which has been localized as having occurred near the village of Victor, some fifteen miles south-east of the city of Rochester, N. Y., was the only one of the campaign. Not meeting again with the enemy, the army spent some days in burning the Seneca habitations, in which large quantities of grain were stored, and in destroying the standing crops. When this had been accomplished, they retraced their steps to their fortified camp on the lake shore. Already the army was getting into bad shape; the Indians were deserting and the French were falling sick through eating too abundantly of green corn and fresh pork; the latter article of diet being furnished by herds of swine kept by the Senecas. Despatching the sick in bateaux to Fort Frontenac, Denonville conducted the rest of his troops to Niagara in order to carry out the long-cherished design, which, in his correspondence with Dongan, he had disavowed, of erecting a fort at that point. This only occupied a few days; and on the 3rd August he was able to set out on the return journey, after

detaching one hundred men to garrison the fort, which he placed under the command of M. de Troyes. Proceeding further up the lake to a point where it narrows, he crossed over to the north shore, and so made his way to Fort Frontenac, and thence to Montreal, where he arrived on the 13th of the month. The campaign, as Parkman observes, was but half a success; it certainly fell short of being what Abbé Gosselin calls it, "*une victoire éclatante.*" The Senecas had been put to flight; and their dwellings had been destroyed, together with their stores of food; but their loss in men was not serious, and they could rely on the neighbouring Cayugas and Onondagas to tide them over a season of distress. Denonville writes, indeed, that they were succoured by the English. At the same time the injury they had received sank deep into minds not prone to forgive.

An incident which happened before the expedition set out from Fort Frontenac tended greatly to aggravate the situation. It had been intimated to Denonville in a despatch from the French government that the king desired to have some captured Iroquois sent over to France for service in the galleys, as it was understood that they were muscular fellows, well fitted for such work. Champigny, who left Montreal with Denonville, went ahead of the expedition with a few light canoes, in order to make arrangements for its reception at Fort Frontenac. Finding at that place a number of Iroquois, chiefly Onondagas, who,

relying on Denonville's professions of peace, had come thither for trade or conference, and being anxious to show his zeal for his royal master, he did not hesitate to make them prisoners. The savages had their wives and children with them, a sure sign that they had come with friendly intent. This circumstance did not weigh with the intendant, nor was he influenced by the tears and entreaties of the families of the captured men. He doubtless thought that the formidable force which the governor was leading would strike such terror into the hearts of the Iroquois nation as to put anything in the way of reprisals quite out of the question: in any case there was advantage for himself in obeying the mandate of the king. What kind of a service it was for which the unfortunate captives were destined may be learnt from a description given by a careful French writer: "Chained in gangs of six, with no clothing save a loose short jacket, devoured by itch and vermin, shoeless and stockingless, the galley slaves toiled for ten hours consecutively at a rate of exertion which one would hardly have believed a man could endure for one hour. They were indeed in luck when they were not made to work twenty-four hours consecutively, with nothing to sustain their strength but a biscuit steeped in wine, which was put into their mouths, so that they should not have to stop rowing. If their galley began to lose ground the petty officers would rain curses on their heads and blows on their backs. Many a time,

when the pace was being forced under a blazing Mediterranean sun, some poor wretch would sink down dead on his bench. In such a case his companions would pass on his body, throw it overboard, and that was all."[1]

The total number of Indians sent home to France to be consigned to this fate was thirty-five. They were at Fort Frontenac as captives, bound helplessly to posts when Denonville's army passed through, and an eye-witness, the Baron La Hontan, tells how he saw the mission Indians torturing the poor creatures by burning their fingers in the bowls of their pipes. He tried to interfere, but was censured for doing so, and put under arrest. The leaders, doubtless, thought they could not afford to put their Indian allies out of humour by interfering with their amusements.[2] The wrong done in this matter seems to have created a far more bitter feeling in the minds of the Iroquois than the open war on the Senecas. The Oneidas retaliated by torturing a Jesuit father named Millet, and would in the end have put him to death if an Indian woman

[1] Clément, *Vie de Colbert*, p. 456.

[2] "In dealing with indigenous races," observes M. Lorin, "governors were sometimes obliged to sacrifice a few victims to the ferocity of savages; and it was not on the eve of a campaign that it would have been wise to exhibit towards the Iroquois a humanity that would have been mistaken for weakness."—*Comte de Frontenac*, p. 333. We may certainly agree that it would have been difficult for those who had captured peaceful and unsuspecting natives for the horrible régime of the galleys to adopt a high humanitarian tone in reproving the cruelties of their Indian confederates and converts.

had not interceded for him and adopted him as her son. The temper of the savages generally, in spite of the campaign, was far from being a submissive one; and Denonville himself within a month of his return to Quebec came to the conclusion that another punitive expedition would be necessary before a solid peace could be obtained. He therefore wrote home asking that eight hundred additional troops should be supplied to him, observing that his Indian allies were not to be depended on, and that the Canadians were not at all zealous for military service. His opinion was that he should have a force of not less than three or four thousand men at his disposal for two years. The French government did not agree with him on this point. The troops could not be spared, and the king thought that it ought to be possible to arrange matters by negotiation. There were those, indeed, in Canada who thought the whole war had been unnecessary; certainly, for some time before the Senecas were attacked, they were not acting on the aggressive. The Iroquois tribes generally had been impressed by the fact that the military forces of the colony had been considerably augmented; and the character of the governor himself, who seemed to possess much more firmness and resolution than his immediate predecessor, had more or less influenced them in favour of peace. Had Denonville made the most of these advantages, and shown in addition a disposition to act with good faith, it is altogether probable a satisfactory

peace could have been arranged without resort to war.

However, the mischief had been done. All the Iroquois tribes had been angered, and the hives were ominously buzzing. Acts of reprisal became frequent. Even the immediate neighbourhood of Fort Frontenac was not secure, for during the following winter a woman and three soldiers were carried off within gunshot of its walls. The Onondagas who effected these captures stated expressly that they were made in retaliation for those so treacherously made by Champigny. The captives were not put to death, but were held as hostages, which gave them an opportunity of appealing to Dongan. That worthy was not at all sorry that his rival had got himself into trouble; and answered the appeal by saying that he could not do anything for them till Fort Niagara, unjustly planted by their governor on English territory, had been evacuated. On the last day of the year Denonville sent to Albany an able negotiator in the person of Father Vaillant, Jesuit, but with no satisfactory result. The only terms on which Dongan would consent to use his influence in favour of peace were that the prisoners sent to France for the galleys should be restored; that the mission Indians at Laprairie and the Montreal Mountain should be sent back to the Iroquois country to which they originally belonged; that Forts Niagara and Frontenac should be razed; and that the goods captured by the

French from English traders on the Upper Lakes should be restored. Scarcely had Vaillant left Albany on his return when Dongan summoned representatives of the tribes, and, acquainting them with the terms he had demanded, asked for their ratification, which was readily granted. He told the chiefs not to bury the hatchet, but simply to lay it in the grass where they could get it if it was wanted, and meantime to post themselves along the lines of communication to the French country.

The advice was promptly taken. Some bands operated along the St. Lawrence, others along the Richelieu. Early in the season of 1688 a convoy had been sent to revictual Forts Frontenac and Niagara. It passed up the river safely, but on its return it was attacked, though greatly superior in force, by a party of twenty-five or thirty Indians, who killed eight men, and took one prisoner. Other raids more or less destructive were made at Chambly, St. Ours, Contrecœur, and even as far east as Rivière du Loup. In the face of these attacks a sort of lethargy seemed to have seized upon the colonists, making them slow to defend themselves even when the conditions were in their favour. In other respects also the state of affairs was one of great depression. The war had been costly and burdensome; and, owing to the withdrawal of so many men from the work of the fields, agriculture had greatly suffered. The pillaging carried on by scattered bands of Iroquois

made matters still worse. Beggars began to be numerous in the streets of Quebec and Montreal. It is interesting to note that mendicity was not looked upon with favour in those days, and that praiseworthy attempts were made to regulate it and restrain it within the narrowest possible limits. Charitable ladies undertook to inquire into cases of ostensible want so as to distinguish those which merited relief from others which might proceed from idleness or misconduct. M. de Saint Vallier, who had returned to France in the autumn of 1687, came back as bishop in August of the following year. He brought with him two hundred copies of his work on *The Present State of the Church in Canada*, written by him after his arrival in France, and published at Paris in March 1688, in which, as already seen, a glowing tribute was paid to the piety of the Canadian people. Instead, however, of distributing this work in the country, as he had doubtless intended, he virtually suppressed it; and, in almost his first episcopal utterances, told the people that the troubles and distresses from which they were suffering were the result of their lukewarmness in religious matters. The statement was not received in the most submissive spirit. There were some who said that the mundane causes of the sad plight in which the country found itself were only too apparent, and that it was not necessary to look further.[1]

[1] *New York Colonial Documents*, vol. ix. p. 389.

A VISIT FROM BIG MOUTH

In the course of the summer of 1688, while Denonville had still under consideration the unpalatable terms proposed by Dongan, he received at Montreal, through the useful mediation of Father Lamberville, a visit from La Barre's old friend, the famous Onondaga orator, Big Mouth, who brought with him six other warriors. As on the occasion of his meeting with the former governor, Big Mouth occupied a strong position, and made the most of it. He had been holding back his own people, he said; otherwise they would have swarmed down on the colony and destroyed it. The conditions of peace which he proposed were those already outlined by Dongan; and he wanted an answer in four days. Denonville told him that he was prepared to treat for peace if the tribes would send delegates to Montreal duly empowered for that purpose. Big Mouth promised that this should be done, and meantime signed a treaty of neutrality. Denonville had by this time brought himself to the point of agreeing to abandon Fort Niagara, the garrison of which had been reduced by sickness from about a hundred men to ten or twelve, and with which, moreover, he found it impossible to maintain satisfactory communication. He had also been forced to give way as regards the captives sent to France, and had written asking that as many of them as survived might be sent out; suggesting at the same time that, to produce as good an effect as possible, they should be decently clothed. These were the

principal points, and he hoped to be able to make peace without any further concessions.

The negotiations, however, were destined to be badly wrecked. The Indian allies, Hurons and Algonquins, had only too good reason to suspect that the peace would not include them. Big Mouth had been ominously non-committal on that point. It was doubtless remembered that, when La Barre had made peace with the Iroquois, he had abandoned the Illinois to their mercy. A leading Huron, Kondiaronk, or the Rat, by name, determined that there should be no peace if he could help it. He was at Fort Frontenac with a party of forty warriors when he heard that negotiations for peace were in progress and that delegates from the Five Nations were expected to arrive in a few days. His plan was at once formed. Pretending to have set out with his party for Michilimackinac, he really paddled over to La Famine, placed himself in ambush in the path of the delegates, and waited their coming. It was four or five days before they appeared, and no sooner were they within gun shot than the Huron party fired. One chieftain was killed outright; several were wounded; the rest, all but one who escaped wounded, and made his way to Fort Frontenac, were captured. The captives in great indignation explained to the Rat the mission they were on, when the wily Huron expressed the most profound regret, saying that the French had sent him out on the war-path, and had never given him the

slightest hint that peace negotiations were in progress. He was eloquent in denouncing the bad faith of Onontio, and at once let his captives go. True, the warrior who had escaped heard a very different story at Fort Frontenac—that the Rat had been specially informed of the negotiations, and had professed that he was starting for home; nevertheless, as the Rat expected, the peace was killed. The party attacked had consisted of some men of consequence who were preceding the delegates to give assurance to the governor that the latter would soon be at hand. They never came. Other thoughts now occupied the Iroquois mind.

For months there was an ominous calm. The winter of 1688-9 passed without incident, and so did the following summer. Marauding on the part of the Iroquois had so entirely ceased, that the opinion began to prevail in the colony that the enemy had lost courage, and were no longer disposed for war. Some rumours, it is true, reached the governor that mischief was brewing, but he paid little heed to them: no special measures of defence whatever were taken. A strange kind of somnolence seems to have crept over almost the entire population. The intendant, in a despatch written just about this time (6th November 1688), after speaking of the disastrous effect of brandy drinking upon the Indians, goes on to say: "The Canadians also ruin their health thereby; and, as the greater number of these drink a large quantity of it early in the morning, they are incapable of

doing anything the remainder of the day." It may safely be assumed that the morning potations were indulged in without prejudice to a tolerably free use of the bottle in the evening. It is remarkable that so serious a judgment upon the habits of the people should have preceded by only a few months a striking and fatal example of their unreadiness and incapacity.

The night of the 4th August 1689 was dark and stormy with rain and hail. It was just such a night as might serve to cover the approach of a stealthy foe; and the foe, vengeful and relentless, was at hand. Fourteen hundred Iroquois had descended the St. Lawrence and taken up their station on the south side of the Lake St. Louis, opposite Lachine. About midnight, amid the darkness and the noise of the elements, they crossed the lake, and, landing, posted themselves in small bands close to the dwellings of the slumbering inhabitants. An hour or so before daybreak, a war-whoop, the preconcerted signal, was raised. Instantly a thousand savage throats gave forth the dismal howl; and then began the work of slaughter that made "the massacre of Lachine" a name of terror for generations. The account of the disaster given by Charlevoix, who puts the number of the slain at two hundred, has been generally followed by later writers; but there is fortunately reason to believe that the massacre was much less in extent, and perhaps somewhat less horrible in character, than the reverend father represents.

The Massacre at Lachine, 1689

From the drawing by C. W. Jefferys

Judge Girouard,[1] who has gone into the matter in a most careful and painstaking manner, places the number of persons killed at Lachine—men, women, and children—at twenty-four. The place was defended by three forts, all of which had garrisons; but from these no help seems to have been afforded to the wretched inhabitants. The torch did its work as well as the tomahawk, and fifty-six houses were burnt. There were some regular troops—about two hundred—under an officer named Subercase, encamped about three miles off. A shot from one of the forts gave the alarm, and Subercase with his men marched to the scene of action. Many of the Indians had inebriated themselves with brandy seized in the houses of the inhabitants; and it is probable that, had they been promptly and vigorously attacked, they might have been defeated with heavy loss. Subercase was just on the point of leading his men against them, when M. de Vaudreuil, acting-governor of Montreal in the absence of M. de Callières who had gone to France, appeared on the scene with formal and positive orders from M. de Denonville, who, as ill-luck would have it, was at Montreal, to remain strictly on the defensive. Subercase was extremely indignant, and felt strongly tempted to disobey; but the instinct of subordination prevailed, and he remained inactive. The Indians meanwhile dispersed themselves over the Island of Montreal, killing,

[1] See his *Lake St. Louis, Old and New.*

capturing, burning, and meeting with little or no resistance.

A really circumstantial and consistent account of the whole occurrence is lacking; and it is therefore uncertain how long the Iroquois remained in the neighbourhood. The probability would seem to be that the main body retreated with their prisoners and booty after a brief campaign, but that some bands of warriors stayed behind for further pillage. On the 13th of November a bloody raid was made on the settlement at La Chesnaye, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, some twenty miles below Montreal; all the houses were burnt, and the majority of the inhabitants either killed or captured. The total number of persons killed elsewhere than at Lachine is estimated by Judge Girouard, who has endeavoured to trace the names in the parish registers, at forty-two, making, with the twenty-four killed at Lachine, a total of sixty-six. As regards the number of captives, the same authority, whose careful methods inspire much confidence, accepts the statement of Belmont, who places it at ninety. We read that, when the savages left Lachine, which they did without any attempt being made from the forts to harass their retreat, they crossed Lake St. Louis, and, encamping on the opposite shore, lit their fires and began to torture their prisoners. Torture, there can be no doubt, was sufficiently congenial to the Iroquois nature; and yet there is room for doubt whether there is

sufficient warrant for the highly coloured narrative which has become the popular legend on this subject. It was usual with the Iroquois to carry their captives with them into their villages; and it is known that they did this with at least the great majority of those whom they secured on the Island of Montreal, for many of them were alive years afterwards. Moreover had there been many burnings on the south shore of Lake St. Louis, the same pious care which caused the re-burial a few years later (1694) of the remains of the victims of the Lachine massacre would have been extended to any that might have been found on the site of the last encampment. There is no record of the discovery of any such remains or of their burial or re-burial. It is true that some burnings of captives occurred in the Iroquois villages; still it is some satisfaction to think that the calamity as a whole was not on the scale that tradition has represented.[1]

It is related that as the savages paddled away from the Lachine shore, they called out: "Onontio,

[1] Both as regards the number of the slain and the details of the massacre Charlevoix simply repeats the statements made by Frontenac in a despatch dated the 15th November 1689, one month after his return to Canada, and after several days spent at the scene of the disaster and at Montreal. It is he who speaks of the "*enlèvement de cent vingt personnes après un massacre de deux cents brûlés, rôtis vifs, mangés, et les enfans arrachés du ventre de leurs mères.*" The tendency in furnishing information to the French government was always to exaggerate the havoc wrought by the Indians. At the time Frontenac wrote this despatch he was not aware of the further massacre at La Chesnaye, the news of which only reached him on the 17th of November.

you deceived us; now we have deceived you." The last days of Onontio, in his official capacity at least, were at hand. The king had decided early in the year that he was not the man to support a falling state or rescue an imperilled community, and had offered the position again to Count Frontenac notwithstanding the many troubles that had marked that gallant soldier's former tenure of office. Evidently, with all his faults of temper, he had at least impressed himself on the king as a man who could be relied on in the hour of danger. Denonville's last act was one which strikingly illustrated the condition of feebleness and dejection into which he had fallen. Dongan and the Iroquois had demanded the abandonment of Fort Frontenac. Denonville now determined that this was the only course to follow, and accordingly sent orders to the garrison to blow up the walls, destroy the stores, and make the best of their way to Montreal.

CHAPTER IX

FRONTENAC TO THE RESCUE

FROM the moment that Prince William of Orange, the one unconquerable foe of Louis XIV, was called to the throne of England, war between England and France was a foregone conclusion. It was not declared, however, in France till the 25th June 1689. Frontenac sailed from Rochelle on the 5th August following, the very day of the Lachine massacre. The king in an interview with him is reported to have said: "I am sending you back to Canada, where I am sure that you will serve me as well as you did before; I ask nothing more of you." His Majesty also intimated, we are told, that he believed the charges made against him were without foundation. During the intervals between his two terms of office, Frontenac had been living for the most part at court, in rather reduced circumstances. The king once at least came to his relief with a gratuity of three thousand five hundred francs, and possibly other liberalities may have flowed to him from the same royal source, though Mr. Ernest Myrand, after careful research, has not been able to discover trace of any.[1]

[1] *Frontenac et ses Amis*, p. 93.

The mission which was tendered to the aged count—he was now in his seventieth year—was one which a younger man might have felt some hesitation in accepting. The last accounts from Canada showed the country to be in a deplorable condition, equally unable to make an enduring peace or to wage a successful war; and the worst was yet to be told on the governor's arrival. The situation was rendered decidedly more critical by the fact of the war with England. True, a treaty had been made by Louis XIV with James II, providing that, should war break out between France and England, it should not extend to their American possessions; but Louis, who did not recognize William III as a legitimate sovereign, probably felt under no obligation to observe a treaty made with his predecessor. We know, at least, that a scheme for the conquest of the English colonies was arranged before Frontenac's departure. Callières, Governor of Montreal, had been sent to France by Denonville in the fall of 1688 to represent the perilous situation of the colony, and to urge the king to adopt a system of reprisals against the English for the misdeeds of the Iroquois. Callières and Frontenac had some friends in common, and were thus brought together at court, and the plan that was adopted was probably one that they had jointly suggested to the court. It was, briefly, that two or three war vessels should accompany Frontenac to Canada; that the count should disembark at some point on

the coast of Acadia, and proceed by the first private vessel he could secure to Quebec; that on arrival there he should organize a force of sixteen hundred men, one thousand regulars, and six hundred militia, to march on New York by way of Albany; and that when he was ready to move, he should notify the commander of the squadron, so that the latter might advance to New York, and be prepared to co-operate in the capture and occupation of the place. Meantime, the naval force was to employ itself in picking up any English trading vessels that might fall in its way.

Not only were plans thus formed for invading and seizing the English colonies, but the French king made complete arrangements as to the treatment of the inhabitants when conquered. Those who either were Catholics, or were prepared to embrace the Catholic faith, might be allowed to remain in possession of their property and civil rights; the citizens of means were to be imprisoned and held for ransom, the rest of the population, numbering about eighteen thousand, were to forfeit everything and be driven penniless out of the country. It was proposed to deport them, in the first place, to New England, pending the ulterior conquest of that region. M. Lorin truly observes that Louis XIV, having just deprived his own subjects of religious liberty by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, could not possibly be expected to tolerate it in any country of which he might

acquire control.[1] A more ruthless policy could scarcely have been devised, nor, it may be added, a more senseless one. The deportation of so large a body of inhabitants, mainly of Dutch origin, and all accustomed to the use of arms, was a task ridiculously beyond the ability of the forces he was proposing to employ for the purpose.

The plan was followed, so far as the sending out of a small squadron with the new governor-general was concerned. Sailing, as already mentioned, on the 5th August, Frontenac arrived at Chedabucto (Guysborough), near the Straits of Canso, on the 12th September, and there embarked in a small vessel, the *François Xavier*, for Quebec. On the way he stopped at Percé, where the Récollet missionaries informed him of the massacre of Lachine. His vessel must have been detained by contrary winds, for it was the 12th October before he arrived at Quebec. Here he was received by the citizens with the liveliest manifestations of joy. The ecclesiastics associated themselves, *bon gré mal gré*, with the popular feeling. The town was illuminated by night and hung with banners by day; a *Te Deum* was sung; and a Jesuit father delivered what is recorded to have been a most pathetic discourse. On all hands the count was acclaimed as the man the country needed to restore its fallen fortunes and stay the hand of the destroyer. Denonville and Champigny did not grace the rejoicings; they were at Montreal.

[1] *Comte de Frontenac*, p. 358.

The Return of Frontenac, 1689

From the paintiug by
C. W. Jefferys

Quebec, however, was not the point of danger, nor that at which the governor's services were most required. Still he remained there eight days before proceeding to Montreal, where he arrived on the 27th October. At that place he learnt from Denonville of the instructions he had given for the abandonment and destruction of Fort Frontenac. The indignation of the old warrior, to whom the fort called after his name was a spot of peculiar predilection, can better be imagined than described. He could hardly believe that a French governor could perform so craven an act. If we may trust the Baron La Hontan, who does not in this case tax very seriously our powers of belief, the interview between the two dignitaries was a decidedly stormy one.[1] There was no time to waste, however, in useless debate. Something possibly had happened to delay or prevent the carrying out of the orders, and the fort might perhaps yet be saved. An expedition was hastily organized to proceed to the spot and ascertain the facts, but scarcely had it well started before it encountered the entire garrison of the fort, minus six men, whom they had lost in the rapids on the way down, returning to Montreal. The deed had therefore been done. Valrennes, the commandant,

[1] Far from yielding to Frontenac's view of the matter, Denonville doggedly adhered to his own opinion that the fort ought to be entirely abandoned; and, when it was found that it had only been partly destroyed, he wrote to the king advising that Frontenac should be ordered to send up three hundred men with instructions to demolish it utterly.

told how he had destroyed the stores, thrown such arms and ammunition as he could not remove into the river, undermined the walls and fired the train, and how, as they retreated, they had heard a dull explosion. Yes, the deed had been done; but, as it turned out later, not with the full result intended. The mines had exploded, but probably they had been hastily and not over skilfully placed, and the injury to the walls was but slight. Not long afterwards Frontenac was able to repair the damage and put the fort once more in a condition of defence.

The season was now so far advanced that the project which had been formed of raising a large force with which to invade English territory, in conjunction with a naval attack on New York, had to be abandoned. La Caffinière, commander of the squadron, waited for two months for some sign of the arrival of the Canadians, and then sailed back to France, making a few prizes on the way. But, if the governor was unable to organize an expedition on a large scale, he did not forego his intention of attacking the English colonies. If he could not march with an army he could make raids after the Indian fashion. His plan was to stand simply on the defensive as regards the Iroquois, and to impress their minds by the suddenness and vigour of his attacks on the English. Three raiding parties were accordingly organized, one having its base at Montreal, the second at Three Rivers, and the third at Quebec.

The Montreal party consisted of a little over two hundred men, of whom somewhat less than half were mission Indians from Sault St. Louis—the present Caughnawaga settlement—and the Montreal Mountain. The remainder of the party consisted for the most part of *coureurs de bois*, formidable men for border warfare, far steadier than the Indians, and just as wary. Their destination was Albany and the neighbouring English settlements. The leaders were men of skill and courage, Daillebout de Mantet, and Le Moyne de Ste. Hélène; the latter, a man greatly admired and beloved for his brilliant soldierly qualities and gay, amiable disposition, but nevertheless a keen and relentless fighter. With these were two of Ste. Hélène's brothers, formidable men all, Le Moyne d'Iberville, who had already made fame for himself in Hudson's Bay, where still greater glory yet awaited him, and Le Moyne de Bienville, together with several other members of the Canadian *noblesse*. The Three Rivers party was under the charge of François Hertel, a man of much experience in Indian warfare. When quite a lad he had been carried off by the Iroquois, and had endured some cruel treatment at their hands before making his escape,[1] and since then he had been in constant contact with them either in peace or in war. With

[1] Parkman tells the story in his usual brilliant manner in chapter iii. of his *Old Régime in Canada*. Père Charlevoix gives the facts and adds: "Je l'ai vu en 1721, âgé de quatre-vingt ans, plein de forces et de santé; toute la colonie rendant hommage à sa vertu et à son mérite," vol. ii. p. 111, edition of 1744.

him went three of his sons, twenty-four Frenchmen, and twenty-five Indians, fifty-two men in all. The third party, recruited at Quebec, consisted of fifty Frenchmen and sixty Abenaquis Indians from the settlement at the falls of the Chaudière, under the command of M. de Portneuf, who had as lieutenant his cousin, Repentigny, Sieur de Courtemanche. The Montreal expedition set out in the beginning of February, those from Three Rivers and Quebec a few days earlier; but before recounting their exploits, it may be well to glance at the negotiations, which the governor was at this time carrying on with a view to putting the relations of the colony with the Iroquois tribes on a better basis.

The king, it has been mentioned, had consented to send back the Indians who had been so treacherously captured and sent to France as galley slaves. It would be doing his Majesty injustice to suppose that he ever intended his representative in Canada to procure men for his galleys in so disreputable a fashion. The Marquis of Denonville from the moment of his arrival in Canada had breathed nothing but war; and the king doubtless counted on a large number of prisoners as the result of his martial prowess. It is significant that, even before encountering the Senecas, Denonville should have written to the king explaining how very difficult it was to capture Iroquois in battle. He did not say so, but he doubtless thought that to trap them would be much easier. Out of nearly forty Indians

sent to France, thirteen only were alive when the order for their restoration to their country was given; the rest had died of hardship and homesickness. The survivors were sent out in the same vessel with Frontenac, who did all in his power to make them forget the wrongs they had suffered. The most important man in the band was a Cayuga chief named Orehaoué, between whom and the count a sincere friendship seems to have sprung up. During the whole voyage the count treated him with the highest consideration, invited him to eat at his table, and furnished him with a handsome uniform; so that, by the time they landed at Quebec, the savage chief was completely won over to the French side. The same treatment was continued after they landed. Orehaoué was lodged in the Château St. Louis and went everywhere with the governor. There was policy in this of course on Frontenac's part, but there is no reason to doubt that on both sides there was a genuine feeling of attachment.

After viewing the scene of desolation at Lachine, Frontenac reported to the king that nine square leagues of territory had been laid waste. The question was what to do. The best course seemed to be to send four of the Indians who had been brought back from France to their Iroquois kinsmen with a suitable message. They were despatched accordingly, accompanied by an Indian named Gagniogoton who, a short time before, had come to Montreal as a kind of ambassador, but

whose tone had been more insolent than conciliatory. The returned warriors were to invite their people "to come and welcome their father whom they had so long missed, and thank him for his goodness to them in restoring a chief whom they had given up as lost,"[1] namely Orehaoué. The latter did not accompany the mission, Frontenac considering that he would be more useful for the present at Montreal. It does not appear exactly when the envoys set out, but, after some delay, consequent upon prolonged deliberation on the part of the tribes, they returned to Montreal on the 9th March. It was evident the mission had not been a great success. The messengers came laden with belts of wampum, each of which had its own special significance, yet for several days they kept silence. Finally at the urgent request of M. de Callières—Frontenac had gone back to Quebec — they disburdened themselves of the messages with which they were charged. Belt number one was to explain that delay had been caused by the arrival of an Ottawa delegation among the Senecas with overtures of peace, as a pledge of which they had brought with them a number of Iroquois prisoners whom they were prepared to restore. The second belt was meant to express the joy of the whole Iroquois confederacy over the return of Orehaoué, whom they spoke of as their general-in-chief. The third demanded the return of Orehaoué and the other

[1] *New York Colonial Documents*, p. 464.

prisoners; and mentioned the fact that all the surviving French prisoners were at the chief town of the Onondagas, and that no disposition would be made of them till they should hear the advice of Orehaoué on his return home. The fourth congratulated Frontenac on his wish to plant again the tree of peace; but the fifth was the most expressive of all. Referring to the desire of Frontenac to bring them again to his fort, it said: "Know you not that the fire of peace no longer burns in that fort; that it is extinguished by the blood that has been spilt there; the place where the council is held is all red; it has been desecrated by the treachery perpetrated there." Fort Frontenac, it went on to say, was henceforth an impossible place for peaceful gatherings: if the tree of peace was again to be planted it must be in some other spot, nearer or more distant they did not care—only not *there*. Then these words were added: "In fine, Father Onontio, you have whipped your children most severely; your rods were too cutting and too long; and after having used me thus you can readily judge that I have some sense now." The sixth belt mentioned that there were parties now out on the war-path, but that they were prepared to spare their prisoners should they take any, if the French would agree to do the same on their side. There was no lack of frankness in the further information conveyed by this belt, which was to the effect that the Onondagas had received eight prisoners as their share of the prisoners taken at

La Chesnaye, and had eaten four of them, and spared the other four. This was intended to show their superiority in humanity to the French, who, having taken three Seneca prisoners, had eaten them all, that is to say, allowed their Indian allies to kill and eat them, instead of sparing one or two. To what incident this refers is not clear, as Denonville did not report any prisoners taken in his fight with the Senecas.

Callières sent the deputation down to Quebec to see the governor-general; but the latter, according to the account here followed, which was written by his own secretary, Monseignat, declined to give them an audience, mainly on account of the objection he had to their spokesman, Gagniogoton. Doubtless Callières had informed him sufficiently of the tenor of the communications they had to make. The governor had much on his mind, but he was not a man to act in nervous haste. Towards the close of the month of December, a man named Zachary Jolliet arrived at Quebec from Michilimackinac, having been despatched by La Durantaye to represent the perilous nature of the situation there owing to the very unsatisfactory dispositions of the Lake tribes. The massacre of Lachine with all its attendant circumstances had convinced them that French power was at a very low ebb. As the narrative says: "They saw nothing on our part but universal supineness; our houses burnt; our people carried off; the finest portion of our country ruined; and all done without any

one being moved; or, at least, if any attempts were made, the trifling effort recoiled to our shame." Yet what the French, individually, were capable of may be judged by the fact that this messenger, with only one companion, had come all the way from Michilimackinac at a most inclement season of the year, partly in a canoe and partly on the ice, reaching Quebec at the very end of December. Surely some benumbing influence must have been at work upon the colony. Was it the extreme mediævalism of the Denonville régime aided by an excessive use of intoxicating liquors? These at least were *veræ causæ*, and might well have had no small share in creating the situation described.

Something had to be done, and that speedily, to strengthen La Durantaye's position, or the French of the Upper Lakes would virtually find themselves hostages in the hands of disaffected tribes; if indeed their lives were not sacrificed to cement the union which the Ottawas were even then endeavouring to effect with the Iroquois. Frontenac wanted to send Zachary Jolliet back at once with instructions; but it was learnt that the route was infested by Iroquois; very unwillingly, therefore, he deferred action till the breaking of the ice in the spring. He then despatched M. de Louvigny, with a hundred and forty-three Canadians and a small number of Indians, to strengthen the garrison and relieve La Durantaye. With this contingent went a man well known to all the region, and pro-

bably second to none in his ability to influence the native mind, Nicolas Perrot. The count did not, however, entrust Perrot with any merely verbal message, but placed in his hands a written one, conceived in the style of which he had acquired so great a mastery. "Children," said Onontio, "I am astonished to learn on arriving that you have forgotten the protection I always afforded you. Remember that I am your father, who adopted you, and who has loved you so tenderly. I gave you your country; I drove the horrors of war far from it, and introduced peace there. You had no home before that. You were wandering about exposed to the Iroquois tempests. Hark, I speak to you as a father. My body is big; it is strong and cannot die. Think you I am going to remain in a state of inactivity such as prevailed during my absence; and, if eight or ten hairs have been pulled from my children's heads when I was absent, that I cannot put ten handfuls of hair in the place of one that has been torn out? or that, for one piece of bark that has been stripped from my cabin, I cannot put double the number in its place? Children, know that I always am, that nothing but the Great Spirit can destroy me, and that it is I who destroy all." The message went on to refer to the Iroquois as a ravenous dog who formerly was snapping and biting at every one, but whom Frontenac had tamed and tied up, and whom he would discipline again if he did not mend his ways. The blood shed at Montreal last summer, it

said, was of no account; the houses destroyed were only two or three rat holes. The English were not people to have confidence in; they deceived and devoured their children. "I am strong enough to kill the English, destroy the Iroquois, and whip you if you fail in your duty to me." Finally there was a warning against the use of English rum, which was killing in its effects, whereas French brandy was health-giving.

What the effect of this allocution would have been, unsupported by favouring circumstances, it is difficult to say. The Indian tribes all had a remarkable gift of perspicacity. They had no need of Dr. Johnson's advice to clear their minds of cant, for cant was something quite foreign to their mental habits; it was not a product of forest life. It happened, however, that Perrot was able to show them a number of Iroquois scalps, and hand over to them an Iroquois prisoner that his party had taken on their journey up the Ottawa. This looked like business, and lent a weight which might otherwise have been lacking to the somewhat fustian eloquence of Onontio. The affair of the capture had happened in this wise. As the expedition neared the place now known as Sand Point, on the river Ottawa, they discovered two Iroquois canoes drawn up at the end of the point. Three canoes were detached to attack the enemy, but were received with a heavy fire from an ambush on the shore, by which four Frenchmen were killed. Perrot, who thought it much more

important to accomplish his mission among the Ottawas than to have even a successful fight with the Iroquois, did not at first wish to push the matter further; but his men were full of fight, and he finally allowed a general attack to be made, which resulted most successfully. More than thirty Iroquois, the narrative says, were killed, and many more were wounded. Out of thirteen canoes only four escaped. Two prisoners were taken. One of these was sent to Quebec and was used by Frontenac to help out his negotiations with their nation; the other was taken to Michilimackinac. His fate was not a pleasant one. Perrot gave him to the Hurons, and by so doing made the Ottawas a little jealous. Both Ottawas and Hurons were at the time meditating an alliance with the Iroquois, and the Hurons thought they could make good use of their prisoner as a peace-offering. The French, however, were not going to have any nonsense of that kind. The commanders conferred with the missionaries, and finally a hint was dropped to the Hurons that, if they did not put their prisoner "into the kettle," he would be taken from them and given to the Ottawas. That settled the question; the unhappy prisoner was put to death with the customary tortures, and all chance of peace between Hurons and Iroquois was thus destroyed. What the Ottawas might do still remained uncertain. Frontenac's message had by no means wholly won them over to the French alliance. They had

heard of the warfare Onontio was waging against the English, and thought they would await developments.

That war had been going merrily on in its own fashion, and Perrot was able to give an account of the success of the principal expedition—the one directed against Albany—for it had returned to Montreal after doing its bloody work nearly two months before he left for the Upper Lakes.[1] The story of the three war parties must now be woven into our narrative. The one just mentioned started from Montreal on one of the first days in February (1690). The Indians of the party had not been informed what their destination was. When they learned that the intention was to attack Albany, they inquired with surprise how long it was since the French had become so bold. Like the Indians of the West, they had drawn their own conclusions from the events of the previous year. They were not disposed to join in so hazardous an undertaking; and it is allowable, perhaps, to doubt whether it was at any time seriously contemplated to make Albany the point of attack. If it was, the leaders changed their minds, for on coming to a point where the roads to that place and to

[1] Perrot and his party, according to Monseignat's narrative, left the end of the Island of Montreal on the 22nd May. The Albany—or more correctly Schenectady party, for they did not venture to attack Albany—returned towards the end of March. Frontenac's message must have been composed some months before Perrot's departure, otherwise he would undoubtedly have mentioned with pride the Schenectady massacre. It was certainly not up to date.

Corlaer or Schenectady diverged, they took the latter. The difficulties of the march were extreme. Though it was yet midwinter, more or less thaw prevailed, and during much of the journey the men had to walk knee-deep in water. Then on the last day or two came a blast of excessive cold. A few miles from Corlaer the expedition was halted, and the chief man of the Christian Mohawks harangued his people. The opportunity had now come, he said, for taking ample revenge for all the injuries they had received from the heathen Iroquois at the instigation of the English, and to wash them out in blood. This Indian known as the Great Mohawk, or in French as the *Grand Agnié*, is described in the official narrative as "the most considerable of his tribe, an honest man, full of spirit, prudence, and generosity, and capable of the greatest undertakings." The little army was in wretched plight, and probably, had they been attacked at this point by even a small force of men in good condition, they would have been completely routed. No such attack, however, was made. Marching a little further, they found a wigwam occupied only by four squaws. There was a fire in it, and, benumbed with cold, they crowded round it in turns. At eleven o'clock at night they were in sight of the town, but in order that they might take the inhabitants in their deepest sleep, they deferred the attack for three hours; then they burst in through an open gate in the palisade. The official account says, in very

simple words, that "the massacre lasted two hours." This, be it remembered, was supposed to be regular warfare, not between savage Indians, or between French and Indians, but between French and English. War, as already stated, had been declared between France and England, and this was Frontenac's method of carrying on his part of it. When New England retaliated later in the year by the attack on Quebec, we can hardly wonder that some of the inhabitants of that city anticipated a general massacre should the English obtain possession of the town. The special enormities alleged to have been committed by the heathen Iroquois in the massacre at Lachine are, by witnesses who made their statements within a few days after the event, affirmed to have been perpetrated by the Christian Indians at Schenectady. Sixty persons in all were killed, thirty-eight being men and boys, ten women, and twelve children of tender age.[1] Many were wounded, thirty were carried away captive. The chief magistrate of the place, John Sanders Glen by name, lived outside the town in a palisaded and fortified dwelling, which he was prepared to defend. He was known, however, to the French commanders as a man who had always been favourable to their people, having on several

[1] "There was little resistance," says Père Chrétien Leclercq, a contemporary writer, "except at one house, where Sieur de Marque Montigny was wounded; but Sieur de Ste. Hélène, having come up, all were slaughtered with sword or tomahawk, the Indians sparing no one."—*Premier Etablissement de la Foi.*

occasions rescued French prisoners from the Mohawks, over whom he had great influence. On being assured that his life and property would be spared, he surrendered. It was also agreed to extend the same immunity to any of his relatives who might have survived the massacre; and the number of persons claiming the privilege was so great as to cause the Indians to express some surprise and ill-humour at the wide range of his family connection.

The homeward march was begun a day or two later. It was by no means a prosperous one. Early in the attack a man on horseback had escaped through the eastern gate of the town, and, though shot at and wounded, was able to make his way to Albany and give the alarm. Thence word was sent on to the Mohawk towns, and the warriors, accompanied by a detachment of fifty young men from Albany, started on the track of the retreating foe. Two only on the French side had been killed in the attack on Schenectady, but before the party reached Montreal, their losses amounted to twenty-one, seventeen French, and four Indians. The opinion of the Mohawk Indians on the character of the expedition was expressed in a message of sympathy which they sent to the authorities at Albany. "The French," they said, "did not act on this occasion like brave men, but like thieves and robbers. Be not discouraged, we give this belt to wipe away your tears. We do not think what the French have done can be called a

victory. It is only a further proof of their cruel deceit."[1]

The expedition organized at Three Rivers left that place on the 28th January; but it was not till after two months' wanderings in the inhospitable wilderness that they were able to strike their first blow. The New England frontier had for a year past been in a very disturbed and precarious condition owing to a renewed outbreak of hostilities on the part of the Abenaquis Indians. A long period of previous warfare with these tribes had been closed by the Treaty of Casco in 1678, but now the frontier was again aflame. The English settlers attributed the trouble to the machinations of the French with whom the Abenaquis were in close alliance; and certain it is that the Marquis of Denonville, in a memorandum written after his return to France, takes credit to himself for the mischief done. He speaks of the progress made in christianizing the Abenaquis, and of the establishment near Quebec of two colonies of them which he thought would prove useful. He then proceeds: "To the close relations which I maintained with these savages through the Jesuits, and particularly the two brothers Bigot, may be attributed the success of the attacks which they made upon the English last summer when they captured sixteen forts besides that of Pemquid, where there were twenty cannon, and killed two hundred

[1] *Documentary History of New York*, vol. ii. pp. 164-9.

men."[1] The ex-governor exaggerates the number of cannon in the fort at Pemquid, as there were only seven or eight, and omits to mention the fact that, after that place had surrendered on the promise that the lives of all in it should be spared, a number were murdered by his Indians. That they were not also tortured, Father Thury, who was with the attacking party, attributes to the influence of his exhortations. M. Lorin, in giving an account of the occurrence, says there is no doubt that the Abenaquis were impelled by their missionary, the Abbé Thury. He quotes the statement of Charlevoix that, before setting out, their first care had been to make sure of the divine assistance, by partaking of the sacrament. "Certainly," he says, "the part taken by the missionaries in expeditions of this character, was a preponderating one." He also ventures the theory that, as the heathen Iroquois never penetrated into New England, the only enemies of the faith upon whom the missionaries could exercise the zeal of their Abenaquis converts were the English.[2]

The fighting along the frontier lasted all through the summer and autumn of 1689. The winter brought respite from attack, and the settlers were beginning to indulge a sense of security when Hertel and his fifty men crept up

[1] *New York Colonial Documents*, vol. ix. p. 440. See also Lorin, *Comte de Frontenac*, chap. x.

[2] *Comte de Frontenac*, p. 367.

to the little settlement of Salmon Falls, on the borders of New Hampshire and Maine. The attack was made in very similar fashion to that at Schenectady. The assailants burst in at night and at once began to apply tomahawk and torch. Thirty persons, men, women, and children indiscriminately, were slaughtered, and fifty-four were made prisoners. Hearing that a force of English from Piscataqua, now Portsmouth, was hastening to the scene, Hertel ordered a retreat. At Wooster River the pursuers caught up with him, but, taking up an advantageous position on the far side of that stream, he held them in check, killing several as they tried to cross the narrow bridge. At night he resumed his retreat. Some of the prisoners were given to his Indians to torture and kill. It was unfortunate that Father Thury was not present to inspire milder sentiments in these converts.

Hertel was a born fighter, and when, upon reaching one of the Abenaquis villages on the Kennebec, he learnt that the Quebec party under M. de Portneuf had just passed south, he determined to follow them with thirty-six of his men, though he was obliged to leave behind him his eldest son who had been badly wounded in the fight at Wooster River. A number of Indian warriors joined the party at a point on the Kennebec; and on the 25th May, the united force, numbering between four and five hundred men, encamped in the forest not far from the English

forts on Casco Bay. The principal of these was Fort Loyal, a palisaded place mounting eight cannon. The others were simple blockhouses. The several garrisons consisted of about one hundred men under the command of Captain Sylvanus Davis, whose narrative in the original—and most original—spelling has come down to us. The garrison first knew that an enemy was at hand by hearing the war-whoop of the Indians, who had just scalped an unfortunate Scotsman found wandering about in the neighbourhood, all unconscious of danger. Thirty volunteers at once sallied forth from the fort to meet the foe. They had not gone far when they received a volley at close range which killed half of them. Of the remaining half only four reached the fort, all wounded. During the night the men in the blockhouses crept into the fort, together with the inhabitants of some neighbouring houses. The place could not be carried by assault, so Portneuf determined to besiege it in due form by opening trenches and working his way in. The work was well and rapidly done, and Davis saw that surrender was inevitable. He inquired if there were any French in the attacking force, and, if so, whether they would give quarter. The answer was affirmative on both points. Davis inquired whether the quarter would include men, women, and children, wounded and unwounded, and whether they would all be allowed to retire to the nearest English town. This was agreed to and sworn to; but, no sooner

had the occupants of the fort filed out, than the Indians fell upon them, killed a number, and made prisoners of the rest. Davis protested, but he was told that he and his people were rebels against their lawful king, and therefore without any claim to consideration. The captives, Davis among them, were carried off to Quebec, where they arrived about the middle of June. The fort was burned, the guns were spiked, the neighbouring settlements destroyed, and the dead left unburied.

Thus had Frontenac's expeditions fared. They had spread grief and alarm amongst the English settlements, but had inflicted no serious blow on English power. They had shown how expert the colonial French had become in the methods of Indian warfare, and also to how large an extent they had themselves inbibed the Indian spirit. We may doubt whether Frontenac philosophized much on the subject; his immediate object was to produce an effect on the minds of his wavering Indian allies and his sullen Indian enemies; and the raids into English territory, with the slaughterings and burnings, were doubtless well adapted to that purpose. If Onontio was strong enough and bold enough to make war in this fashion on Corlaer and Kishon[1] at once, there was something for allies, and enemies as well, to reflect

[1] Names given by the Indians to the governors of New York and Massachusetts; Corlaer being a corruption of Cuyler, a Dutchman of the early period held in high honour by them, and Kishon signifying "The Fish."

on. This view of the matter finally prevailed with the Lake tribes. For some two or three years trade had been almost at a standstill, and furs had accumulated which the savages were now anxious to turn into European goods. With one accord they determined to try the Montreal market once more, and see Onontio face to face.

During the winter, while his guerrilla forces were in the field, Frontenac had not been idle. Having arranged for offensive measures, he next took thought for defensive ones; and, as if with a prevision that Quebec itself might not be exempt from attack, he devoted special attention to strengthening the fortifications of that place. He caused a vast amount of timber to be cut for palisades, with which he protected the city at the rear, its only weak point. In the spring he began the erection of a strong stone redoubt; and the work was pushed with so much vigour that by midsummer it was well advanced towards completion. These pressing occupations did not, however, absorb all his thoughts. The fact of his having been chosen a second time by the king for the governorship of Canada, notwithstanding all the criticism of which he had formerly been the object, gave him a position of manifest strength, which even his bitterest opponents of former days could not ignore. The Sovereign Council as a whole recognized the fact, and was anxious to arrange matters so as, if possible, to avoid friction for the future.

The governor on his part was determined to preserve an attitude of dignified, not to say haughty, reserve, and throw upon the council the task of making such advances as might be necessary. In pursuance of this policy, he refrained from attending the meetings, though his presence was much required. The council having deputed Auteuil, the attorney-general, to wait upon him and invite his attendance, he replied that the council should be able to manage its own business and that he would come when he thought the king's service required it. It is hard to understand why Auteuil should have been chosen for this negotiation; for Frontenac must have had a vivid recollection of the insolence with which he had been treated during his first administration by this individual, then a raw youth of not much over twenty. The next move of the council was to send four of their number to repeat the invitation, and to ask the governor at the same time with what ceremonies he would wish to be received. His answer was that if they would propose the form he would tell them whether it was satisfactory. The council felt that the governor was pushing his advantage a little too far; but nevertheless they applied themselves to the question, and, having devised a form which they thought could not fail to be acceptable, sent Villeray, the first councillor, to the château to explain what was proposed. Villeray was as deferential and complimentary as he knew how; but the end was not yet. "See the

bishop, and any other parties who have knowledge of such matters, and get their opinion," said the governor. The bishop was consulted accordingly, but very properly declined to give any opinion. Thrown back on their own resources the councillors devised the following scheme: that, when his Lordship, the count, should decide to make his first visit to the council, four of its members should present themselves at the château in order to accompany him to the place of meeting, which was the intendant's palace on the bank of the St. Charles; and that, on all subsequent occasions, he should be met by two councillors at the head of the stairs and respectfully conducted to his seat. This was duly explained by the first councillor, Villeray, who said he was authorized to add that any modification of the plan which the governor might suggest would be gladly adopted by the council. This was submission indeed, yet still the count hesitated. He asked to see the minutes of the council in which the resolution bearing on the matter was recorded. Villeray struggled up Palace Hill with the official register, and presented himself again before the potentate, who found the entry in good shape, but reserved his final answer. A few days later, having been again waited on, he graciously informed the deputation that the arrangement proposed was quite satisfactory. With what must really be called a fatuous self-complacency, he added that, had the council wished to go too far in the way of obsequiousness, he

could not have consented to it, as, being himself its head, he was jealous of its dignity and honour. If for some men there is, as the poet hints, "a far-off touch of greatness" in knowing they are not great, it is to be feared Frontenac did not possess that particular touch.

Not only were the fortifications of Quebec strengthened, but steps were also taken to form a local militia guard under the command of the town-major, Prevost. Leaving to that officer the supervision of whatever work was still required on the defences, Frontenac, accompanied by the intendant and Madame Champigny, left the capital on the 22nd July for Montreal, where his presence was much required. He probably did some inspection of posts on the way, for he did not reach the end of his journey till the 31st. Trade at this time was pretty much at a standstill. Bands of mission Indians were on the war-path against the English; and every now and again the Iroquois would swoop down on the settlements, notwithstanding the fact that scouts were kept continually employed along the routes by which they were accustomed to make their approaches. Under the new administration the lesson of Lachine, the lesson of eternal watchfulness, was being taken to heart. The governor had much to occupy his thoughts. At Montreal, as at Quebec, he was anxious to perfect the organization of the military forces, and to place the city, from every point of view, in the best possible condition of

defence. He had not as yet received news as to how Louvigny and Perrot had succeeded among the Lake tribes; yet upon the success of their mission hung the most momentous issues. Was Canada to secure allies in the West who would hold at least in partial check the Iroquois power, or were Hurons, Ottawas, Iroquois, and English to combine their forces for her destruction? Meantime bad news had come from Acadia. Port Royal and other fortified posts had been captured; the English were in possession of the entire country; the governor had been carried captive to Boston. It was known that the English of Albany and New York were moving: what the next news would be, who could tell?

On the 18th August news came. In hot haste the officer in command at Lachine had despatched a messenger to say that Lake St. Louis to the west was covered with Iroquois canoes bearing down on the island. The terror of the inhabitants, in spite of the presence of the governor amongst them, was extreme. Orders were given to fire alarm guns to warn the inhabitants of the surrounding country; and other measures of protection were being hastily concerted, when a second messenger arrived to say that it was all a mistake. It was not the dreaded Iroquois who were close at hand, but a large body of Lake Indians who were coming to trade. Fear was at once turned into joy. The envoys sent to the upper country in May had been successful; a great danger had been averted.

Perrot with his scalps and Frontenac with his vigorous and aggressive, if somewhat primitive and ruthless, war policy had turned the scale in favour of Canada. Firm alliances would now be made, and there would be a big market at Montreal.

The next day the canoes, laden with the accumulated furs of the last two or three years, shot the Lachine Rapids and landed at Montreal. There were about five hundred Indians in all, Hurons, Ottawas, Crees, Ojibways, and various other tribes, all bent on buying, selling, and negotiating. It was not the habit, however, of these savages to enter precipitately on any kind of business; and three days were allowed to elapse before they opened their great council at which, tribe by tribe, they were to lay their views before the governor. The first to speak were the Ottawas, and their talk was almost exclusively of trade. Their instinct for business was keen, and had it been possible they would probably have steered clear of politics. They had had some experience of the low prices of English goods, and were very insistent that the French should deal with them on equally favourable terms. The spokesman of the Hurons, a much weaker tribe numerically, was not so narrowly commercial in his views. He said he had come down to see his father, to listen to his voice, and to do his will. He presented three belts. By the first he prayed that the war might be prosecuted against the Iroquois as well as

against the English. If not, he feared he and his father would both die. The second thanked the count for his former services to their nation. The third prayed him to take pity on the Ottawas, and give them good bargains. Such a manifestation of interest in the Ottawas was very touching; but probably the Huron orator, whose people had a certain reputation for subtlety, calculated that, if a lower tariff were made for the Ottawas, all would get the benefit of it. On the twenty-fifth of the month, the count entertained them all at a great feast. Two oxen and six large dogs furnished the meat, which was cooked with prunes. Two barrels of wine were provided to wash this down, and liberal rations of tobacco were served out to every man. Before the feasting began, the count stood up to address his guests. He assured them that he meant to prosecute the war with the Iroquois until he had brought it to a successful issue, and forced them to sue for peace. Then, when peace was made, it should be a general peace: all should be included in it, and the Iroquois themselves would again be his children. Meantime, however, they were preparing to invade the country; and the question was whether to await their arrival or go to meet them. Then ensued a remarkable performance, which might well have employed a livelier pen than that of Monseignat who gives us the account of it. Seizing a hatchet, the aged governor, war-worn but yet fiery and vigorous, began to sing the war song,

walking to and fro in the most excited manner, and brandishing the hatchet over his head in true Indian fashion. The effect was electric. The old Onontio was surpassing himself. Here was a leader whose very presence banished fear. When he had sufficiently excited their admiration, and stimulated their warlike ardour, he handed the hatchet to the different chiefs in turn, and to a number of Frenchmen, who all imitated Onontio's example, vowing vengeance on the foe. Then began the feast, a function to which it is needless to say the savage guests brought ravenous appetites. In diplomacy dinners have been known to work wonders; and Frontenac was seeking the hearts of his guests through a well-recognized channel.

We have seen that the mission sent by the governor to the Iroquois towards the close of the previous year, and which returned in the following month of March, had not accomplished any satisfactory result. The count waited till navigation was open before resuming negotiations. He then determined to restore to their nation the four returned Iroquois who had formed his first embassy, and to make them the bearers of belts which he hoped would speak strongly in favour of peace. With these Indians he sent a French gentleman, the Chevalier d'Eau. He tendered the mission in the first place to the gay and dashing Baron La Hontan; but that young man, who was well versed in the classics, was afraid of the

Iroquois even when carrying gifts to them; and, with marked discretion, declined the honour. The Chevalier d'Eau had no reason to congratulate himself on having accepted it. He made his appearance amongst the Iroquois at a most unfavourable moment. The affair at Schenectady was fresh in their recollection; and though their own people had, through motives of policy, been spared on that occasion, they were under a strong pledge to the English to assist in revenging the slaughter. A couple of Frenchmen who accompanied the chevalier were burnt; he himself was soundly thrashed and handed over as a prisoner to the English; the messages of the belts were disregarded. No news of the fate of the envoy had reached Frontenac up to the time of the gathering of the western Indians at Montreal; but after their departure the facts concerning them were obtained from some Iroquois prisoners at Fort Frontenac. The one great gain of the year had been the winning over of the Lake tribes, a result which at once assured the safety of the French traders and missionaries in the West, and prevented that isolation of the colony which would have followed had an alliance been struck between those tribes and the Iroquois.

CHAPTER X

FRONTENAC DEFENDER OF CANADA

IN planning his attacks on the English colonies it does not appear that Frontenac took specially into account the political disorganization existing amongst them at the time, or built his hopes of success to any extent on that circumstance. It is nevertheless true that, if his object had been to strike at a moment of unpreparedness and weakness, he could not have timed his operations better. The rule of James II and his agents had been borne with no little reluctance by his subjects in North America, and particularly by those of New England, and when news came of his expulsion from the throne, his flight from England, and the arrival and coronation of the Prince of Orange and his wife (daughter of James II) as king and queen, there was at once a popular movement both at Boston and at New York to seize the government, and hold it subject to the orders of the new sovereigns. Sir Edmund Andros was governor of New England at the time, with authority over the province of New York, Boston being the chief seat of government, and the governor being represented at New York by a lieutenant-governor, one Francis Nicholson. Andros had been appointed governor of New York, by James, then Duke of York, to whom

the province had been patented in 1674, and had held the office till 1681, when he was replaced by Colonel Dongan of epistolary fame. His recall was consequent upon complaints that had been made by the colonists of various arbitrary acts on his part; but on his arrival in England he managed to defend himself successfully, and in 1686, James being now on the throne, he was sent out again with the larger jurisdiction we have mentioned.

Religious passions in those days ran high; and Andros, who was a strong churchman, soon found himself on worse terms with the puritanical population of Boston than he had been with the more heterogeneous and less rigid inhabitants of New York. The circumstances of the time, it must be confessed, were such as to excuse a somewhat sensitive condition of public feeling. Two years before the arrival of Andros, the Court of Chancery of England had declared null and void the charter granted to the colony of Massachusetts in the year 1629, which, from that date onwards, had been the basis, not only of all government, but of all land grants, transfers of property, and popular liberties generally. A provisional government, under one Joseph Dudley had succeeded. Then had come Andros, commissioned by a king who was far from commanding the unlimited confidence of his subjects at home, and who was looked upon with at least equal distrust by the ultra-Protestants of his American dominions. How long they were going

to be deprived of legally guaranteed liberties there was no knowing, nor what the intentions of James II might be in regard to their beloved commonwealth. They did not think it impossible he might wish to hand them over to his close ally the King of France; and in Andros they feared they saw only too meet an instrument for stratagems and spoils. The instructions given to him as governor contained a special injunction to favour by all means in his power the rites and doctrines of the Church of England; and the colonists, with the exception of a small minority, were maddened to see public taxes applied to this hateful object. As the Indians were giving trouble, the governor made a campaign against them in the summer of 1688, which was not very successful; hence more odium gathered on his head. Having failed in his measures of offence he thought he would at least provide for defence, and garrisoned the forts on the frontier with six hundred men, chiefly militia. More discontent: the garrisons served unwillingly, and the people at home professed to believe that such measures were unnecessary. A small detachment of soldiers had come out with Andros. Their conduct, according to contemporary accounts, was most unedifying and in shocking contrast to the unrelenting rigour and formality of colonial piety. It is not surprising therefore that, when, in April 1689, news was brought that James II, whose commission Andros bore, was no longer king, but that the leader of European

Protestantism reigned in his stead, there should have been an instant uprising of the populace against his representative. Andros was seized and imprisoned with fifty of his followers. "For seven weeks," says a contemporary writer, "there was not so much as the face of any government." A vessel having arrived towards the end of May with instructions to proclaim William and Mary, certain of the members of the former General Council assumed to act, and one of their number, the aged Simon Bradstreet, was named as governor.

It did not take long for the news to travel from Boston to New York. The condition of things there was different; public opinion was not in the same state of exasperation as at Boston; still Andros was of old unpopular, and after a little hesitation, a movement was organized, headed by one Jacob Leisler, to take the government out of the hands of the lieutenant-governor, Nicholson. Like his superior officer at Boston, the latter was obliged to submit; and Leisler, most unhappily for himself and his family, assumed, with the support of a committee of citizens, the control of affairs. Thus, both in New England and in New York, there supervened a period of divided councils and enfeebled administration, and this at the precise moment when the colonies were about to encounter new perils. The provisional government of New England, in blind opposition to the policy of Sir Edmund Andros, withdrew or greatly reduced the garrisons he had wisely established

along the frontier. If Leisler could have got his authority recognized at Albany he would have sent forces for the defence of the northern part of the province. There was a party there in his favour; but the magistrates, though quite ready to pay allegiance to William and Mary, thought Leisler's credentials of too dubious a character to justify their negotiating with him. Between divided responsibility and irresponsibility, the difference is not great. News had been received that the French were meditating mischief, but no proper precautionary measures were taken. To this condition of unpreparedness the horrible disaster of Schenectady may be distinctly attributed, and probably those at Salmon Falls and Casco Bay as well.

Even after the mischief was done, it was extremely difficult to secure any harmonious or well-directed action. A strong appeal was sent by the magistrates of Albany to the governor and council of Massachusetts, representing their own deplorable condition of weakness, and asking that New England should undertake the serious enterprise of invading Canada by water. That was a matter for grave consideration, and one, the authorities of Massachusetts thought, in which, if they attempted it at all, they should have the assistance of the Mother Country. They despatched a vessel in April to England with a request for help; but meantime, spurred by their own wrongs and sufferings, they determined to

take an easier revenge on the French by invading Acadia. Early in the month of May 1690 the different New England colonies sent delegates to a congress held at New York for the purpose of deciding on a military policy. The conclusion come to was that there should be both a land and a sea expedition, the first directed against Montreal, the second against Quebec. To the former New York was to contribute four hundred men and the New England colonies jointly three hundred and fifty-five. The Iroquois, it was expected, would add a powerful contingent. The naval expedition, it was proposed, should be provided entirely by the New England colonies. The Massachusetts delegates hesitated to commit themselves to so extensive and costly a scheme, but finally agreed to undertake it, relying on assistance from the Mother Country, which, in existing circumstances, they hardly thought could be refused. Meantime the expedition against Acadia could be pushed forward.

French Acadia had at all times been much exposed to attacks from the English colonies. The settlers were few in number—at this time not much over a thousand all told—and their defences were but feeble. In 1654, in accordance with secret orders sent by Cromwell, the territory had been seized by an English force from Boston under the command of Major Robert Sedgwick and Captain John Leverett. Two years later it was made a province, Sir Thomas Temple being

appointed governor. After remaining in the possession of the English for a period of thirteen years, it was ceded back to France by the Treaty of Breda in 1667. Five years later Frontenac arrived in Canada for the first time, and in the following year, 1673, M. de Chambly, a very capable soldier, whose services had been highly appreciated by the previous governor, M. de Courcelles, was sent to command in Acadia, and established himself at Pentagouet, a fortified post at the mouth of the river Penobscot. This was the extreme western limit of his jurisdiction even according to the French view of the matter. The New Englanders held that the true limit was the river St. Croix, the present boundary between the province of New Brunswick and the state of Maine. To the east Acadia embraced, by common consent, the southern part of what is now New Brunswick and all Nova Scotia west of the Straits of Canso.

M. de Chambly had not been more than a year in his new government when an attack was made on Pentagouet by a Flemish corsair conducted by a Boston pilot or ship captain. After a brief defence he was obliged to surrender, his force being very inferior, and he himself having been wounded. The attacking party then proceeded to the only other Acadian fort, Jemseg, on the river St. John, and captured it. M. de Chambly was taken as a prisoner to Boston, but was soon set at liberty and permitted to return to France. The

attack gave rise to a strong protest on the part of Frontenac, and was wholly disavowed by the Massachusetts authorities. In the year 1676, M. de Chambly was sent out again from France with a royal commission as lieutenant-governor. He did not attempt to establish himself at Pentagouet, but for a time made his headquarters at Jemseg, and not long afterwards removed to Port Royal, now Annapolis, on the northern coast of Nova Scotia, which thus became the capital of Acadia. Here he remained till about the year 1679 or 1680, when he was transferred to the governorship of Grenada in the West Indies.

It was not till the autumn of 1684 that a duly appointed successor was provided in the person of M. François Perrot, who had finally been dismissed from the governorship of Montreal. In the interval there had been one or two descents on the Acadian coast, calling forth further protests on Frontenac's part, and further disclaimers of responsibility on that of the constituted authorities of New England. To fish in French waters or to trade with the inhabitants was considered an infraction of international law; and yet there is clear evidence that the French settlers rather longed than otherwise for the flesh-pots of Boston in the shape of English goods and English money, very much after the manner of the Iroquois and the Indian tribes of the West. When Perrot came to Port Royal he was pleased to find that the conditions there were nearly as favourable as at

Montreal for the trading in which his soul delighted. The chief difference was the substitution of Boston for New York as his commercial centre. In the fall of the year 1685, a few weeks after the arrival of the Marquis of Denonville, Meulles, the intendant, accompanied by a member of the Sovereign Council, Peyras, paid a visit of inspection to the country, remaining till the following summer. A carefully-made census showed that the total population amounted at that time to 885 souls, mustering 222 guns. Of cultivated land there were 896 acres. Horned cattle numbered 986, sheep 759, and pigs 608. Just as Meulles was leaving the country, the bishop designate, Saint Vallier, arrived on a pastoral visit. The account he gives of the people in his *Etat présent de l'Eglise* is most laudatory, and strangely at variance with a report made by Duchesneau, the intendant, a few years earlier. In 1681 that officer had written that the poverty of the people was not the most serious evil; "their discords are a much greater one. Among them there is neither order nor police; and those who are sent hence to command them pillage them." The future bishop, in 1689, saw things very differently. Although, he said, they had been deprived of spiritual instruction for many years, they did not seem to have suffered in the least thereby. Their morals were excellent; they were kindly and well-disposed, and were greatly rejoiced to learn that their spiritual interests were going to be better looked

after in future. Of course they may have improved in the eight years that had elapsed since M. Duchesneau made his report; or that not very genial individual may have needlessly darkened the picture; or, again, the worthy prelate may have thrown a little too much sunshine into it. It is satisfactory to learn that the result of Meulles's visit was the dismissal of Perrot, who, doubtless, was plundering the people. This time no other office was provided for him. He remained in the country, however, to do a little more trading, and was finally killed, it was reported, in a fight with some pirates. His successor was M. de Menneval, a good soldier and a man of character.

Such was the country on which Massachusetts had determined to make a descent. Seven vessels, carrying two hundred and eighty-five sailors, and four or five hundred militiamen, were commissioned for the expedition, which was put under the command of Sir William Phipps, "a rugged son of New England," as Parkman calls him. Phipps was, in truth, an early American example of a self-made man. His knighthood, as well as a comfortable fortune, had been won by adventurous and successful service at sea. One of his biographers tells us that he was born "at a despicable plantation on the river Kennebec." His early years were passed in sheep-tending. The attacks of the Indians drove him, in the year 1676, to Boston, where he applied himself to learning the trade of ship-building, and where he also

married Mary Hull, widow of one John Hull, a woman several years his senior and of much better education and social position than he. A year later we find him in command of a sailing vessel. A Spanish treasure vessel had been wrecked somewhere off the Bahamas some forty years before, and Phipps felt confident that if he were furnished with a suitable ship he could find the wreck and recover the treasure. He made an application to the English government, and was granted the use of a vessel called the *Algier Rose*. His first expedition was not successful; but on a second attempt he located the wreck, and by the aid of a diving-bell—a comparatively recent invention at the time—recovered treasure to the value of £300,000. He had next to face a mutiny on his vessel, which he only quelled by dint of personal courage and address. On reaching England he received as his own share of the booty £16,000; but James II further recognized his services by creating him a knight. This was in the summer of 1687. Phipps then returned to Boston, and was henceforth a man of substance and influence in the community.

The fleet under his command sailed from Nantasket about the 1st May, and on the 11th reached Port Royal. Menneval, the governor, had under his command a garrison consisting of not far short of one hundred men. The fort had also been provided with twenty cannon; but these, it appears, had not been mounted. Menneval must have judged

that the place was incapable of defence, because, when summoned by Phipps to surrender, he complied without making any attempt at resistance. He stipulated that private property as well as the church should be respected, and that the garrison should be returned to France. Phipps might have insisted on surrender at discretion, as he clearly saw when he entered into possession of the fort; but as he had not done so, honour required that he should observe the terms he had made. This, unfortunately for his reputation, he did not do. Availing himself of the pretext afforded by the fact that some goods belonging to the king had been carried away from the fort and secreted in the woods, he proceeded to plunder the traders of the place and desecrate the church. It is one of his own men who writes: "We cut down the cross, pulled down their high altar, and broke their images." The inhabitants in general were promised security for life, liberty, and property, on condition of swearing allegiance to the English Crown, which they did with great alacrity. The fact was they had dealt so much with the New Englanders in the way of business that they had little prejudice against them, while they had been so much neglected by the French government, both politically and ecclesiastically, not to speak of being robbed by its agents, that their national feelings had been but little cultivated. Phipps had with him such a force as they had never seen before—seven hundred men; and the probability is that they

hoped for greater quiet and surer protection under English rule than, so far as they could see, they were likely to enjoy under that of France. Phipps seemed to have assumed that they would remain true to their new allegiance, for he did not leave any garrison in the country, but invited the people to govern themselves by means of a council consisting of six ordinary members and a president, whom he chose from amongst themselves. Acadia was now to rank as a colony of Massachusetts, which was thus affording the earliest example of American "imperialism," though in a liberal fashion.

While Phipps was taking possession of Port Royal, one of his officers, Captain Alden, had captured Saint-Castin's post at Pentagouet (Penobscot), after which, by orders of his chief, he sailed to the southern coast of what is now Nova Scotia, and seized the settlements of La Hève, Chedabucto, and one or two others. No resistance was made anywhere, and consequently no lives were lost. The conquest, such as it was, was a bloodless one. Bitter complaint, nevertheless, was made of the bad faith shown by the New England leader after the capture of Port Royal, and with good cause. A soldier's word in such a case should be absolutely inviolable. At the same time it is a memorable fact that men who might have sought to avenge the blood of kindred slain without warning in night attacks, such as those at Schenectady and Salmon Falls, or in violation of terms of sur-

render, as at Casco Bay, should have absolutely refrained from bloodshed. The French account of the affair at Port Royal distinctly mentions that the New Englanders were bitterly resentful of the Salmon Falls massacre in particular; nevertheless it did not enter into their mind to follow the example of Hertel and his braves.

On the 30th May Phipps arrived at Boston, bringing with him as prisoners Menneval, fifty-nine French soldiers, and two priests. The "rugged son of New England" showed that he had the over-thrifty qualities which were formerly, more than to-day, associated with the "down-east" character. Menneval had entrusted him with his money, and Phipps refused to return it. He also appropriated a quantity of the French governor's clothing and other effects, which he showed the greatest reluctance to give up, though distinctly ordered to do so by the General Council of Massachusetts. Upon a repetition of the order in more emphatic terms, he restored a portion of the property, but could not be induced to make complete restitution. Successful generals are not always easy to confine within the bounds of strict legality. Phipps himself was a member of the General Council, having been elected thereto while absent in Acadia; and, as just before starting on the expedition, he had joined the church of the celebrated Cotton Mather, he possessed a combination "pull," as it would be denominated in these days—civil, religious, military, and doubtless social

—which it must have been very difficult to overcome, particularly in the unsettled condition of things then prevailing. Menneval, after being kept for a considerable time in confinement, was allowed to sail for France.

Massachusetts had not waited for the return of Phipps before taking in hand the more serious matter of the expedition against Quebec. It was hoped, as has already been mentioned, that some assistance would come from the Mother Country in time for a union of forces; but, should that hope be disappointed, New England had determined to proceed with the enterprise alone. The ease with which Acadia had been reduced to submission seemed to be a presage of success in the larger undertaking; and if Phipps could return with a respectable show of booty from so small an establishment as that of Port Royal, what might not be expected if so acquisitive a commander could get a chance at Quebec. Then there was the religious aspect of the case. The Puritan commonwealth would not dishonour God by doubting that they were the people, or that the Catholics of Canada were idolaters. With all the sound doctrine and scriptural worship on one side, and all the deadly error and superstitious practice on the other, how could Providence hesitate which cause to support? At the same time prayer was not considered superfluous, nor was it allowed to flag. "The wheel," as Cotton Mather expressed it, "was kept in continual

motion"; and as they prayed they worked, these sturdy Roundheads of the New World. Till well past midsummer Boston harbour was alive with preparation. The chief difficulty was to finance the enterprise. Previous Indian wars had exhausted the colony, and the treasury was well-nigh empty. The only thing to do was to pledge the public credit and raise a loan, which it was hoped might be liquidated, in great part, if not in whole, by the plunder of the enemy. Thirty vessels altogether were requisitioned for the expedition. Most were of small capacity; the largest was a West India trader named the *Six Friends*, carrying forty-four guns, and the second largest the *John and Thomas*, carrying twenty-six guns. The rest had little or no armament. Three vessels appear to have been contributed by the province of New York, one of which was a frigate of twenty-four guns, and the two others vessels of smaller size carrying eight and four guns respectively. The supply of ammunition was decidedly short; but it was hoped, almost up to the last moment, that some contribution in the way of warlike stores, if not in ships and men, would arrive from England. That hope was destined to be frustrated. It was the year when William III was carrying on his campaign in Ireland, while Queen Mary and her Privy Council were trying to control domestic disaffection. It was the terrible year of Beachy Head, when the combined English and Dutch fleets, under Torrington and Evertsen,

were defeated by the French under Tourville, and when the buoys at the mouth of the Thames were taken up to prevent the ships of the enemy from appearing before London. It is perhaps not much to be wondered at that, in a time of so much stress and perplexity, an appeal from a trans-Atlantic colony for assistance that could ill be spared should have received scant attention. No help was sent: the New Englanders were left to fight their own battles as William was fighting his.

Considering the resources of the colonies, it was no mean effort they were putting forth. Some hundreds of men volunteered for the expedition; but, the number being insufficient, a press was resorted to in order to make up the total required, namely, twenty-two hundred. Of these about three hundred were sailors, and the rest soldiers. Provisions for four months were taken on board, and the expedition, under the command of Phipps, sailed from Nantasket on the 9th August 1690.

What progress was being made in the meantime with the land expedition against Montreal in which New York was to take the lead? The answer must be, very poor progress indeed. At Boston there was a considerable measure of unity of action; in New York there was almost none. It had been agreed that Connecticut should furnish a contingent of troops, and that the whole expedition should be placed under the command of one of its officers, Fitz-John Winthrop, after-

wards governor. Winthrop organized a force of two or three hundred men, and started from Hartford for Albany on the 14th July. A week later he arrived at the latter town only to find everything in complete disorder. "I found," he says, "the design against Canada poorly contrived and little forwarded, all things confused and in no readiness or position for marching towards Canada; yet every one disorderly projecting something about it."[1] The Dutch displayed the greatest indifference in the matter, and the English, for want of any commanding influence or unquestioned authority, were irresolute and vacillating. There was no definite understanding with the Indians; and what help they were going to give was quite uncertain. Organizing his forces as best he could in these most disadvantageous circumstances, Winthrop set out from Albany on his march northwards. He had not gone far when he was overtaken by a despatch from the governor of Massachusetts and Connecticut, telling him that the fleet was in readiness to sail. Eager to do his part in the combined operations, Winthrop pressed on and encamped at Wood Creek at the southern extremity of Lake Champlain. Here smallpox broke out among the troops; disagreements arose with the Indians; and, to make matters still worse, the provisions which should have been pushed on from Albany failed to arrive. After

[1] See "Winthrop's Journal" in *New York Colonial Documents*, vol. iv. p. 193.

waiting several days in inactivity, Winthrop became persuaded that an advance to Montreal with the body of his troops was out of the question. He allowed the mayor of Albany, Captain John Schuyler, to go on with a small detachment, while he with the rest of his force, largely consisting of sick men, returned to Albany. All that Schuyler succeeded in doing was to perpetrate a rather ignoble raid upon the hamlet of Laprairie near Montreal, where he killed ten or twelve of the inhabitants, destroyed the farms and the cattle, and made a number of prisoners, including some women. As an act of retaliation for Schenectady it was a feeble performance; as an act of war it was not a heroic exploit. Winthrop, before the month of September closed, marched back to Hartford, and thus ended the New York expedition. Clearly, if anything effective is to be done against Canada, the Boston men must do it.

The fleet sailed, as already mentioned, on the 9th August. The admiral's pennon floated from the *Six Friends*, the vice-admiral's from the *John and Thomas*. The vice-admiral for the occasion was Major John Walley; the third in command, apparently, was a Major Thomas Savage. Had the winds been favourable, the expedition might easily have reached Quebec within a month. They were most unfavourable, however; and it was not till the 3rd October that it arrived off Tadousac. Here the ships were brought to anchor, and a council of war was held. Four days later the fleet had only

advanced fifty miles, and it took eight days more to reach a point off the Island of Orleans near the present village of St. Jean, where it anchored for a few hours. Here Walley proposed that the men, who had been for weeks confined on shipboard, should be allowed to land and "refresh themselves," and that opportunity should be taken to form the several companies, and get everything into perfect order before proceeding to an attack. He was overruled however; and, taking advantage of a rising tide, the fleet slipped up the river, and at daybreak on Monday the 16th October made its appearance in the harbour of Quebec.

We have seen that, during the month of August and part of the month of September Frontenac was engaged at Montreal with his western Indians. It was during this time that Schuyler made his attack on Laprairie. After the departure of the Indians, Frontenac remained in Montreal to complete his measures for the defence of the country, and hoping also to get news of his embassy to the Iroquois. His return to Quebec was fixed for the 10th October, and on the afternoon of that very day a messenger who had been sent post haste by Prevost, the major in command of the troops at Quebec, placed in his hands two letters. The first, dated the 5th October, told him that an Abenaquis Indian had arrived at Quebec from the neighbourhood of Pentagouet deputed by his tribe to bring important news obtained from a captive New England woman, namely that, about

six weeks before, a considerable fleet had sailed from Boston for the capture of Quebec. The second letter, written later on the same day, said that one Sieur de Cannanville had arrived from Tadousac, where he had seen twenty-four ships, eight of which appeared of considerable size.

It does not say much for Frontenac's intelligence department, if such an institution existed in that day, that he should have known nothing of the preparations which had been going on in Boston during the previous spring and summer. His first impulse was to disbelieve the news now brought, but none the less he lost no time in starting for Quebec with the intendant, Champigny. The first boat he embarked in proved leaky, and came near foundering. He transhipped into a canoe, and went as far as was possible before dark. On the afternoon of the next day a further message was received from Prevost confirming his first, and saying that the enemy had captured, about thirty leagues below Quebec, a vessel in which were two ladies. This looked serious, and the count sent back Captain de Ramesay to Montreal with orders to Callières, the governor, to march to Quebec at once with all the troops he could gather at Montreal or pick up on the way. He himself made all possible haste, and arrived at Quebec at ten o'clock in the morning of Saturday, the 14th October.

Work on the fortifications of Quebec had been more or less in progress all summer; but from the

moment that the first news of the intended attack had been received, Prevost had been particularly active in planting batteries, digging trenches, and doing other work of immediate necessity. He had also despatched a long-boat and a canoe, both well armed, under the charge of his brother-in-law, Grandville, to make a reconnaissance in the direction of Tadousac, and had sent orders to the militia captains of the neighbouring parishes of Beauport and Beaupré, and also to those on the Island of Orleans, to hold their men in readiness to march into the city, and meantime to watch the enemy, that they might offer all possible opposition to his landing. Frontenac employed his time on the 14th and 15th in examining and perfecting the general system of defence; and he was much pleased as well as surprised to find how much Prevost had accomplished in a few days. Two principal batteries had been established in the Upper Town, one, consisting of eight guns, to the right of the château, and one of three guns on the rock overlooking Mountain Hill known as Sault au Matelot. Two batteries of three guns each were placed on the river bank, one near the present market-place, and the other near where the Custom House now stands. Most of the pieces were eighteen pounders. The non-combatant inhabitants of the surrounding country had come into the city in considerable numbers, bringing with them what they could in the way of provisions. On Sunday two canoes were sent down

the river to warn the vessels that were expected to arrive from France to keep out of harm's way. On their safe arrival the life almost of the colony might be said to depend. At seven o'clock on Sunday evening news came that the hostile fleet had passed the eastern end of the Island of Orleans. There was not much sleeping that night. At three o'clock on Monday morning their distant lights could be seen down the river. At daybreak there could be counted in the harbour, some authorities say thirty-two, and some thirty-four, English sails.

A few hours of tense expectation elapsed, and then a boat carrying a flag of truce was seen putting out from the admiral's ship. It bore an envoy from Phipps, who was to demand of the governor the surrender of the place. A boat put out from the shore to meet it, and the envoy, having been taken on board, was blindfolded, and brought ashore. Here, according to one account, he was crowded and hustled, and made to clamber over unnecessary obstacles, the object being to persuade him that the place was more numerously defended and more difficult of entrance than it really was. In reading the contemporary narratives it is often difficult to know what to believe. Nearly all are vitiated by extreme generality of statement and inaccuracy in detail. That of La Hontan betrays the enormous mendacity of the writer, who, so long as he could be amusing and sensational, was absolutely

indifferent as to facts. Checking one by another, however, it is not impossible to arrive at a fairly coherent and credible narrative. It was about ten in the forenoon when the messenger was introduced into the reception-room of the Château St. Louis. The *mise en scène* had been carefully arranged for the moment when the bandage should be removed from his eyes. Frontenac was there in a gorgeous uniform and looking the soldier and seigneur from head to foot. Around him, also in uniform, stood the members of his staff and the principal military and civil officers of the colony. It was such an array of military and official pomp as simple New England eyes had probably never gazed on. History does not seem to have preserved the name or rank of the messenger, and we have no certain information as to the effect produced upon him by the gallant and brilliant company that met his gaze. All we know is that he handed a letter from Phipps to the haughty governor, and awaited his answer. The letter read as follows:—

"Sir William Phipps, Knight, General and Commander-in-Chief, in and over their Majesties' forces of New England, by sea and land, to Count Frontenac, Lieutenant-General and Governour for the French King at Canada; or in his absence to his deputy, or him or them in chief command at Quebeck.

"The war between the Crowns of England and

France doth not only sufficiently warrant, but the destruction made by the French and Indians, under your command and encouragement, upon the persons and estates of their Majesties' subjects of New England, without provocation on their part, hath put them under the necessity of this expedition for their own security and satisfaction. And although the cruelties and barbarities used against them by the French and Indians might, upon the present opportunity, prompt unto a severe revenge, yet, being desirous of avoiding all inhuman and unchristian-like actions, and to prevent shedding of blood as much as may be,

"I, the aforesaid William Phipps, Knight, do hereby in the name and on behalf of their most excellent Majesties, William and Mary, King and Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defenders of the Faith, and by order of their said Majesties' government of Massachusetts colony in New England, demand a present surrender of your forts and castles, undemolished, and the king's and other stores, unembezzled, with a reasonable delivery of all captives; together with a surrender of all your persons and estates to my dispose: upon the doing whereof you may expect mercy from me, as a Christian, according to what shall be found to be for their Majesties' service and the subjects' security. Which, if you refuse forthwith to do, I am come provided, and am resolved, by the help of God, in whom I trust, by force of arms to revenge all wrongs and injuries

offered, and bring you under subjection to the Crown of England, and, when too late, make you wish you had accepted of the favour tendered.

"Your answer positive in an hour returned by your own trumpet, with the return of mine, is required upon the peril that will ensue."[1]

Frontenac was not versed in the English language, so the letter was given to an interpreter to translate. When the latter had finished the reading, the envoy presented his watch to the governor, observing that it was then ten o'clock, and that he would have to have an answer by eleven. The dignity of the assembled officers was much hurt by the brusque terms of Phipps's summons; and, before Frontenac had had time to frame his reply, one of them cried out that Phipps was nothing but a pirate, and that the man before them should be hanged. Frontenac was not disposed to go so far. "Tell your general," he said, "that I do not recognize King William, and that the Prince of Orange is a usurper, who has violated the most sacred ties of blood in attempting to dethrone his father-in-law. I recognize no other sovereign in England than King James. Your general ought not to be surprised at the hostilities he says are carried on by the French against the Massachusetts colony; since he might expect that the king, my master, having received the King of England under his protection, and being

[1] The letter is given in Cotton Mather's *Magnalia*, vol. i. p. 186.

ready to replace him on the throne by force of arms, as I am informed, would order me to wage war in this country on a people in rebellion against their lawful sovereign. Does your general imagine," he continued, pointing to the officers who filled the room, "that, even if he offered me better conditions, and I were of a temper to accept them—does he think that so many gallant gentlemen would consent to it, or advise me to place any confidence in the word of a man who violated the capitulation he made with the governor of Port Royal, one who has been wanting in loyalty to his rightful sovereign, and who, unmindful of the personal benefits received by him from that sovereign, adheres to the fortunes of a prince who, while trying to persuade the world to accept him as the liberator of England and defender of the faith, tramples on the laws and privileges of the kingdom, and overturns the English Church? This is what the divine justice invoked by your general in his letter will not fail some day to punish severely."

It is possible that the terms of the governor's answer may have been somewhat conventionalized by his secretary, to whose pen we are indebted for a report of it.[1] Phipps speaks of it as "a reviling answer," the drift of which was that he and those with him were traitors for "having taken up with a usurper, and seized upon that good Christian Sir Edmund Andros." The messenger, who doubt-

[1] *New York Colonial Documents*, vol. ix. p. 486.

less felt his position somewhat uncomfortable, asked the count whether he would not give him an answer in writing. "No!" was the reply; "the only answer I will give will be from the mouth of my cannon and musketry, that he may learn that it is not in such a style that a person of my rank is summoned." Whatever he might forget, Frontenac could not forget his personal rank. There was now no more to be said; the messenger's eyes were again bandaged, and he was conducted back to his boat.

So now, Sir William, your work is cut out for you! There is the fortress; take it. This is not Port Royal, nor is that hard-featured warrior Menneval. This is a city set on a hill. Its guns are shotted and skilfully disposed. It has defenders by the hundred; and before night closes their numbers will be doubled; for Callières is on the march with all the troops that can be spared from Montreal, Three Rivers and other posts—eight hundred fighting men in all. Behind those ramparts, or awaiting you in the rear of the town, are men accustomed to warfare whether in the open field or in forest ambush. The adventure is one of great pith and moment, if you can but succeed in it!

The probability is that by this time Phipps had begun to take a more serious view of his task. He was one of those men who require to be favoured by luck. He was better at making a dash than at organizing victory. He had courage and a

good deal of practical skill in navigation, but there is no evidence that he possessed the talents of a military commander. The readiness with which the inhabitants of Acadia had renounced their French allegiance had led him to believe that in Canada he might actually be welcomed as a liberator.[1] Of any such disposition on the part of the Canadians there had certainly been no sign as yet. It was reported at Quebec that he had attempted to land some men at Rivière Ouelle, and had been repulsed by the inhabitants under the leadership of their *curé*. The story, however, as given by Mère Juchereau, had plainly passed through the hands of the mythmakers before she got hold of it, for she tell us that "the moment the first boat was within musket shot, the *curé* ordered a volley, which killed the whole crew with the exception of two men who made off in great haste." Walley's journal makes no mention of any attempt to land, and the story may be assumed to be an imaginative invention. What at least may be regarded as certain is that, up to the date of his arrival before Quebec, Phipps had not received any encouraging overtures from the inhabitants. Other causes of anxiety were not wanting. Small-pox had broken out in his fleet, and the weather was most bitterly cold for the season. On the day of the summons and the following day he and his force remained inactive. On the afternoon of the

[1] The same mistake was destined to be made in later days, more than once, under the English régime.

first day Iberville and his brother Maricourt, returning with a few of their men from Hudson's Bay, landed safely at Beauport in sight of the ships, having slipped up the North Channel in a couple of canoes. In the evening about seven o'clock Callières, governor of Montreal, marched into the city at the head of eight hundred men. Shouts of welcome, mingled with martial music, reached the ears of the English, and were rightly interpreted as meaning that the city had received reinforcements.

The plan of the attack was that a body of men should be landed on the Beauport flats to the north of the city, and endeavour to obtain access by crossing the river St. Charles; that the principal war vessels should take up their position in front of the city; that others should move further up so as to create the impression that troops were to be landed above Cape Diamond, in order to take the city in the rear; and that the bombardment should only begin when a signal had been received that the troops at the other side had made their entrance. The scheme was a good one, but it was not well carried out. On Wednesday forenoon about thirteen hundred men under Major Walley were landed, apparently without opposition, though there were troops in abundance—levies from Beauport and Beaupré, Indians from Lorette, as well as the forces within the city—who could have made the landing exceedingly difficult and costly in lives, had they been led to the spot; particu-

larly as the enemy had to wade knee-deep, and even waist-deep, in icy water in order to get to land. The landing having been effected, Walley drew up his force in companies, selecting four to act as an advance guard, or, as he calls them, "forlorns," and then ordered a march for the higher ground. They had not gone a hundred yards before there was firing from cover on both flanks, particularly from the right; there, Walley says, "there was a party galled us considerably." A charge having been ordered the defenders gave way, but continued to fire from swamp and bush as they retreated.[1] In the pursuit Walley gained a position not far from the St. Charles River. He was expecting some vessels to come into the river with supplies, and for that reason, as well as for others, wished to be near it. One or two houses and barns gave a little shelter, but many of the men had to lie out all night. If we may trust his statement his loss in killed on that day was four, and in wounded sixty. Considering the nature of the landing, "it was a great mercy," he says, "we had no more damage done us." He judged that he had killed some twenty of the Canadians, but that was a vast over-estimate. The Chevalier de

[1] "La Canardière (the name given to the flats where the New Englanders landed) was in those days nothing but a horrible marsh, covered with impenetrable woods thickly fringed with underbrush. So dense was the thicket that in full daylight our skirmishers were invisible to the English, who in their exasperation had nothing to guide them in firing but the smoke of their enemies' muskets."—Myrand, *Sir William Phipps devant Quebec*, p. 271.

Clermont, an experienced and valuable officer, had been killed, and Juchereau de St. Denis, who commanded the Beauport militia, had been wounded; but the total of killed and wounded on the Canadian side did not probably exceed the figure mentioned.

In the course of the day a Frenchman, who was a fugitive from his own side, surrendered to Walley's men, and from him the New England commander learned the somewhat discouraging news that the defensive forces in the city far outnumbered the whole of Phipps's expedition. Troops had been pouring in from different quarters both before and after the governor's arrival, and the last body of men brought by Callières had raised the total to about three thousand. Walley threatened the man very seriously as to what would happen if he did not tell the truth, and he seems to have heeded the warning. The number he mentioned agrees with the figures given by the contemporary historian Belmont, and also by Captain Sylvanus Davis, who was a prisoner in Quebec during the siege.

According to the arrangement made between Phipps and Walley, the former was only to begin the bombardment after the latter had forced an entrance into the town. Moreover, small armed vessels were to sail into the St. Charles, to assist his passage of that river and to furnish his force with necessary supplies of food and ammunition. Why this arrangement was departed from is not

very clear; but about four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon Phipps moved his four principal vessels up before the town, and no sooner had he come within cannon shot than the shore batteries opened fire. Then ensued a duel in which the defence had all the best of it. Their guns were much better served than those of the assailants, and they had excellent marks to shoot at. The fight was maintained till after dark, by which time Phipps had fired away nearly all his ammunition and accomplished virtually nothing. One boy in the town had been killed by a splinter of rock; the buildings in the town had scarcely been injured at all. Phipps says he dismounted some of the enemy's best guns, but his story is unconfirmed. Certain it is that his vessels suffered serious damage in hulls, masts, and rigging, and that, after a brief renewal of the encounter the next morning, he drew them all off.

An incident which has given rise to a good deal of discussion may here be referred to. The flag of the admiral's vessel was shot away and fell into the river. It was captured by some men from the shore, but whether under the very heroic circumstances described by an eminent Canadian poet on the authority of Père Charlevoix, is, to say the least, open to doubt. Charlevoix has it that, no sooner had the flag fallen into the water and begun to drift away, than some Canadians swam out and seized it, notwithstanding the fire directed on them from the ships. Contemporary writers know

nothing of any such feat. The one who comes nearest to the father's account of the matter is Mère Juchereau, who says that "our Canadians went out rashly in a bark canoe and brought it to land under the noses of the English." She does not even say they were fired on. How near they got to the English we can hardly judge from the expression "*à la barbe des Anglais*," which is not a measure of length. On the other hand we have from a contemporary writer, the Récollet, Père Leclercq, whose book was published in 1691, the year following the attack on Quebec, a plain, consistent statement as to how the thing happened, and one the terms of which are in distinct conflict with the popular version. After describing how the vice-admiral's ship had been the first to withdraw beyond the reach of the shore batteries, he continues: "The admiral [Phipps] followed him pretty closely and with precipitation, paying out the whole length of his anchor-cable, and then letting it go. His flag, which drifted away in the river, was *left to our discretion*, and our people went and fished it out."[1] The words used plainly imply that there was neither difficulty nor danger in recovering the flag; and this be it remembered was the story

[1] *Premier Etablissement de la Foi*, vol. ii. p. 434. As Leclercq is the one authority of importance of whom Mr. Myrand, in his discussion of this matter, makes no mention, his exact words, which I have not elsewhere seen reproduced, may be quoted: "L'amiral le suivit (le contre-amiral) d'assez près et avec précipitation; il fila tout le cable de son ancre qu'il abandonna; son pavillon fut emporté dans la rivière et laissé à notre discrétion, que nos gens allèrent pêcher."

Leclercq heard at the time, and published almost immediately. Frontenac, who would certainly have been pleased to approve the bravery of his people, simply says that Phipps lost his flag, "which remained in our possession"; while Monseignat's statement in what may be regarded as the official narrative, is that the admiral's flag and another were borne in triumph to the church. Charlevoix's lack of accuracy in details is evident in the very paragraph in which he deals with this incident; for he says that no sooner had Phipps's messenger returned to his ship, than, to the great surprise of the English, shots were fired from one of the Lower Town batteries, and that the first one carried away the flag. This is pure romance. Phipps's vessel was not within range at the time, and no shots were exchanged till late in the afternoon of Wednesday, two days later. The loquacious La Hontan, who at least knows how to adorn a tale, if not point a moral, knows nothing of this particular occurrence, otherwise he would certainly have included it in a narrative which, it is evident, he aimed at making as lively and piquant as possible. It is no disparagement of the valour of the defenders of Quebec to doubt whether the incident took place as described either by Charlevoix, who did not visit the country till thirty years after the event, and did not publish his book till twenty-four years later, or by Mère Juchereau. Many a brave deed has passed unnoticed of history; and, *en revanche,* many an insignificant act has been

wrapped round by legend with clouds of glory. If there is reason to doubt whether this particular deed was done in a specially heroic, or even in a very dramatic manner, there are incidents in abundance left to attest the heroism of the French-Canadian race. The legends of a people bear witness to its ideals, and help to repair the wrongs that history does by leaving so much that is truly memorable and admirable unrecorded.

While Phipps on Thursday was drawing off his shattered vessels, Walley and his men were having a very miserable time ashore. The succour he was expecting did not arrive. Instead he received what he did not want at all—six field-pieces, twelve-pounders, weighing about eight hundred pounds each, which the nature of the ground made it impossible to use, and which thus proved a simple embarrassment. However, thinking the vessels would arrive later in the day, Walley moved his men somewhat nearer to the town, and took up a position rather better both for shelter and for defence. This movement does not seem to have been opposed by the Canadian forces, as there is no mention in the narratives of any fighting on this day. The vessels did not come with the evening tide as hoped; and Walley, in his simple narrative, says: "We stood upon our guard that night, but found it exceeding cold, it freezing that night so that the next morning the ice would bear a man." The position was both distressing and precarious, and a council of war was called during

the night to consider what should be done. By this time the assailing force had some idea of the nature of the task they had undertaken: to advance in the face of skirmishers having every advantage of position; to ford a river behind which a thousand men and several pieces of artillery were posted; and, should they by any miracle succeed in that, to encounter a couple of thousand more within the walls of the town. Many of their men were sick, some were literally freezing, others worn and exhausted. Their provisions were short, their ammunition very low. The decision of the council was that Walley should go on board the admiral's vessel next day and ask for instructions.

During Walley's absence on Friday forenoon, skirmishing was renewed with losses on both sides, but chiefly on that of the New Englanders. On the French side M. de Ste. Hélène received a wound in the thigh, from which he died in hospital some weeks later. Phipps consented to a retreat; and Walley, on returning to land in the afternoon, began to prepare for it. The following morning before daylight boats arrived to take the men off; but Walley, discovering too great haste on the part of his men to embark, ordered the boats back. There was further skirmishing during the day consequent upon Walley's desire to keep the enemy at a respectful distance, so that the embarkation he hoped to make that night might not be interfered with. Towards evening he used some boats that he had to send off his sick and wounded,

but was careful not to afford any indication of a general retreat. This was finally accomplished, not without haste, noise, and confusion bordering on insubordination, between dark and one or two o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 22nd. Through some gross mismanagement five of the eight cannon that had been landed were left behind for the greater glory of the enemy.

A council of war was held on board the admiral's ship on that lamentable Sunday. Further offensive schemes were discussed; but, even as they talked, the leaders knew that nothing of any moment could be accomplished. They had all but exhausted their ammunition, and their provisions were running low. There was a great deal of sickness among the men, and the casualties ashore and in the bombardment had not been inconsiderable. In the end, they appointed a prayer-meeting for next day "to seek God's direction" as Walley expresses it, but the weather was unfavourable for a meeting. Some of the ships, in fact, dragged their anchors, and were in danger of being driven on the town. The following day the whole fleet slipped down to the Island of Orleans on the homeward track.

Walley in his *Journal*, apparently an honest piece of work, sums up comprehensively the causes of the failure: "The land army's failing, the enemy's too timely intelligence, lying three weeks within three days' sail of the place, by reason whereof they had time to bring in the whole

strength of their country, the shortness of our ammunition, our late setting out, our long passage, and many sick in the army—these," he says, "may be reckoned as some of the causes of our disappointment." Reasons enough surely. On both sides the hand of Providence was seen. "Well may you speak of this country," writes Laval to Denonville, "as the country of miracles." Had Phipps arrived but one week sooner he would certainly, in Laval's opinion, have captured the city, and that he did not arrive sooner was due to unfavourable winds. Similarly, Sister Anne Bourdon, archivist of the Ursuline Convent, writes that, when the first news of the approach of the English was received, nothing was spared in the way of religious practices "to appease divine justice." The happy result was that "Heaven, granting our prayers, sent winds so contrary that the enemy in nine days only made the distance they might otherwise have made in half a day." So Mère Juchereau of the Hôtel Dieu: "God doubtless stopped them, to give the Montrealers time to arrive." Bishop Saint Vallier improved the occasion to stimulate the piety of his people. "Let us," he said, "raise our eyes, my dear children, and see God holding the thunder in His hand, which He is ready to let fall on us. He is causing it now to rumble in order to awaken you from the slumber of your sins."

On the English side no less solemn a view was taken of the events of the time. Governor Bradstreet, of Massachusetts, writing to the agents of

the colony in England, speaks of "the awful frown of God in the disappointment of that chargeable [costly] and hazardous enterprise." "Shall our Father," he exclaims, "spit in our face, and we not be ashamed? God grant that we may be deeply humbled and enquire into the cause, and reform those sins that have provoked so great anger to smoke against the prayers of his people, and to answer us by terrible things in righteousness." Cotton Mather in like manner speaks of "an evident hand of Heaven, sending one unavoidable disaster after another." He also reports a saying of Phipps, that, though he had been accustomed to diving in his time, he "would say that the things which had befallen him in this expedition were too deep to be dived into." The total loss of life on the part of the New England forces, taking shipwreck and disease into account, must have run far into the hundreds. Phipps estimated his loss in the engagements at Quebec at thirty, and possibly the number of those actually killed did not much exceed that figure. On the Canadian side the number of killed has been placed at nine, and of the wounded at fifty-two.[1]

[1] In his work already quoted, *Sir William Phipps devant Quebec*, Mr. Myrand goes very carefully, and in a spirit of great impartiality, into the question of the probable losses on the New England side. Those on the Canadian side he is able to establish by means of authentic records. Mr. Myrand has laid his readers under great obligations by reprinting the principal original documents bearing on the Phipps expedition, as well as by his own intelligent discussion of the whole episode.

All that remained now was to make the best of their melancholy way to Boston. Frontenac had sent a small force under M. Subercase to the Island of Orleans to watch the departing fleet, which might, had its commander been so minded, have committed serious depredations on the parishes along the river. Phipps sent ashore to ask Subercase if there would be any objection to his buying supplies from the inhabitants. The reply was that he might buy what he liked, and a lively trade, very profitable to the farmers, at once sprang up between them and the squadron. Negotiations for an exchange of prisoners followed. Phipps, as we have seen, had captured some on his way up; and he had with him two ecclesiastics whom he had taken in Acadia. The French on their side had Sylvanus Davis, the former commandant of Fort Loyal, two daughters of Captain Clarke who had been killed in the attack on that fort, and a little girl called Sarah Gerrish. All these had received good treatment during their detention at Quebec, and the little girls had particularly endeared themselves to the nuns to whose charge they had been confided, and who were much grieved at having to give them up.

If the weather had been bad on the way to Quebec it was worse on the return. Without the aid of a pilot, Phipps had succeeded in bringing all his vessels safely to Quebec, but on the home voyage several were lost. One, Cotton Mather relates, was never heard of. A second was wrecked, but

most of its crew were saved. A third was cast on the coast, and all on board, with the exception of one man, perished through drowning, starvation, or at the hands of the Indians. A fourth was stranded on the Island of Anticosti. There seemed to be no means of escape from this dreary shore; and forty-one of the crew had already died of hardship, when the captain, John Rainsford by name, and four others determined that they would try to reach Boston in an open boat, in order that, if they escaped the perils of the sea, they might send help to those still alive on the island. It was the 25th March when they put forth in their most precarious craft. "Through a thousand dangers from the sea and ice, and almost starved with hunger and cold," to use the words of Cotton Mather's recital, they arrived at Boston on the 11th May. As soon as a proper vessel could be procured, Rainsford started back to rescue the survivors. Four had died during his absence. Death was staring the remainder in the face, when the sail they had hardly dared to hope for flickered on the horizon. It was too good to be true, and yet it was true. Their heroic captain had come to their relief; and on the 28th June he landed them, seventeen in number, once more on New England soil.

CHAPTER XI

FIRE AND SWORD ON THE BORDER

THE departure of the New England fleet left the French colony in a condition of great exhaustion, and, for a time, of poignant anxiety. Three vessels were on their way out from France laden with military and other supplies, and were due just about this time. Should Phipps encounter them in the lower St. Lawrence, they would assuredly become his prey, and what the country would do in that case it was painful to speculate. Frontenac writing after Phipps had left, and before he had news of the safety of the expected vessels, gives a vivid account of the situation. There had been a serious failure of the crops. Early in the season the grain had looked very promising; but cold and rainy weather during the harvest had almost ruined it. What made matters worse was that there had been a short crop the year before, so that they were already, in November, consuming the little grain they had just harvested. Unless a supply is received by the ships, there will be hardly any to be got in the country for love or money. Everything else is at the lowest ebb, wine, brandy, goods of all kinds. The servants in the château have for some time had only water to drink, and in a week the governor himself will be brought to the same sad

necessity. This letter was written on the 11th November; fortunately before the week expired the vessels had arrived; and the gallant count was not reduced to being an involuntary total abstainer. The quantity of provisions brought out, however, was very scanty, not exceeding a month's supply; and as the colony managed to struggle through the winter, and had a sufficiency of seed-grain for the following spring, perhaps things were not quite so bad as represented. The ships owed their escape from capture to measures wisely taken by the governor in sending boats down the river to advise them to slip into the Saguenay till Phipps should have passed down, which they did.

The arrival of Phipps in Boston with his shattered and diminished fleet, and shrunken and disheartened forces, produced a feeling almost of despair. The success of the expedition had been counted on with the greatest certainty. Cotton Mather declares that he "never understood that any of the faithful did in their prayers arise to any *assurance* that the expedition should prosper in all respects; yet they sometimes in their devotions uttered their persuasion that Almighty God had heard them in this thing, that the English army should not fall by the hands of the French enemy." The higher criticism would probably detect in this declaration a large *ex post facto* element. The English army did not exactly fall by the hands of the French enemy; but between the French enemy, cold, tempest and sickness, the expedition

had been a most disastrous failure, which "the faithful" had certainly been far from thinking was, or could be, in the designs of Providence. There was no money in the treasury with which to pay the troops, who soon began to be clamorous and threatened mutiny. Finally, an issue of paper money was decided on, and the difficulty was thus tided over; but it was long before this questionable currency, which was only receivable in payment of public debts, and which for a time circulated at a discount of from twenty-five to thirty per cent., was fully redeemed.

The period now opening was destined to be one of savage border warfare. The Iroquois—particularly the Mohawks—were still on the war-path, and were resuming all their ancient boldness in their attacks on the French settlements. In the spring of 1691 there were some informal and, as they turned out, futile negotiations for peace, brought on by the fact that a party of Mohawks who had captured ten mission Indians near Chambly, sent them back a few days later by three of their own people, who entered the fort at St. Louis unarmed, and began to talk of peace. Callières, the governor of Montreal, did not quite know what to make of it, and meantime kept his troops scouring the neigbourhood. It seems probable that the Mohawks were really more anxious to draw away their kinsmen of the Laprairie mission from the French than to make peace with the latter. On more than one occasion the mission Indians had

shown reluctance in making war on their own people, and something of the same feeling existed on the side of the heathen warriors, who always hoped that they might some day reclaim their separated brethren. Meantime the raiding went on, but took the form chiefly of killing the cattle and burning the houses of the settlers, though now and again one or two of the latter would be killed or carried off. It was in the early summer of 1691 that a somewhat memorable incident in this wild warfare occurred. A party of forty or fifty Oneidas had in one of their forays taken possession of an abandoned house at Repentigny, a point on the north shore of the river St. Lawrence, just opposite the north-eastern end of the Island of Montreal. Possibly they had captured some brandy in their prowlings round the country; but whatever the reason was, they were not exercising their usual vigilance. They were observed by a certain Captain de Mine in charge of a detachment of soldiers, who succeeded in retreating from the spot and crossing over to some islands in the river without attracting their attention. Here he was joined by M. de Vaudreuil, at the head of a picked force of Canadians and some regular soldiers; and the combined force then crossed over to the main-shore, a little below the house which the savages were making their headquarters. Approaching with the greatest caution, they found some Indians asleep outside. These they killed with a volley at short range; then rushing forward they sur-

rounded the house. The Indians within fired from the windows and killed four or five of the French, including M. de Bienville. Their fate, however, was sealed. The French fired in at the windows, and finally set fire to the house, when the unhappy savages, driven forth by the flames, were, all save one, either killed or captured. The sequel is not pleasant to relate. The captives numbered five. One was given to the Ottawa Indians, for what purpose does not appear; one, a lad of fourteen years, was spared, because his family had protected the Jesuit father, Millet; and the remaining three were distributed to the farmers of Pointe aux Trembles, Boucherville and Repentigny, who burnt them in retaliation, it is said, for lost relatives.

The attack on Quebec had awakened the French government to the necessity of strengthening the forces in Canada. On the 1st July a frigate, the *Soleil d'Afrique*, famous in her day as a very rapid sailer, arrived at Quebec, bringing much needed stores and supplies, and twelve days later a dozen more vessels, under the command of a M. du Tast, appeared in the harbour. Just about the same time a deputation of Ottawas had made their way to Quebec to discuss various matters, but particularly trade questions, with the governor. The one dream of the Ottawas was cheap goods. Probably had they been manufacturers their one dream would have been a high tariff. It was a bad time to ask for cheap goods—no time, indeed, in Canada

was very good for that purpose—as the war between France and England was interfering considerably with trade, and such goods as there were in the country were held at exorbitant prices. Other gratifications, however, were afforded them: the sight of the fourteen vessels in the harbour, the drill of the soldiers and sailors, the firing of salutes, the illumination of the ships and of the town—for the arrival of the fleet was made an occasion for prolonged rejoicings and festivities—produced a powerful impression on minds unaccustomed to such wonders. They were also greatly charmed with an entertainment given at the château on the 22nd of July to which they were invited, and at which, according to the official narrative, "thirty beautiful ladies, entering very properly into the views of their host, paid them every attention." On the following day they were dismissed, laden with gifts, but not before they had been shown the large stores of war material that had been received from France, which it was hoped would give them a lively idea of the resources Canada possessed for making successful war upon her enemies. Early in the season Frontenac had despatched the Sieur de Courtemanche to Michilimackinac to convey to the tribes of that region the news of the defeat of the English before Quebec, and to inquire what they were doing against the Mohawks. The reply given was to the effect that a number of their bands had gone on the war-path, that others were about to start, and that the Miamis and Illinois

had also moved against the enemy, and forced the Senecas to abandon some of their towns. As regards the Ottawas and Hurons the case was probably overstated; otherwise the deputation to Quebec, which started after Courtemanche had left Michilimackinac, would have laid no little stress on the sacrifices which their people were making.

The month of August of this year (1691) was marked by one of the most important and stubborn engagements which had yet taken place between the French of Canada and their English and Indian enemies. The Iroquois, who since the massacre at Schenectady had been doing a good deal of fighting at the instance of their English allies, began to get a little tired of the business, in which, as they thought, the parties most concerned were not taking their proper share. They spoke out so plainly on the subject that it was decided at Albany to organize an expedition of whites to act in concert with the Mohawks and Mohegans or Wolves. The entire force, the command of which was given to Major Peter Schuyler, consisted of two hundred and sixty men, one hundred and twenty being English or Dutch, and the rest Indians. Going by way of Lake Champlain they descended the Richelieu to within a few miles of Chambly, where they left a detachment to guard their canoes, and then pushed on towards Laprairie de la Madeleine, the scene of Captain John Schuyler's exploit of the year before. Here a force

of seven or eight hundred men, under Callières, was awaiting them, an English prisoner captured by an Indian party near Albany having given information of their approach. As it happened, however, Callières had been smitten with a serious fever, and was not himself in active command. The regular troops were encamped to the left of the fort, which was close to the river, and the Canadians and Indians to the right. If a contemporary historian, Belmont,[1] may be trusted, the Canadians were well supplied with brandy, and used it only too freely. However that may have been, Schuyler's men, about an hour before dawn, attacked the Canadian camp, and drove the enemy before them into the fort, killing two or three, and also six Ottawa Indians who were sleeping under their canoes. The firing roused the regulars who, rushing to the scene, were met by a deadly volley. They rallied, however, and Schuyler, finding himself greatly outnumbered, retreated to a ravine, where he made a stand, and, as he states, repulsed his assailants. What seems to be certain is that he made a deliberate retreat towards his base on the Richelieu without being pursued, notwithstanding the superiority of the enemy. Amongst those who were killed on the French side were M. de St. Cirque, second in command to M. de Callières, M. d'Hosta, a valuable officer who had accompanied Nicolas Perrot on his mission to the Ottawas the

[1] As Belmont was a very ardent enemy of the drink traffic he may have been a little inclined to exaggerate in these matters.

year before, Captain Désquérat, and Lieutenant Domergue.

This, however, was not the end. Could Schuyler have retired after having inflicted comparatively heavy loss on the enemy, and sustained but little himself, he might have boasted of a signal success as these things went. This, however, was a case in which *recipere gradum* was destined to be much the harder part of his task. There was an enemy posted on the line of his retreat, and a brave and determined one. Valrennes, an officer of birth and of tried ability, former commandant of Fort Frontenac, had been sent to Chambly with a force consisting of one hundred and sixty regulars and militia, together with thirty or forty Indians, his instructions being to defend that place if attacked; but, should the enemy take the road to Laprairie, then to post himself in their rear and cut them off from their canoes. It was hoped in this way to catch them between two fires. Had this scheme been fully carried out, Schuyler's whole force would indubitably have been killed or captured. Owing, however, to the unexplained inactivity of the main body at Laprairie, the brunt of the second fight had to be borne by the detachment under Valrennes, which was somewhat, though not much, inferior in number to Schuyler's command. Valrennes posted his men behind two large trees that had fallen across the road on an acclivity, and, from this position of vantage, inflicted considerable loss upon the invaders. The

latter, however, exhibited great bravery, and finally fought their way through, but were compelled to leave their dead behind to the number of nearly forty. Schuyler, in his narrative of the expedition, admits that he was uncommonly glad to see the last of so obstinate a foe. Why the small band of about twenty-five men left in charge of the canoes was not first overpowered, as it might easily have been, and the canoes destroyed, does not appear. Schuyler on reaching the river found men and canoes safe, and, re-embarking with his diminished force, succeeded in regaining Albany.

The courage and address displayed by Valrennes in this encounter won him a great increase of reputation. As we have seen, the French lost a number of valuable officers in the fight at La-prairie. The English loss was almost entirely incurred in the second fight; in the first, Schuyler says he lost but one Christian and one Indian. The reason given in the French narrative for not pursuing the enemy is that, after an hour and a half's fighting and some previous heavy marching, neither French nor Indians had strength for any further exertion—that they could not even have defended themselves had the fight been prolonged. This rather tends to confirm Schuyler's statement that, after breaking through their position, he turned about and forced them to retreat. He and his men then effected their own retreat without molestation, carrying with them their wounded, who must have been numerous.

The news of the advance of the English had caused Frontenac to proceed to Three Rivers with such troops as could be spared from Quebec. He had not been there many days when news of the actual fighting came to hand. A couple of days later Valrennes himself arrived with fuller details; and gave so glowing an account of the valour of his troops and the losses inflicted on the enemy, that the depression which had at first been caused by the serious list of casualties amongst the officers, was in a large measure removed. He was accompanied by the famous Indian, Orehaoué, previously mentioned as having been brought out by Frontenac from France, and who during this summer had been rendering valuable service in different expeditions. This chieftain had with him an Onondaga Indian captured by him in the West, whom he presented to Frontenac. This was the day of reprisals, and Frontenac handed over the unfortunate to the Algonquins to be dealt with after their manner. The Algonquins were in due course proceeding to burn him, when a Huron gave him a *coup de grâce* with his tomahawk, which the writer of the official narrative seems almost to think was a mistake, observing that "the Algonquins are better judges of these things."

Notwithstanding the decisive repulse of the Boston expedition, no small anxiety was felt lest there might be a renewal of attack from the same quarter. Phipps had threatened to come back, and shortly after his arrival at Boston had sailed for

England in the hope of engaging the king's interest and assistance in the matter. Frontenac thought it prudent, all things considered, to detain two of the ships which came out in July until the 3rd September. He then commissioned one of them to convey to Acadia M. de Villebon, whom he was sending to that province as lieutenant-governor. The New Englanders had taken no measures whatever for securing their control of the country; no officer of any kind, no garrison, however small, had been left there to represent English authority, so that all Villebon had to do was to haul down an English flag which he found peacefully flying, and run up a French one in its place. Reporting to the minister, M. de Pontchartrain, in a despatch dated 20th October 1691, the re-establishment of French control, Frontenac takes occasion to recommend that Boston should be attacked by sea. Not only would it make Canada more secure, but there would be a great satisfaction in destroying such a nest of hardened parliamentarians. Frontenac's sympathies, as may be supposed, were all with the Stuarts and the divine right of kings. Unfortunately for the realization of his wishes, neither Frontenac nor his master had any ships available for the suggested undertaking. All that was possible at the moment was to incite the Abenaquis to inflict as much damage as possible on the hated enemy. In a despatch written a few months earlier, Frontenac had given a very lively account of the services

rendered by these faithful and bloodthirsty allies. "It is impossible," he says, "to describe the ravages these Indians commit for fifty leagues around Boston, capturing daily their forts and buildings, killing numbers of their people, and performing incredible deeds of bravery." A little discount must, perhaps, be taken off the "incredible bravery," as the Indian mode of warfare was rather stealthy than brave; but Frontenac in his despatches could always heighten the effect with a little judicious rhetoric. Villebon, too, after arriving in his government, wrote direct to the minister, eulogizing the same allies, and observing how dangerous it would have been to Canada, if the Boston people had succeeded in making a solid peace with them. In that case, instead of having to sail round by the gulf, they could at any time march direct from Pentagouet to Quebec in about twelve days. It was therefore of the utmost importance to cultivate the friendship of the savages by means of presents, and to keep them well supplied with arms. The idea of attacking Boston was also very close to Villebon's heart. There would be no difficulty about it, if only there were a few ships to spare, as its situation was a most exposed one; and no town could be more easily burnt, the streets being very narrow, and the houses all of wood.

Canada at this time, there is no doubt, was suffering from severe depression. Frontenac himself says that when the ships arrived in July, "the colony

was reduced to the greatest extremities." He estimated that out of thirteen hundred soldiers maintained by the king at the date of the attack on Quebec more than half had been "killed on divers occasions or had died of disease." In all, he said, more than two thousand men, "militia, regulars and veterans," had been lost in Canada since the war, by which he probably means the war against the Iroquois commenced by his predecessor. He asks that one thousand effective men should be sent "to complete the twenty-eight companies his Majesty has hitherto maintained here." The ships that arrived in July had not brought out any additional troops. It must be confessed that it is a little difficult to understand the loss of so many soldiers as Frontenac reports. The losses of men at Quebec in repelling Phipps's attack—represented by the French accounts as being very light, and which even the enemy did not pretend were very heavy—fell chiefly on the militia; while, in the fights with Schuyler, described by the French annalist as "the most obstinate battle that has ever been fought in Canada since the foundation of the colony," the acknowledged losses were only forty killed and about the same number wounded. There is nothing on record to show that many perished in casual skirmishes with the Indians, whose custom was to avoid troops whenever possible.

An expedition that deserves to be recorded was undertaken in the month of February of the following year (1692), when some three hundred men

were sent to attack a band of Iroquois, understood to be hunting somewhere between the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa. The leader of the party was M. Dorvilliers, an officer who had distinguished himself in the fight under Valrennes. At the very outset, however, Dorvilliers was accidentally disabled, and the command fell upon a youthful officer of engineers named Beaucour. The march through the forest was a terrible one: the cold was intense, and, accustomed as the men were to the rigours of the Canadian winter, they were rapidly losing heart, while some of the Indians were refusing to follow. Nothing but the indomitable spirit and courage of the leader saved the expedition from failure. He gathered the men round him and harangued them in terms and tones that gave new life to the whole party. Guided by the snowshoe tracks of the enemy, they followed on for four hours longer, when they caught up to and surprised them in their bivouac on an island in the St. Lawrence about a day's march below Cataraqui. Few of the savages escaped; most were killed in the first onset, but some, less fortunate, were captured and taken to Quebec, where three of them were tortured and burned. To avoid the same fate another killed himself in prison.

It was in the month of October of the same year that an incident occurred that has become the basis of what may be called one of the classic tales of Canadian history, the defence of the fort at Verchères by Madeleine, the fourteen-year-old daughter

of the seigneur of the place, then absent on duty at Quebec. The story is so fully and interestingly told by Parkman in his *Count Frontenac and New France*,[1] and is otherwise so well known, that it seems needless to repeat it here. A people may well be proud who know that the blood of such heroes and heroines as gave lustre to the early annals of Canada flows in their veins.

The conclusion to which Frontenac had come at this time was that the raising of large levies of men and organizing formal campaigns against so agile and elusive an enemy as the Iroquois was not a wise policy. He states so distinctly in a letter to Pontchartrain, dated in October 1692. Such expeditions, he says, "make great noise and do little harm"; he believes in "small detachments frequently renewed." There are some people, he continues, who think differently, and are always urging the Indians to entreat him to attempt something on a large scale. Who these are does not appear, but Frontenac says: "I put them off and endeavour to amuse them by always giving them hopes that I shall grant their desire." Possibly Callières was the moving spirit. Strange to say, it was only three months after writing thus that Frontenac gave his sanction to an expedition of the very kind that he had objected to. According to Champigny, indeed, he not only sanctioned but ordered it. The campaign in question, like that undertaken by Courcelles twenty-seven years before, was a midwinter

[1] Chapter xiv.

Madeleine de Vercheres — From the statue by Hebert

one. The force raised consisted of six hundred and twenty-five men, comprising over three hundred of the most active young men of the country, one hundred picked soldiers, and about two hundred Indians, chiefly mission Iroquois of the Saut and the Mountain, but partly Hurons, Algonquins, and Abenaquis from Three Rivers and the neighbourhood of Quebec. The expedition started from Laprairie on the 25th January 1693, spent a night at Chambly, and then pushed on for Lake Champlain, their destination being the country of the Mohawks, for some time past their most troublesome enemies. Some hunting was done by the Indians on the way, and it was not till the 16th of February that they arrived within sight of the first of the Mohawk forts. There was another fort less than a mile distant. Both were attacked and captured simultaneously. There were only five defenders, we are told, in the first and still fewer in the second. There was a more important fort, however, about eight miles further away. This was taken by surprise at night, though not without a skirmish in which one man was killed on the French side, while some twenty or thirty of the Mohawks were slaughtered; the rest, to the number of over three hundred, two-thirds being women and children, surrendered.

Hereupon ensued a little misunderstanding between the French and their Indian allies. The former wanted the latter to kill all the male prisoners of fighting age, appealing to a promise

they had made before starting that they would do so. The Indians declined, and the French did not like to do the business themselves; possibly there would have been trouble had they attempted it. The only course that remained was to make the best of their way home, taking their prisoners with them. Their movements were hastened by learning that Peter Schuyler was on their track with a party of English and Indians. Immediately following on this news came the information that peace had been declared in Europe, and that Schuyler wished to hold a parley. The French leaders placed little faith in this statement, but their Indians insisted on waiting to see what Schuyler had to say. As the savages could not be moved, it was decided to fortify a position and wait. Schuyler arrived, and fortified a position of his own not far off. Some skirmishing followed, but no parleying; and after a few days' delay the French slipped away by night. Schuyler could not pursue them effectively for want of provisions. The retreat to Canada was marked by the greatest misery and suffering. Most of the prisoners had to be abandoned. Provisions that had been stored by the way were found on their return to have been totally destroyed by water. Several members of the party died of starvation, and others became perfectly helpless. News of their desperate condition was sent by special couriers to Callières, who at once despatched one hundred and fifty men with provisions on their backs. "Never," says Champigny, "was there such distress. They were four

or five days without food. About one hundred and twenty, overpowered and exhausted, remained behind till they should be somewhat restored by the provisions we sent them. Two or three died of hunger; many threw down their arms, and almost all arrived without blankets, and scarcely able to drag their feet after them." The general result might well have confirmed Frontenac in the opinion he had previously expressed of such expeditions.

The Ottawa River had been so infested by Iroquois war parties for the last three years that it had been impossible for the Indians or *coureurs de bois* to use it as a channel of commerce, and the trade of the country was consequently at a standstill. The financial situation was indeed so gloomy that Frontenac, whose courage never failed him in a crisis, determined to try heroic measures of relief. He accordingly despatched M. d'Argenteuil with eighteen Canadians in four canoes to convey his orders to M. de Louvigny, commanding at Michilimackinac, to send down as large a party as he could of French and Indians with all the skins they could convey. The mission was a perilous one, and the men who engaged in it had to be well paid. With M. d'Argenteuil was sent another detachment of twenty men under M. de Lavaltrie to accompany him over what was considered the most dangerous part of the route. It does not appear at what point Argenteuil and Lavaltrie parted. The former reached his destination safely; the latter, on his return, was attacked by a party

of Iroquois near the head of the Island of Montreal and killed with three of his men. This was not encouraging for the safe arrival of the men from the West. What was almost unhoped for, however, happened; and, to the immense joy and relief of the inhabitants, a flotilla of nearly two hundred canoes laden with goods arrived on the 4th August (1693) at Montreal. Frontenac heard the news at Quebec on the 17th. Three days later he set out for Montreal, arriving on the 28th. Seldom, if ever, had Montreal seen so much gaiety and good spirits; and, if we may trust the official narrative of events, profuse and unbounded were the expressions of praise and gratitude directed towards the head of the Canadian state, the brave old governor, who in the darkest days had never lost heart, nor allowed others to lose heart if he could help it, and whose prowess and resource the enemy was again being taught to respect.

That one at least of the Iroquois nations was prepared for peace was shown by the arrival at Montreal, in the month of June of this year, of an Oneida chief, bringing with him a French captive named Damour, whom he wished to exchange for a relative of his own in captivity at the Saut. The main object of his visit, however, was evidently to talk about peace. He was accordingly sent on to Quebec, where he had an interview with the governor. He stated that the most influential of the Oneida cabins were anxious for peace, and that the other nations were aware that he had

come to speak about it. Frontenac's answer was very firm. If the nations wanted peace, he said, let them send duly authorized delegates, and he would treat with them. The present chance was, perhaps, the last they would have; and, if they did not seize it, he would prosecute the war against them till they were exterminated. The Oneida, Tareha by name, departed with this answer. In the month of October he returned. He and his own people were still anxious for peace, but the other nations wanted to have the negotiations carried on at Orange. To this the count vehemently refused to assent. Meantime several vessels had arrived from France with reinforcements and large supplies of war material. M. d'Iberville also returned about the same time from Hudson's Bay, bringing with him a couple of English trading ships that he had picked up on the way, one being laden with a cargo of tobacco from Virginia. The crops throughout the country were this year very good, and, owing to the diminished activity of the enemy, had been saved almost entire.

Following on the arrival of the western Indians, M. de Tonty, with a large body of *coureurs de bois*, had come down from the Illinois and lake country to discuss questions of trade and defence and receive the governor's orders for their future movements. After being well entertained and receiving all necessary instructions, they departed laden with fresh supplies and equipments, as well

as with presents for the tribes amongst whom they were stationed. While New France was thus strengthened in its distant outposts its home defences had not been neglected. Extensive improvements had been made in the fortifications of Quebec, according to plans prepared by the celebrated French engineer Vauban, and carried out under the superintendence of M. de Beaucour, the officer already mentioned as having conducted a winter expedition against the Iroquois. A new and very strong palisade had been erected around Three Rivers; and the forts at Sorel and Chambly, virtually outposts of Montreal, had been greatly strengthened. Taking everything into account, there was much to justify a more confident and hopeful feeling throughout the country.

Meantime Frontenac's trusty allies, the Abenaquis, incited by the governor of Acadia and their missionary priests, and led by M. de Portneuf, a brother of M. de Villebon, had been fighting Canada's battles on the New England frontier. In February 1692 a band of between two and three hundred fell on the small frontier settlement of York, situated on the Maine coast, not far from the New Hampshire border, and killed, according to the French accounts, about a hundred persons, chiefly women and children, taking at the same time about eighty captives. New England authorities place the number of killed at forty-eight, and that of the captives at seventy-three. Amongst the slain was the minister of the parish, Dummer

by name, a graduate of Harvard, and a man greatly respected. His gown was carried off, and one of the Indians afterwards, arraying himself in it, preached a mock sermon to his companions. As soon as spring opened a body of the warriors proceeded to carry the good news to Villebon, who had established himself in a fort at a place called Naxouat, on the river St. John, near the site of the present town of Fredericton, Port Royal, as he thought, being too open to attack. Villebon received them right royally. Speeches, drinking, and feasting were the order of the day, and presents were distributed with calculated generosity. They had done nobly, but there was more work of the same kind to be done. Their next venture, however, was not equally successful. The settlement of Wells was but a short distance from York, and thither they bent their steps in the early summer. Some of the houses at Wells were fortified; one in particular was defended by fifteen men under a militia captain named Convers. Fourteen more men with supplies arrived in two sloops on the 9th June, the very day on which the enemy made their appearance. The fourteen men managed to get into the fort, and the sloops, which were stranded in the bay by the ebbing tide, were left with no defenders save their crews. An unfortunate man named Diamond was captured in an attempt to pass from the fort to the sloops. The latter were first attacked, but the crew were well armed and shot two or three of

the assailants, who then desisted. Turning their attention to the fort they fired some futile shots, and did not a little shouting and threatening. Enraged at their want of success, they wreaked their fury on their unfortunate captive, whom they mutilated horribly before putting him to death. Then, after butchering all the cattle they could see, and burning some empty houses, they departed. Some went to Naxouat to see Villebon, who mentions in his journal that he "gave them a prisoner to burn, and that it would be impossible to add anything to the tortures they made him endure." Such was the frontier warfare of the time, and such were the men who incited it and sanctioned its worst excesses.

The hostility of the Abenaquis to the English was largely a cultivated one. The French could not afford to let it die out, and the influence of the missionaries was exerted in the same direction. Left to themselves, these savages, who, like their western brethren, wanted English goods, which were still cheaper at Boston than at Albany, would doubtless have come to terms with their English neighbours. Two circumstances at this time were inclining them to a change of policy. One was their ill success at Wells, and the second the fact that Phipps, who had returned from England in May 1692 with a commission as governor of Massachusetts, had proceeded, in the summer of that year, to rebuild and render much stronger than before the fort at Pemaquid, opposite Pentagouet, which had

been destroyed in 1689, and also to erect another at the falls of the Saco. The one at Pemaquid had scarcely been completed before two French vessels under the command of Iberville were sent against it by Frontenac; and why they did not capture it has never been satisfactorily explained. True, the government of Massachusetts had received word of the approach of the enemy, and had sent an armed vessel for its protection; but the advantage was still greatly on the side of the French, who were under the command, moreover, of a man noted both for daring and for capacity. Whatever the reason, the French vessels sailed away without accomplishing anything. In August of the following year, both forts being garrisoned and equipped, most of the chiefs, including Madocawando, father-in-law of the famous Saint-Castin,[1] recognizing how seriously their own position had been weakened by the establishment of these outposts, negotiated a peace on behalf of their respective tribes. The French leaders, lay and clerical, alarmed at this abandonment of their cause, set to work at once to repair the mischief. Certain of the tribes were still disposed for war; and the final result of prolonged debate and a profuse distribution of presents,

[1] The Baron de Saint-Castin had come to Canada in 1665 as an ensign in the Carignan-Salières Regiment, being then only in his seventeenth year. On the disbanding of the regiment he had gone to Acadia, and betaken himself to the life of the woods. He became a famous hunter and trader, and acquired great influence over the Indian tribes. The chief Madocawando, as above mentioned, was his father-in-law, but he had others.

together with skilfully contrived appeals to the mutual jealousy of the different chieftains, was that the peace was repudiated by those who had signed it, and that all alike declared for hostilities.

This was in the month of June 1694. In July a force of over two hundred Indians, accompanied by two missionaries, and conducted by Villieu, successor to M. de Portneuf, who had been removed for peculation, attacked by night the settlement of Oyster River, now Durham, some twelve miles north-west of the present town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and murdered one hundred and four persons, chiefly women and children. A few days later a similar descent was made on the settlements near Groton, fifty or sixty miles inland, where some forty persons were killed. Then pushing on to Quebec, Villieu gratified Count Frontenac by the exhibition of thirteen English scalps. More could have been had, but these sufficed as samples. The scalps of many of the slain would have been too pitifully small to add much grace to a warrior's belt. Villebon himself says in his journal that "the slaughter did not stop even at infants in the cradle."

These deeds were wrought, in part at least, by men who, a short time before, had signed a peace with the English. Phipps, who had proclaimed the peace through the settlements, felt a measure of responsibility for having, to that extent, induced a false sense of security among the inhabitants. He repaired to Pemaquid, and sent messengers to invite delegates of the tribes to meet him there. A number

came. He reproached them for their bad faith, and secured from them expressions of regret and promises to keep the peace in future. It was in vain, however; his work was quickly undone by the same influences which had been active before in the perpetuation of strife.

Phipps, whose appointment as governor had not been well received at Boston, and who consequently found himself involved in constant wrangling with some of the leading men of the place, was recalled about this time to England, where he died in the following year (1695). His successor, Stoughton, wrote a peremptory letter to the Abenaquis, calling upon them to bring in the prisoners they had taken. Those on the Kennebec returned a haughty answer; but a band from Father Thury's mission approached Fort Pemaquid under a flag of truce, and entered into a parley with the commandant, Chubb by name. Whether they sincerely meant to treat for peace is uncertain; Villebon says they were only pretending to do so. However this may have been, Chubb, without any positive knowledge of treachery on their part, opened fire on them, killed several, and made their chief, Egermet, a prisoner. A year later two French vessels under command of Iberville appeared before Pemaquid, landed cannon, and prepared to attack the place in concert with a large band of Indians led by Saint-Castin. Chubb at first put on a bold front; but scarcely had the firing begun before he offered to surrender, stipulating only that the lives of the

garrison should be spared, and that they should be exchanged for French and Indian prisoners then at Boston. Iberville honourably observed the conditions, though his Indian allies, in their eagerness to be avenged on Chubb, were hard to restrain. Their vengeance, however, was only deferred. Chubb was accused at Boston of cowardice in surrendering the fort, and suffered imprisonment there for some months. After his release he retired to his home at Andover. Thither his relentless foes tracked him, and murdered both him and his wife at their own fireside.

CHAPTER XII

THE DRAMA OF WAR—PEACE AT THE LAST

OUR narrative of the warfare on the New England frontier has somewhat outrun that of events in Canada proper. The safe arrival of the canoes from the West, the consequent revival of trade, and the comparative immunity from attack enjoyed by the country towards the close of the year 1693 had, as we have seen, made the governor more popular in the country than ever before. Still there were not a few who acknowledged his merits but grudgingly, while they had much to say in regard to the defects of his administration. Charlevoix says that, could he only have added to his own high qualities the virtues of his predecessor, the pious Denonville, he would have been perfect, and the condition of the colony would have left nothing to desire. Frontenac, however, could not be a Denonville any more than Denonville could have been a Frontenac. He was a religious man in the practical, businesslike way in which men with strong political instincts and aptitudes are apt to be religious. There was nothing mystical about him, and little that was sentimental. Religion, in his opinion, was a good thing, but it had its own place; it was meant to co-operate to good ends with the state, but not to dominate the state. In France such views might have passed unchallenged, for

these were the days when Gallicanism was at its height, but in Canada they met with keen opposition. There, as already remarked, the leaders of the church hoped to be able to mould a state in which the secular power should find its greatest glory in being the handmaiden of the spiritual.

Resuming the complaints made against the governor, Charlevoix tells us that he was censured for his indulgence to the officers, whose esteem and attachment he was very anxious to enjoy, and that he let all the burden of the war fall on the colonists. There may have been a slight measure of truth in the accusation; but it is certain that many officers of the regular army died bravely fighting the battles of the country. That the militia were, on the whole, better and more skilful fighters than the regular troops was early discovered. Denonville, it may be recalled, made some very disparaging remarks in regard to the latter on the occasion of his expedition against the Senecas. Another accusation, for which there was undoubted foundation, was that the officers were allowed to retain the pay of the soldiers who received permission to do civilian work. A soldier could always earn in one form or another of manual labour, much more than his military wages amounted to; and the custom sprang up of retaining and dividing amongst the officers the pay of those who engaged in such labour. The court finally took cognizance of the practice, and condemned it. Still more serious complaint was made, Charlevoix says, of Frontenac's

toleration of the liquor trade. He quotes on this subject a letter written by an ecclesiastic, the Abbé de Brisacier, to Père Lachaise, the king's confessor, in which it is stated that "brutalities and murders are being committed in the streets of Quebec by intoxicated Indian men and women, who in that condition have neither shame nor fear." There is also a letter extant from the worthy Superior of the Sulpicians at Montreal, M. Dollier de Casson, dated 7th October 1691, to a friend in France, that is really pathetic in its terms. If, he says, "our incomparable monarch" only knew the truth of the matter, "the uprightness of his intentions would not be misled by those numerous emissaries of the Evil One who spread the belief that without liquor we should have no savages visiting us and no fur trade." He speaks of liquor as "*un damnable ecueil*"—a damnable rock on which the poor Indian makes shipwreck—and gives a pitiful account of some of the horrors to be seen almost daily in the Indian missions. It may be doubted whether the condition of things was any worse in this respect under Frontenac than under Denonville, when the whole country seemed to be more or less paralyzed through the excessive use of brandy. It may possibly, indeed, have been better; the comparative efficiency of military operations may not unreasonably be held to point in that direction.

Frontenac and Champigny were not openly at strife, but judging by a letter written by the latter,

and dated 4th November 1693, the governor acted very tyrannically towards him. He quotes the bishop as saying that Frontenac treats him (Champigny) worse than he ever treated Duchesneau. He only puts up with it, he says, in order to carry out his instructions to live peaceably with the governor at all costs, and in the hope that the minister will appreciate the sacrifice he is making.

Frontenac, when in France, had lived much at court, and had doubtless witnessed and participated in many of the elaborate festivities which royalty was wont to grace with its presence. It is not surprising that he was ambitious to have some little echo of Versailles in his mimic court at Quebec. Never had the public of that capital been so disposed to relaxation and enjoyment as in the winter of 1693-4 when the country seemed to see some days of prosperity and tranquillity before it. Great, therefore, was the enthusiasm when in the holiday season two dramatic representations were given at the château. Officers and ladies took part in the performances, and the plays *Nicomède* and *Mithridate* were wholly unobjectionable. Everybody was happy except the clergy, who saw in such mundanities the most serious danger to the spiritual welfare of the community. The Abbé Glandelet of the Seminary was the first to raise a cry of alarm, preaching a sermon in the cathedral, in which he essayed to prove that no one could attend a play without incurring mortal sin.

Then the bishop issued a mandate a little more moderate in its terms, in which he distinguished between comedies innocent in their nature, but which under certain circumstances may be dangerous, and those which are absolutely bad and criminal in themselves, such as the comedy of *Tartuffe* and similar ones. *Tartuffe*, although his Majesty had listened to it on more than one occasion, and entertained a particular friendship for its author, was to the ecclesiastical world a terror. The bishop had heard a report that it was to be put upon the boards next, and fearing that his mandate alone might not have sufficient effect, he took occasion of a chance meeting with Frontenac to offer him a thousand francs if he would not produce it. Frontenac's friends say that he never had any intention of producing it; but he took the bishop's money all the same, and, it is stated, gave it next day to the hospitals. It is somewhat remarkable that Frontenac should have taken the money whether he did or did not intend to produce the play, and equally so that the bishop should have considered him accessible to a purely pecuniary argument in a matter of the kind.

It has been mentioned that in the summer of 1693 an Oneida chief had come to Quebec and talked of peace, and that, having gone back to his people, he returned in October with propositions which the governor contemptuously rejected. In the month of January following, two messengers came from the Iroquois country to say that, if they

could have a safe-conduct, chiefs from each of the Five Nations would come down with authority to negotiate for peace. A safe-conduct was promised, but Frontenac expressly stipulated that one particular Onondaga chief, Teganissorens, with whom he had had negotiations many years before, should accompany the delegation. In April a number of delegates came, but without Teganissorens. Frontenac refused to deal with them, and said that if any of them dared to come to see him again without that chief, he would put them into the kettle. This had its effect, for towards the end of May two delegates from each nation came down, Teganissorens being of the number. Belts were presented, and the language of the delegates was all that could be desired. "Onontio," said Teganissorens, presenting the sixth belt, "I speak to you in the name of the Five Nations. You have devoured all our chief men, and scarce any more are left. I ought to feel resentment on account of our dead. By this belt I say to you that we forget them; and, as a token that we do not wish to avenge them, we throw away and bury our hatchet under the ground, that it may never more be seen. To preserve the living we shall think no more of the dead." The personal appearance of the orator, known to the English as Decanisora, has been described by Colden in his *History of the Five Nations*, published in 1727. According to that author he was a tall, well-formed man, with a face not unlike the busts of Cicero; and we know from

the French official narrative that he spoke with remarkable fluency and grace. The count replied in a conciliatory manner; on both sides there seemed to be good dispositions towards peace, but yet no definite understanding was arrived at. The Iroquois wished to include the English in the peace, but Frontenac, of course, was not at liberty to make peace with a people with whom his master, the French king, was at war. The savages agreed, however, to give up their prisoners; and Orehaoué was sent with them to accept delivery of the captives and bring them back. The Onondagas for some reason refused to surrender theirs, but the other tribes made good the promise of their delegates. Among those who were released were some who had been detained since the massacre of Lachine, and in general they had not much complaint to make of their treatment. It was a proud day for Orehaoué when, completing the important duty entrusted to him, he was able to restore the long missing ones to country and home.

The majority of the tribes must have wished for peace, or they would not have given up their prisoners. It was, however, as much against the interest of the English to have peace established between the Iroquois and the French, as it was against the interest of the latter that there should be peace between the Abenaquis and the New Englanders. A long period of intrigue followed, with plotting and counter-plotting between the different parties concerned. The English on their

side were striving to stir up the Iroquois against the French, and the French on theirs to incite the Abenaquis against the English; the Iroquois talked peace to the French, but were working all the time to draw the Lake tribes away from their alliance; while the French commanders in the West were doing their best to keep their Indians on the war-path against the Iroquois. Intrigue reigned too among the Lake tribes; for an influential chief called the Baron was trying hard to persuade them to join the Iroquois. Some horrible treacheries and cruelties were meantime being perpetrated in that region. The French at Michilimackinac, where La Motte Cadillac had replaced Louvigny, killed two Iroquois who had been brought into the camp in the guise of prisoners, but who were suspected of being emissaries from their nation acting in collusion with the Baron. The latter and his associates were very angry at first, but in the end yielded to the French, and handed over another Iroquois, whom they had with them. The French determined, La Potherie says, to make an example of him. The Ottawas were invited "to drink the broth of an Iroquois," which they did after the victim had been put to death with cruel tortures in which a Frenchman took the lead. Not long after four others were similarly treated. The object, of course, in getting the Ottawas and Hurons to participate in these cruelties was to render peace with the Iroquois impossible.

FORT FRONTENAC REBUILT

In the summer of 1695, Frontenac carried out his long-cherished design of restoring the fort at Cataraqui. The scheme was strongly opposed by the intendant, Champigny, who had managed in some way to win the court over to his views. The expedition organized by Frontenac consisted of seven hundred men, and was placed by him under the command of the Marquis of Crisafy, a Neapolitan noble, who, as Charlevoix informs us, had been guilty of treason in his own country, and so been obliged to take service under the French king. Scarcely had the expedition started before a letter from the Comte de Pontchartrain was placed in Frontenac's hand enjoining him not to take any steps in the matter of re-establishing the fort. Anything more *mal à propos* could scarcely have happened. Had Frontenac been a timid man, he would have sent a messenger after Crisafy, and ordered him back; but his service of many years in many lands had accustomed the veteran to taking responsibility; and, persuaded as he was that he knew better what the interest of the country required than the king and the minister put together, he allowed the expedition to proceed. Within a month it had returned to Montreal after having put the fort once more in a condition of defence at a cost of sixteen thousand francs. Forty-eight men were left behind as a garrison. Frontenac had now a base for the operations which he felt sure would be required against the Iroquois, and which in point of fact were carried out in the

following year. The king, on hearing of what had been done, did not censure the governor, but merely asked him to consider carefully, in consultation with M. de Champigny, whether it was really for the advantage of the colony that the fort should be maintained. In the interest of harmony the court had for some time followed the practice of writing to the governor and the intendant jointly, and requiring them to make joint despatches. Notwithstanding this prudent arrangement, each of the high officials managed to bring his own private views before the minister or the king, as the case might be. In joint consultations the will of Frontenac was pretty sure to carry the day. His fort henceforth was safe.

We may now, while a desultory and not very eventful warfare is being waged between the colony and its traditional enemy, the Iroquois, and while negotiations and intrigues are being carried on in triangular fashion between the French, their allies, and the common foe, turn for a few moments to another field, a far distant one, in which Canadian enterprise, bravery, and military aptitude won repeated successes, and, on one occasion at least, performed deeds of lasting renown. We have already related the expedition under M. de Troyes to Hudson's Bay in the summer of 1686 in which Iberville and his brother Ste. Hélène took part. Troyes returned to Quebec in the same year, and, as we have seen, joined Denonville's campaign against the Senecas. Iberville seems to have re-

mained in the Hudson's Bay country till the following year, for we hear of his returning to Quebec in the fall of 1687 with a large amount of booty in the way of furs. The Hudson's Bay Company of England, in a petition which they addressed to the king asking for redress, put the amount of loss they had sustained by this expedition at £50,000, quite probably an over-valuation. After this adventure Iberville, in company with his brother Maricourt, seems to have gone to France; but two years later both are in the bay again defending Fort Albany against an English vessel. Later in the year, in the absence of Iberville, who had gone to Quebec with a cargo of furs, the English possessed themselves of the fort; but, returning in the summer of 1690, he wrested it from them again, and again sailed to Quebec with furs, this time to the value of 80,000 francs. The next year he went to France, and in July 1692 returned with two French vessels *L'Envieuse* and *Le Poli*, destined for operations in Hudson's Bay. As he did not reach Quebec, however, till the 18th August, it was considered that the season was too far advanced for an attempt in that quarter; and the vessels were consequently diverted to Acadia in order that they might operate against the newly erected fort at Pemaquid. As stated in our last chapter, the expedition proved a failure. In the following year *Le Poli*, which Iberville had taken back to France, was sent out again to Canada with a companion vessel, *L'Indiscret*. It was intended that they should pro-

ceed to Hudson's Bay, but they only arrived at Quebec on the 22nd July, and, as the king had expressly stipulated that *Le Poli* should return to France that year, every practical man in Canada saw at once that she at least could not take part in the expedition. Then could there be any expedition? It was at first proposed that Iberville should make the best he could of *L'Indiscret* and an English ship he had captured on the way out, the *Mary Sarah*; and a number of French captains who were in port at the time were formed into a commission to report on the matter from a practical point of view. Their report, made on the 7th August, was unfavourable as regarded both vessels. *L'Indiscret* does not seem to have had any armament, and though guns could have been provided for her at Quebec, the captains doubted whether either decks or hull were strong enough to admit of her conversion into an effective fighting ship, or indeed whether she was suitable at all for northern navigation. As to the *Mary Sarah*, she was a very poor sailer, and would only prove an embarrassment. Iberville, who of course expected, if he went, to winter in the bay, said he must have a full year's provisions for the party; and one of the points the captains inquired into was whether there was accommodation in the ships for all the stores required. As one of the necessities of the voyage they put down 154 barriques of wine, or, alternatively, 38 of brandy. As the barrique contains something over 50 gallons, the estimate was for about

2000 gallons of brandy, not an illiberal allowance. The upshot of the matter was that there was no expedition that year, and that the English had all their own way in the bay, capturing once more the fort at Albany, together with furs to the value, as stated, of 150,000 francs, the property of the Compagnie du Nord.

The news of this serious loss arrived at Quebec in August just after the idea of an expedition had been abandoned, and was carried to France by M. de Serigny, one of Iberville's brothers. The French government thereupon determined to organize a strong force for the purpose of securely establishing French supremacy in those northern waters. Serigny was accordingly sent back to Quebec in the summer of 1694, with instructions to Frontenac to lend as many soldiers as he could spare for the enterprise. No time was lost in executing the order. On the 10th August Iberville with Serigny and another brother M. de Châteauguay, and over a hundred picked Canadians set sail for Hudson's Bay in two frigates of twenty and thirty guns respectively. The first point of attack was to be Port Nelson on the west side of the bay, garrisoned by about fifty English, and mounting thirty-six cannon. Having arrived at the place on the 24th September, Iberville demanded its surrender, which was refused. The assailants had much the advantage in strength, and on the 13th October the fort surrendered. The Canadians took up their quarters there for the winter; and when summer came

Iberville decided to wait in the neighbourhood in the hope of capturing one or two English trading vessels which were expected to arrive. None came, however, and he set sail in September, leaving La Forest in charge with sixty men. Contrary winds rendering his return to Canada difficult, he steered his course for France, and arrived safely at Rochelle, where he wrote out a full account of his adventures and achievements.

It was related in the last chapter how, in the following year (1696), Iberville, in conjunction with Saint-Castin and the neighbouring Indians, had captured and destroyed the English fort of Pemaquid, on the west side of what is now Penobscot Bay. His instructions were, as soon as this had been accomplished, to sail for Newfoundland, take St. John's, and harry the English settlements strewn along the eastern coast. This enterprise had been carefully prepared beforehand, and a number of fishing vessels from St. Malo had been armed for the purpose. There was a French governor stationed at Placentia, M. de Brouillan, to whom instructions had been sent to co-operate with M. d'Iberville. All accounts agree in saying that this officer was a man of an extremely surly and jealous temper. Anxious to win the glory and profit of capturing St. John's without assistance, he did not await the arrival of Iberville before setting out on the enterprise. With the help of the St. Malo men he captured one or two English vessels; but, owing to disagreements that arose between him and his

men, nothing more was accomplished. Returning to Placentia he found that Iberville with his Canadians had arrived. Some dispute arose as to who should command the combined force; finally it was agreed that Iberville should have that honour. It is doubtful whether the Canadians would have consented to serve under any other leader. The capture of St. John's was effected on the 1st December; but no booty of any consequence was taken, as some English vessels had shortly before removed everything of value. Then followed a cruel winter raid on the poor fisher-folk of the coast who were not in a condition to make any resistance. All the hamlets were burned, and the French writers say that two hundred of the English inhabitants were killed, surely a most unnecessary slaughter.

Other work and other laurels somewhat worthier of a warrior's brow were, however, awaiting the redoubtable Canadian chief. In the month of May 1697, when the desolation in Newfoundland was complete, his brother Serigny arrived from France with five ships of war, the *Pelican*, the *Palmier*, the *Wasp*, the *Profond*, and the *Violent*. Port Nelson had again fallen into the hands of the English; and this expedition, which Iberville was to command, had been organized for the purpose of retaking it. For trading purposes it was much the most important port on the bay, being the outlet of a vast fur-bearing region stretching towards Lake Superior. It was July before the squadron sailed from Placentia, Iberville taking command of the *Pelican*,

and his brother of the *Palmier*. One ship carrying stores was crushed and lost amid floating ice, though the crew were saved. The others were in great danger. When the *Pelican* got free her companions were nowhere to be seen, and Iberville pursued his way towards Port Nelson alone, hoping that the other vessels would make their appearance after a time. He had nearly reached his destination when three sail did heave in sight, which he took to be the missing vessels. He was soon undeceived. They were armed English merchantmen—the *Hampshire*, of fifty-two guns; the *Daring*, of thirty-six; and the *Hudson's Bay*, of thirty-two. The chances looked bad for the *Pelican*, which had but forty-four; but Iberville was accustomed to taking chances, and he did not decline the unequal fight. The French commander had the advantage of the wind, and seems not to have engaged more than one vessel at a time. After some hours of cannonading he came to close quarters with the *Hampshire*, and, delivering some terrible broadsides, caused her to sink in that dreary sea with all on board. The *Hudson's Bay*, which he next attacked, soon struck her flag, while the *Daring*, doing little honour or justice to her name, seized a favouring wind and escaped. The *Pelican* had by no means escaped Scot free. So badly shattered was she that, having stranded a few miles from the fort, and a gale having sprung up, she went to pieces. Some of the crew were lost, while, of those who reached land, a number died from cold and exhaustion.

Snow was lying a foot deep on the ground; and had it not been for the timely arrival of the missing vessels, the whole party would doubtless have perished, unless they could have made their way to the fort and thrown themselves on the mercy of the enemy. As it was, the work of the expedition was now proceeded with. Cannon and mortar were landed. The fort was only protected by a palisade, and though it mounted a few light cannon, it was quite unable to withstand a bombardment. The commandant, therefore, though at first he refused to surrender, was soon compelled to lower his flag. He obtained honourable terms for his garrison, but was obliged to hand over a vast quantity of furs. Iberville after this signal triumph—a triumph, as Parkman describes it, "over the storms, the icebergs, and the English"—left his brother in charge of the captured fort, and, taking the two best vessels left, sailed for France, where he arrived early in November.

The news which greeted him there was that, just about the time he was sailing from the bay, peace had been signed[1] between England and France. By the terms of the peace Louis was to acknowledge William III as rightful King of England and Anne as his successor, and to withdraw all assistance from the exiled James. As regards the colonies, the most important provision was that the *status quo ante bellum* should be re-established. Thus the gallant fight that Iberville had waged, one against

[1] The Peace of Ryswick, 20th September 1697.

three, and all the bitter hardships which he and his men had endured by sea and land, had been in vain. Port Nelson and the other ports in Hudson's Bay would have to revert to the English. All boundary questions in dispute between the two nations were to be settled by commissioners appointed for that purpose.

Returning now to Canada, and going back a year and a half in our narrative, that is to say, to the early summer of 1696, we find Count Frontenac making his plans for the campaign he had for some time felt to be necessary against the Iroquois, but particularly against the most obstinately hostile nation of the confederacy, the Onondagas. He had no great reason to think that the court desired him to engage in this enterprise, for all the counsels he had lately been receiving from that quarter had been in favour of contraction rather than expansion, of peaceful rather than warlike measures. He trusted, however, that if he signally succeeded, as he expected to do, all would be not only condoned but approved, including his disobedience of orders in re-establishing Fort Frontenac the year before, a matter in regard to which he had not heard from the court as yet. The expedition as organized was one which certainly should have been adequate for the punishment of the Iroquois, if they would only stay to be punished. It consisted of four battalions of regulars of two hundred men each, and four of militia, numerically somewhat stronger. With these were five hundred mission Indians, Iroquois from

the Saut, near Montreal, and Abenaquis from Sillery, near Quebec. Two battalions of regulars, with most of the Indians, constituted the vanguard, which was under the command of M. de Callières. The militia, under M. de Ramesay, Governor of Three Rivers, were placed in the centre, while M. de Vaudreuil brought up the rear, consisting of the two remaining battalions of regulars and the rest of the Indians. Frontenac himself, with his staff and a number of volunteers, took a position between the van and the centre. In this order the expedition started from Lachine on the 6th July. In fifteen days it had reached Fort Frontenac, where it halted a week, awaiting the arrival of a contingent of Ottawas which La Motte Cadillac had promised to send from Michilimackinac. As this reinforcement did not arrive, the expedition pushed on, and in two days reached the mouth of the Oswego River. Here the rapids proved very difficult, and several portages were necessary. On these occasions the count, notwithstanding his seventy-five years, was prepared to foot it like the rest; but the Indians would have none of it: they raised him aloft in his canoe, "singing and yelling with joy."

On the 4th August the army reached the principal fort of the Onondagas only to find it abandoned and burnt. There was nothing to do but, as on former similar occasions, to destroy the corn. An old Onondaga Indian who had remained in the neighbourhood was captured and put to

death with horrible tortures, which he endured with the greatest fortitude; reviling his enemies with his latest breath, and calling the French "dogs," and their Indian allies "the dogs of dogs," bidding them, at the same time, to learn from him how to suffer when their turn should come. While such havoc as was possible was being wrought in the Onondaga habitations, Vaudreuil was detached from the main force to do similar damage in the country of the Oneidas. As he approached their village, some deputies of the tribe came forward to offer submission, and beg that their crops might not be destroyed, but Vaudreuil told them he had to obey his orders, and that, if they chose, they might come and dwell with the French, where they would not want for anything. While the detachment was engaged in the work of destruction news came that a force of three hundred English was marching to attack them, whereupon the Abenaquis expressed great joy, saying that they would not need to waste powder on such enemies, their tomahawks and knives would be enough. The English did not come, however. Governor Fletcher, of New York, was on the move; but, by the time he had gathered a force, he learnt that the French had gone. It is difficult to see in what respect this campaign, which was precisely of the kind that Frontenac had said a few years before he did not approve, was more effectual than that of Denonville in 1687; Frontenac, nevertheless, represented it to the king as a notable victory. He

could be pious in his phraseology when he liked; and he wrote that the Iroquois had been smitten at his approach with a panic which could only have come from Heaven. The Iroquois were surely in hard luck in having to fight, at the same moment, human foes in superior numbers, and armed with superior weapons, and celestial ones capable of paralyzing their faculties in the moment of their greatest need. But not more actively did the gods and goddesses of Olympus intervene on the plain of Troy on behalf of well-greaved Greeks or horse-taming Trojans than did the higher powers, if we can trust the narratives of the time, on behalf of the well-musketed Canadians.

On the 10th August the return journey was begun, and on the 20th the army reached Montreal. Some lives had been lost in the rapids; otherwise there had been no casualties. In concluding his letter to the king, Frontenac, after praising the officers under his command, particularly M. de Callières, put in a modest word for himself: "I do not know whether your Majesty will consider that I have tried to do my duty, and, if so, whether you will judge me worthy of some mark of honour such as may enable me to live the brief remainder of my life in some distinction. However your Majesty may decide, I must humbly beg you to believe that I am prepared to sacrifice the remainder of my days in your Majesty's service with the same ardour which I have always hitherto displayed." His Majesty was

graciously pleased to say in reply, by the mouth of the minister, that he was entirely satisfied with the count's expedition against the Onondagas and Oneidas, and with his whole conduct. After dealing with other matters the minister added: "Until his Majesty has it in his power to bestow on you more marked proofs of his satisfaction, he has granted you his Military Order of St. Louis, and you will find herewith his permission to you to wear its cross." This was a distinction of which his subordinate Callières, as well as M. de Vaudreuil and the intendant, Champigny, were already in enjoyment: yet it was all that the very decided merit of M. de Frontenac was able to extract. It is said that the violent take the kingdom of heaven by force; but it is also said that the meek shall inherit the earth. Frontenac tried to make his way by dint of self-assertion, but in the end his success was only moderate. The enemies whom he thrust aside, or cowed into silence, could whisper at opportune moments, and their whispers did him no good; while sometimes they could secure gratifications for themselves decidedly worth having.

Various inconclusive negotiations for peace followed the Onondaga campaign; and things dragged on in this way till news came in January 1698, though not through an authorized channel, of the signing of the Peace of Ryswick. The officer in command at Albany, Peter Schuyler, had deputed Captain John Schuyler and one Dellius to carry the news to Callières at Montreal. Frontenac

received it at Quebec a few days later. The messengers stated that a new governor was coming out to New York—the Earl of Bellomont—and mentioned that instructions had been given to their Indians to cease their warfare against the French. Frontenac sent a reply stating that he would have to await confirmation of the news from his own government; but he did not think it well to recognize that part of the message which assumed, on the part of the English, authority over the Iroquois. Early in the following June (1698) Schuyler and Dellius came, bringing some twenty French prisoners of all ages, and also a letter from the Earl of Bellomont to Frontenac, forwarding copies in French and Latin of the treaty of peace, and proposing that Frontenac should give up all his Iroquois prisoners to him, undertaking, on his part, to secure the restoration of all the French prisoners whom the Iroquois might be holding. This brought things to an issue. Frontenac replied in firm but courteous terms, saying that, although he was still without advices from his government, he was prepared to hand over all English prisoners in his custody, but that he could not understand how his Lordship could have instructed his delegates to ask for the return of the Iroquois prisoners. The Iroquois had been uninterruptedly subjects of the French king from a time prior to the taking of New York by the English from the Dutch. So far as they were concerned, therefore, the Earl of Bellomont need not

give himself any trouble, as they were suing for peace, had engaged to restore all their French prisoners, and had given hostages for the fulfilment of their promise. He also referred, as a further proof of French authority, to the missions which they had maintained among the Iroquois for over forty years. This letter was dated 8th June. Bellomont replied on the 13th August, manifesting much irritation at Frontenac's refusal to recognize the Iroquois as English subjects, and consequently covered by the peace. He told Frontenac that he had sent word to those nations to be on their guard, that he had furnished them with arms and munitions of war, and promised them assistance in case they were attacked. As to the Jesuit missionaries, the Indians had repeatedly entreated him "to expel those gentlemen from amongst them," their wish being "to have some of our Protestant ministers among them, instead of your missionaries, in order for their instruction in the Christian religion." Here was a pretty quarrel right on the head of a peace! Frontenac replied with his customary firmness, saying that he would pursue his course unflinchingly and insist on the fulfilment by the Iroquois of the engagement they had entered into before the declaration of peace. He referred to the fact that commissioners were to be appointed to decide questions of boundary, and said that, such being the case, the earl had taken too absolute a position. Here the correspondence ended so far as Frontenac was concerned. He was

fighting in a losing cause, for the claim of England to the territory in dispute was shortly afterwards recognized. He could, however, at least say that the cause was not lost through him ; to the last he maintained with courage, resolution, and dignity, what he held to be the rights of his sovereign. As regards the formal establishment of peace with the Iroquois it was not to be in his time. His last despatch to the court bears date the 25th October. He tells the minister that the Iroquois, who had promised to come and conclude peace and bring back their prisoners, have not yet done so, and that he has no doubt they are held back by the Earl of Bellomont. The minister answers that, to prevent a continuation of disputes, he had consented that the tribes in question should remain undisturbed and enjoy the peace concluded at Ryswick. The boundary question would be settled in due time by the commissioners appointed for that purpose.

This reply Count Frontenac was not destined to see. Three months, indeed, before it was penned the curtain had fallen upon his eager, strenuous, and, broadly speaking, honourable life. About the middle of November he fell ill. He was in his seventy-ninth year. In a few days, if not from the first, he knew that he had passed into the shadow of death, that he was at last meeting One whom he could not conquer. The old man made all his arrangements with admirable calmness. On the 22nd November he sent for the notary to make

his will. He expressed a desire to be buried, not in the cathedral church, but in that of the Récollets, whose milder theology had best suited his practical and somewhat Erastian turn of mind. He makes pecuniary provision for a daily mass on his behalf for one year, and a yearly one thereafter on the anniversary of his death, Mme. de Frontenac to share in it after her death. His heart was to be placed in a chapel of the Church of St. Nicolas des Champs at Paris, where the remains of his sister, Mme. de Monmort, were already reposing. A merchant of Quebec, François Hazeur, and his private secretary, are named as his executors. He requests Champigny to support his friends in having his wishes carried out. He bequeaths to him a crucifix of aloes wood, and to Mme. de Champigny a reliquary. The bishop, M. de Saint Vallier, came to see him several times during his illness, as also did the intendant; death, not for the first time, was acting the part of reconciler. It was rather expected by the clerical party that, in his last moments, the old warrior would express deep contrition for his deficiencies on the religious side and his frequent opposition to the policy of the church; but in this they were disappointed. "God gave him full time," says an anonymous critic of the period, who has annotated very harshly the funeral sermon preached over his remains, "to recognize his errors, and yet to the last he showed a great indifference in all these matters. In a word, he behaved during the few days before his death

like one who had led an irreproachable life and had nothing to fear." The last rites of religion were administered by the Récollet father, Olivier Goyer, and on the 28th November 1698, retaining his faculties to the last, the veteran passed peacefully away.

What manner of man he was, this narrative, it may be trusted, has in some measure shown. Compounded of faults and virtues, his was a character that appealed strongly to average human nature. Common people understood, admired and trusted him. His faults were those common, everyday ones,[1] which it is not impossible to forgive; and he had the more than compensating virtues of courage, decision, simplicity, underlying kindliness, and humour. His nature, vehement, turbulent, and self-asserting throughout his early and middle manhood, was gaining towards the end that ripeness in which, according to Shakespeare, lies the whole significance of life. The Abbé Gosselin has defined with great exactness his attitude towards religion. "Frontenac," he says, "was a Christian and a religious man after the fashion of his time, and as people generally are in the great world; attached to the church, but with all the Gallican ideas of the period, according to which the church was only a dependency of the state; making it a point of honour to discharge the duties incumbent on a gentleman and a Christian, but drawing a clear distinction between the demands of duty

[1] Τὰ κοινὰ τῶν ἀνθρώπων πάθη.—Aristotle, *Rhet.* vii.

and those of perfection."[1] The late Abbé Verreau, quoted by Gosselin in his *Life of Laval*, has a few words of mingled praise and blame, which, perhaps, in their general effect are not far from the truth. "The harsh doctrines of Jansenism," he says, "and domestic troubles had infused into his nature something unrefined which the outward manners of the aristocrat did not entirely conceal. . . . When, however, he yielded to the natural bent of his mind, he attracted every one by the intellectual grace and charm of his conversation. . . . His ambition was to be in New France the reflection of the great monarch who ruled in Old France." The Abbé probably exaggerates the effect of Jansenist doctrines upon the mind of Frontenac, and also that of his conjugal difficulties; but he rightly discerns an element in his character which clashed with his finer and more distinguished qualities.

There is no known extant portrait of Frontenac. For many years a certain photograph was sold at Quebec as representing him on his death-bed, and was reproduced in different works relating to Canadian history. Parkman, the historian, sent it to the late M. Pierre Margry of Paris, the well-known authority on early Canadian history, who at once pronounced that it was not a portrait of Frontenac at all, but had been taken from one of the illustrations published in Lavater's celebrated

[1] *Monseigneur de Saint Vallier et son Temps*, p. 32.

work on physiognomy, the original being a German professor of the name of Heidegger. How it ever came to pass for a portrait of Frontenac remains a mystery. The matter is fully discussed in Mr. Ernest Myrand's work, *Sir William Phipps devant Quebec*. So far as appears, it was through a correspondence between Mr. Myrand and M. Pierre Margry, that the fact of the unauthenticity of the alleged portrait of Frontenac first became known in Canada.

The funeral sermon over the deceased governor was preached by the Récollet father who had attended his death-bed, and the manuscript of it is still preserved in the library of Laval University. The eulogium of the sympathetic father may here and there be a little forced; but surely a generous meed of praise was due to the man who, when past the meridian of life, had undertaken and borne unflinchingly for many years the burden of so difficult and dangerous an administration as that of Canada. The manuscript has been annotated by an anonymous and unfriendly ecclesiastical hand, one of whose criticisms is quoted above. The critic's point of view is further indicated by the comment on the preacher's statement that Frontenac diligently practised the reading of spiritual books. "As for his reading, it was often Jansenist books, of which he had a great many, and which he greatly praised and lent freely to others." The *odium theologicum* here is not difficult to discern. The people, however, who cared little for theo-

logical subtleties and animosities, but who judged their fallen chief as a man and an administrator, mourned him sincerely. His death was announced by the intendant to the king in words that are almost touching; and Callières, a good soldier, and a man after his own heart, ruled in his stead.

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WOLFE AND MONTCALM

Jam: Wolfe

THE MAKERS OF CANADA

WOLFE AND MONTCALM

BY

THE ABBÉ H. R. CASGRAIN

TORONTO
MORANG & CO., LIMITED
1912

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INTRODUCTION

SINCE the manuscript of the Abbé Casgrain's contribution to the "Makers of Canada" series was received, several works bearing on the subject-matter of this volume have been published[1] which throw a new light upon the campaign around which has gathered such great debate.

Copies of documents which were either scattered through many published works, or which were practically hidden or inaccessible to the general public, have lately been arranged and rendered available for research and discussion. The interest in this notable campaign can never cease, and it is probable that although the general opinion may become settled as years go by, historical students may, for all time, continue to differ.

In justice, therefore, to the memory of the late Abbé, who had not an opportunity of consulting all these works before his death, it becomes our duty to direct attention to several points at issue, which briefly are as follows: (1) What credit does

[1] Particular mention must be made of the following works:—

The Siege of Quebec and the Battle of the Plains of Abraham, by A. G. Doughty in collaboration with G. W. Parmelee, six volumes, Quebec, Dussault and Proulx, 1901.

The Fight for Canada, by William Wood, London, Archibald Constable & Co., Ltd., 1904.

La Guerre de Sept Ans. Histoire Diplomatique et Militaire. Par Richard Waddington. Tome III. Paris, Firmin-Didot et Cie, 1904.

Wolfe deserve for the successful operations of September 13th? (2) Which official, upon the French side, whether Montcalm, Vaudreuil or Bougainville, must bear the onus and responsibility of defeat? And in this connection it is important to investigate the relations which existed throughout the siege between Montcalm and Vaudreuil, and to attach, likewise, due importance to the statements of those who defend Bougainville's conduct on the day of defeat.

We are assured that the readers of this book will find their interest in the narrative deepened by very reason of the strength of the author's convictions, and it is in order that these strong convictions may not give the book an undue tincture of prejudice that we have thought it proper to embody in the introduction views that are not infrequently at variance with those which the Abbé Casgrain has so ably expressed. Disputed matters which admit of brief reference are treated in the notes at the end of the volume.

DID WOLFE ORIGINATE THE FINAL PLAN?

A brief survey of the facts will assist our inquiry. Before the actual siege began, Wolfe had imagined that he could effect a landing on the Beauport shore, and force a crossing of the St. Charles River (pp. 77 and 96). Montcalm, however, forestalled this movement by erecting powerful defences between the St. Charles and the Montmorency. Consequently

Wolfe first made his position secure in the Island of Orleans, then established siege batteries at Pointe Lévis, and, on July 9th, with the remainder of his forces, occupied in strength the left bank of the Montmorency at its mouth. He has been criticized for thus dividing his forces, but the disposition was a wise one, at least until it had been discovered that ships could pass above the town. The Island of Orleans was a convenient position for a hospital and stores; from the Lévis batteries he could perpetually harass the town; and from his Montmorency camp he was in a position to threaten the enemy's left. Moreover Wolfe's avowed object was to tempt his enemy to assume the offensive, and in a conversation with some French prisoners he expressed his surprise that Montcalm, in spite of the opportunities afforded, had not attacked him.

On July 18th Wolfe reconnoitred the north shore above Quebec, and some vessels succeeded in forcing their way up the river in spite of the town batteries. These movements so alarmed the French that they anticipated an attack from above the town, and Dumas, with five hundred Canadians, was despatched to L'Anse du Foulon to oppose a landing there.

Wolfe had such a capacity for keeping his own counsel that it is impossible to determine whether at this early date he contemplated extensive operations above the town. Suffice it to say that in spite of various reconnaissances up the river, and in spite

of the further fact that a considerable portion of the fleet succeeded in passing the town batteries without serious damage, Wolfe persisted in occupying his position at the Montmorency for a whole month after the disastrous affair of July 31st. Must we not infer that his reconnaissances above the town, of July 18th and July 21st, convinced him of the almost insuperable difficulty of effecting a landing in force in that direction? This is clearly borne out by reference to Wolfe's despatch to Pitt under date of September 2nd, in which he details the operations of his forces between June 26th and the battle of Montmorency (July 31st). "The 18th of July two men-of-war, two armed sloops, and two transports with some troops on board, passed by the town without any loss, and got into the upper river. This enabled me to reconnoitre the country above, where I found the same attention on the enemy's side, and great difficulties on ours, arising from the nature of the ground, and the obstacles to our communication with the fleet. But what I feared most was that, if we should land between the town and the river Cap Rouge, the body first landed could not be reinforced before they were attacked by the enemy's whole army. Notwithstanding these difficulties, I thought once of attempting it at St. Michael's, about three miles above the town; but, perceiving that the enemy, jealous of this design, were preparing against it, and had actually brought artillery and a mortar, which, being so near to

Quebec, they could increase as they pleased, to play upon the shipping, and as it must have been many hours before we could attack them, even supposing a favourable night for the boats to pass the town unhurt, it seemed so hazardous that I thought it best to desist."

Wolfe's defeat at Montmorency again turned his thoughts above the town. On August 5th Murray was placed in charge of twelve hundred men to operate up the river, and Bougainville was detached by Montcalm to watch his movements. Murray was only partially successful in his expedition, and returned to the main army on the twenty-fifth. On August 20th Wolfe wrote to Monckton commenting adversely upon Murray's prolonged stay above Quebec: "Murray, by his long stay above and by detaining all our boats, is actually master of the operations, or rather puts an entire stop to them." These complaints were reiterated on August 22nd, and on the twenty-fourth he ordered rockets to be thrown up as a signal for Murray's recall.

Due weight should be given (in dealing with the evidence) to the letter to Admiral Saunders (see "Siege of Quebec," vol. ii, p. 154): "My ill state of health," writes Wolfe, "hinders me from executing my own plan; it is of too desperate a nature to order others to execute. The generals seem to think alike as to the operations. I, therefore, join with them, and perhaps we may find some opportunity to strike a blow." What was his own

desperate plan? Probably that carried out on the thirteenth.

We now come to Wolfe's famous letter of August 29th to the brigadiers (pp. 154-5). In this letter no suggestion is made as to the possibility of an attack above the town. Of the three alternatives suggested all were concerned with operations in the neighbourhood of Beauport and the Montmorency, and the brigadiers, in their reply of August 30th, firmly rejected each proposal. After stating their objections the brigadiers continue: "We, therefore, are of opinion that the most probable method of striking an effectual blow is by bringing the troops to the south shore, and directing our operations above the town. When we have established ourselves on the north shore, of which there is very little doubt, the Marquis de Montcalm must fight us upon our own terms, we are between him and his provisions, and betwixt him and the French army opposing General Amherst. If he gives us battle, and we defeat him, Quebec must be ours, and, which is more, all Canada must submit to His Majesty's arms."

The matter now resolves itself into a mere question of fact. Wolfe had recognized the seeming impracticability of a descent in force above the town. When the brigadiers made their forceful recommendation he accepted their proposal, and then vigorously formulated his own plans independently of all advice. The brigadiers had in view a landing at some spot about twelve miles above the town, and

on September 8th expected that Pointe-aux-Trembles, twenty miles above Quebec, would be selected. Wolfe, in his reconnaissance of September 10th, decided for valid reasons that the Anse du Foulon (less than two miles from Quebec) was the only suitable place, and with extraordinary ability he planned every detail of the subsequent operations. Surely there is enough glory in this to satisfy his most exacting admirers!

Dr. Doughty and Major Wood accord the whole merit of the enterprise to Wolfe and the coöperating fleet which was really acting under his orders. The Abbé Casgrain inclines to attribute the successful issue of the operations to sheer good luck, abetted by the incompetency of Bougainville. Wolfe had good luck, it is true, but the good luck which accompanies excellent strategy. His knowledge was complete on several points, thanks in part to the information gleaned from deserters, and partly to his own skilled observation. He knew that the Anse du Foulon was guarded by an incompetent officer with an inefficient force. He appears to have known that the Guyenne regiment was not on the Heights of Abraham. He knew that Bougainville, with the flower of the French army, had been detached to watch the movements of the fleet as far as Jacques Cartier if necessary. And finally he knew that Montcalm in the Beauport camp was in hourly expectation of attack. With these trumps in his hands he played his cards to perfection. Montcalm and the

town were kept in constant suspense by the operations of Saunders; and Holmes's squadron was employed to keep Bougainville beyond striking distance.

Dr. Doughty attaches much importance to two letters of September 12th as establishing Wolfe's claim to the initiative in the battle of the following day. The first is from the three brigadiers requesting precise information as to the place or places they were expected to attack on the morrow. They say: "We must beg leave to request of you as distinct orders as the nature of the thing will admit of, *particularly of the place or places*, we are to attack. This circumstance (perhaps very decisive) we cannot learn from the public orders, neither may it be in the power of the naval officer who leads the troops to instruct us." Wolfe replies at half-past eight on the same day from the *Sutherland*. There is some asperity in the communication: "It is not a usual thing to point out in the public orders the direct spot of our attack, nor for any inferior officers not charged with a particular duty to ask instructions upon that point. I had the honour to inform you to-day that it is my duty to attack the French army. To the best of my knowledge and abilities I have fixed upon that spot where we can act with the most force, and are most likely to succeed. If I am mistaken I am sorry for it, and must be answerable to His Majesty and the public for the consequence."

Taking this letter into consideration with the remainder of the evidence the conclusion to be drawn is obvious—namely, that from the moment when he selected the Foulon as the objective point of his attack (September 10th) Wolfe organized and executed the operations upon his own initiative and upon his own responsibility. Before the receipt of the letter from the brigadiers (August 30th) he had abandoned all hope of a successful landing in force above the town. The subsequent conduct of the campaign is stamped with the outstanding and singular qualities of his marvellous genius.

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN MONTCALM AND VAUDREUIL

Granted two temperaments so opposed, a conflict of opinion was probable; and granted the anomalous conditions under which Montcalm and Vaudreuil held office, a clash of authority was inevitable. Montcalm was impulsive and irascible, Vaudreuil was vacillating and suspicious; Montcalm had all the knowledge and Vaudreuil all the power. With such discord within and a watchful enemy at her gates, the doom of Canada was sealed. Wolfe might have failed, but another year must have seen the passing of France's dominion in the New World.

The author has given sufficient indication of Montcalm's brilliant qualities, and has not concealed altogether the unfavourable aspects of Vaudreuil's character (see pp. 28, 29, 81, 215, 227, 228).

But, like all French-Canadian writers, he is loyal to the province, and seeks when possible to shield Vaudreuil, the Canadian-born governor, behind the alleged errors of Montcalm, the French commander. A careful examination of the material that has come to light within the brief interval which has elapsed since the present book was written has convinced the editors that it is no longer possible to defend Vaudreuil at the expense of Montcalm and Bougainville, and we are persuaded that if the Abbé Casgrain had been spared to study the evidence now available he would have been led to modify the views of which he was so conspicuous an advocate.

Vaudreuil in spite of his tolerance of Bigot and his crew of bandits has never been accused of personal dishonesty. He was at the worst a meddlesome blunderer, a *Polonius redivivus* thrust into a position of authority at a crisis when his country required all the qualities of firmness, tact, and moderation in which he was wanting. Like all weak men he was eager to display his strength, and it was a jealous regard for his own reputation which constantly led him to belittle and even to malign Montcalm to the home authorities. Parkman, with the incomplete evidence at his disposal had already divined Vaudreuil's character with his customary discernment: "He had not the force of character which his position demanded, lacked decision in times of crisis; and though tenacious of

authority was more jealous in asserting than self-reliant in exercising it. One of his traits was a sensitive egotism, which made him forward to proclaim his own part in every success, and to throw on others the burden of every failure."

Vaudreuil's instructions to Montcalm throughout the campaign were so formulated as to forestall all possibility of blame directed against himself in case of disaster, and his reports after the event usually implied that all the credit of victory was his. Thus, after the capture of Oswego, to whose fall he had at least contributed by initiating the design, he writes in his accustomed strain: "The measures I took assured our victory in spite of opposition. If I had been less vigilant and firm, Oswego would still be in the hands of the English." The contemptuous tone which Montcalm habitually assumed in his references to the colonial troops affords some palliation for Vaudreuil's excessive praise of the Canadians in which no small measure of self-laudation was involved. Montcalm, in detailing the events, writes on August 28th, 1756: "I have usefully employed them (the colonial officers) and the militia of the country, not, however, at any work exposed to the enemy's fire. It is a troop knowing neither discipline nor subordination."

It does not require a close reading between the lines to understand how a man of Vaudreuil's suspicious temper would resent Montcalm's unaffected contempt of the Canadians, and, on the other hand,

the source of Montcalm's grievance is no less apparent. But Vaudreuil's weakness shows itself most glaringly when we consider the events of the siege, and more especially the episode of the final battle and the subsequent evacuation.

If blame can be attached either to Montcalm or Vaudreuil for not defending the Traverse, through which Saunders' fleet was permitted to sail unopposed, it probably may be equally divided. But it should be remembered that for many years the French had considered the channel impassable for vessels of two hundred tons and over, and to this false confidence in natural obstructions might be attributed what now seems a serious oversight.

But it was in spite of Montcalm's vigorous protest that Vaudreuil neglected to occupy the heights of Lévis, with such disastrous results to the town. Passing now to the complicated events of the final Battle of the Plains an unprejudiced interpretation of the facts must compel us to attach to Vaudreuil no small share of the responsibility for defeat. His advocates, and these include both the Abbé Casgrain and Vaudreuil himself, hold that the day was lost owing chiefly to the precipitancy of Montcalm's attack. To this main cause our author adds Bougainville's dilatoriness, the withdrawal of the Guyenne regiment from the Heights of Abraham and the worthlessness of Vergor, for whose appointment he seems inclined to blame de Bougainville. We

wish to present within brief compass the important evidence on these points.

I—THE PRECIPITANCY OF MONTCALM'S ATTACK

Vaudreuil's letter to Lévis in which he blames Montcalm for the precipitancy of his attack is given on pp. 212, 213 of the present volume, and on p. 194 the author comments upon the same matter. His argument has much force, but it is in a measure offset by the following facts: (1) Montcalm held a council of war before attacking, and no officer proposed deferring the attack, (p. 195); (2) His troops were full of enthusiasm, and would brook no delay; (3) The English would utilize every moment to strengthen their position; (4) Montcalm was unaware that Wolfe had such a large force ready to engage, and feared that each hour would add to his numbers. We may state here that Montcalm did not feel that he could rely upon any aid from the direction of the Beauport camp. He had sent there to summon the whole left wing to the front, but Vaudreuil had countermanded his order.

II—BOUGAINVILLE'S DILATORINESS

It will be remembered that when Vaudreuil received from Bernetz a confirmatory report of the English landing he despatched Montcalm with one hundred men to resist the attack, and sat down to compose a letter to Bougainville, under the impression that the latter was at Cap Rouge. The truth is

that Bougainville, in pursuance of his instructions always to keep above the English fleet, had followed the ships on the night of September 12th as far as Pointe-aux-Trembles, twenty miles above Quebec. It was when Bougainville was returning towards Cap Rouge at nine o'clock in the morning that he received word from Vaudreuil's courier of the landing of the British troops. The Abbé Casgrain says that according to Bougainville's own admission in his letter to Bourlamaque he learned the news as early as eight o'clock. M. René de Kerallain in "La Jeunesse de Bougainville" says that in a memoir written in the camp at Lorette on September 21st Bougainville substitutes nine o'clock as the hour. With this estimate Dr. Doughty and Major Wood, with the memoir before them, concur. Bougainville then made a forced march from Cap Rouge over bad roads to the scene of action, seven miles distant. His advance guard reached the battle-ground in about two hours, and Bougainville sent a detachment to take the Samos battery. Here he was repulsed, and after attacking Townshend's rear was forced to retreat, though in good order, to L'Ancienne Lorette. The main battle had long since been decided.

III—THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE GUYENNE REGIMENT FROM THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

Neither Bougainville nor Montcalm, but Vaudreuil alone, must bear the responsibility for this

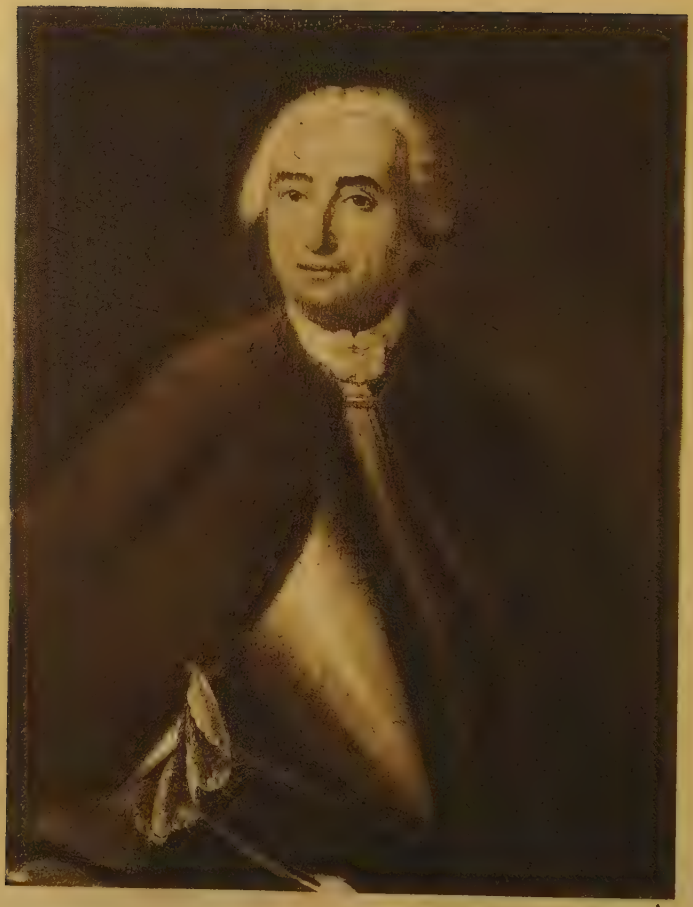
action. Dr. Doughty and M. Kerallain (*op. cit.*) both argue successfully to establish the fact, but Major Wood has advanced the documentary evidence which we take the liberty of quoting: "The documentary evidence proving that Montcalm was thwarted by Vaudreuil in his attempt to protect the Heights and Plains of Abraham by posting this regiment there on the fifth is to be found in Mr. Doughty's work. But the evidence for Montcalm's order on the twelfth (namely for the regiment to proceed to the Foulon) is to be found in a journal discovered in the archbishop's palace in Quebec—and printed in the April and May numbers of the *Bulletin des Recherches Historiques*, Vol. IX, No. 5, p. 139. It is a verbatim reprint of the entry for September 12th, 1759, in the journal of Jean Félix Récher, curé of Quebec: 'Order given by M. de Montcalm to the battalion of Guyenne to go and camp at the Foulon, afterwards revoked by M. de Vaudreuil, saying, *we shall see about that tomorrow.*'"

IV—VERGOR AT L'ANSE DU FOULON

No one disputes the worthlessness of Vergor. His treachery even has been hinted at. The Abbé Casgrain implies (p. 178) that Bougainville was partially responsible for his presence at the Foulon as commanding officer, and takes Bougainville to task for neglecting Vaudreuil's order to reinforce the post by fifty of Repentigny's men. However,

we are certain that Vergor was in command at the Foulon with the full knowledge of both Vaudreuil and Montcalm. With reference to the second point we need only say that Vaudreuil had intended to despatch five hundred of Repentigny's men to the assistance of Bougainville. The latter was to despatch fifty of these to reinforce the Foulon. The men were not sent owing to the scarcity of provisions.

THE EDITORS.



Montcalm.

CHAPTER I

MONTCALM'S EARLY YEARS[1]—HIS ARRIVAL AT QUEBEC

ON March 14th, 1756, General the Marquis of Montcalm descended the grand staircase of the palace at Versailles, where he had just received his final orders from the king, Louis XV. He was leaving for Canada, where he went to replace the Baron de Dieskau, who had been taken prisoner the year before at the unfortunate affair of Lake St. Sacrament, better known as Lake George. The prince, to whom the Marquis of Montcalm had been recommended as one of the most brilliant officers of his army, had raised him to the dignity of major-general and appointed him commandant of the troops that he was sending to carry on the war in New France.

The general left Versailles the following day for Brest, accompanied by his leading aide-de-camp, M. de Bougainville, a young man then but little known, but who was destined to make himself famous, later on, by his travels around the world.

Montcalm was full of hope and joy when he left; for the king, as the finishing touch of his goodness, had named his son, who was barely seventeen years

[1]Minute details regarding the life of Montcalm may be found in the Abbé Casgrain's *Montcalm and Lévis*, of which a second edition is now on sale in Quebec.

of age, colonel of a regiment of cavalry. The happy father hastened to convey the good news to his wife and his mother, informing them at the same time that he had gone with his son to thank the king and to present the young colonel to the members of the royal family.

The journey through Brittany was a pleasant one, thanks to the influence of the first fine days of spring which had opened the buds of the trees and clad the hillsides once more in green. At Brest Montcalm found awaiting him all the members of his establishment who had preceded him, and his second aide-de-camp, M. de la Rochebeaucour "a man of quality, a native of Poitou and a lieutenant in Montcalm's regiment of cavalry." He was joined shortly afterwards by his third aide-de-camp, M. Marcel, sergeant in the regiment of Flanders, promoted to the rank of an officer.

There lived at Brest at this time a man of the highest integrity in the person of M. Hocquart. He had held the office of intendant in Canada, and gave a warm welcome to Montcalm and to the superior officers who accompanied him. In the salon of Madame Hocquart was one with whom Montcalm formed the first link of a friendship that was never broken. This was the Chevalier de Lévis, who had arrived at Brest the day before, and who had been appointed second in command under Montcalm with the rank of brigadier. From that time forth nobody possessed the confidence of Montcalm

to the same extent as Lévis. He was his most intimate friend, his adviser, and the custodian of all his secrets. Montcalm's correspondence with him, recently discovered, reveals the fact that he recognized him as a master of military art. Though they differed in their fortunes they were the last defenders of a lost cause, and around them clustered the closing glories of the French arms in America.

Louis-Joseph, marquis de Montcalm, seigneur de Saint-Véran, was born on February 29th, 1712, at the château of Candiac, near Nîmes. He came of an old family originally from Rouergue. His ancestors, for many generations, had gained lustre upon the field of battle. The people of the country were in the habit of saying that war was the tomb of the Montcalms.

The marquise de Saint-Véran, née Marie-Thérèse de Lauris de Castellane, mother of Louis-Joseph, was a woman of eminent character and of a piety more eminent still. She had converted to Catholicism her husband, who was born of Huguenot parents, and she had exercised an extraordinary influence over her son. If the principles with which she inspired him did not preserve him from all errors in this century of impiety and debauchery they produced upon him an impression which was never effaced and which governed the whole course of his future life.

Montcalm's early childhood was spent at Roque-

maure with his maternal grandmother, Madame de Vaux, who, like all grandmothers, spoilt him a little, in consequence of which and of his delicate health, he tells us that in 1718 he had not yet learned to read. He was then confided to the care of M. Louis Dumas, his uncle *de la main gauche*, an original genius, who had both the good qualities and the faults of a savant and a pedagogue. He was the inventor of a new system of teaching which, it is said, he applied for the first time to his pupil.

Louis-Joseph, in spite of frequent revolts against the system of his harsh master made rapid progress in the study of Latin, Greek and history, thanks to a good memory and a bright intelligence. When barely fourteen years of age he followed the traditions of his family and joined the army, but without abandoning his course of study. His career required him to be a man of action, and he had a special taste and aptitude for it. He was a soldier of the old school, devoting considerable time to study, even in camp. He wrote from the army to his father in 1734 :—"I am learning German . . . and I am reading more Greek, thanks to my present solitude, than I have read for three or four years."

Montcalm received his baptism of fire under the walls of Kehl (1733), and did not belie the bravery of his ancestors. The following year he took part in the taking of Philippsbourg, where he saw the old Marshal of Berwick, victorious like Turenne, struck

down like him by a bullet. The death of his father brought the young officer back to the paternal château, to dear Candiac, now his own property.

Only the half of the château de Candiac now remains, but its stern magnitude is still imposing. Surrounded by fruit trees it dominates the undulating and solitary country that stretches away from it to the horizon. It was there, under the sunny sky of Provence, among the plantations of olives and of almond trees which he cultivated, that the future hero of Canada spent the few years of peace and happiness that were allotted him. It was there that he took his young wife, whose family, by a strange coincidence, had already had relations with Canada. Her grand uncle, the Intendant Talon, had founded the royal administration there. Angélique-Louise Talon du Boulay, whom Montcalm had married in 1736, had brought him some means without making him rich. The marchioness was more the equal of her husband by the qualities of heart than by reason of intelligence, and she was as tender a wife as she was a devoted mother. They had ten children, of whom six survived; two boys and four girls. Montcalm was eminently a family man, and was deeply attached to this corner of France, where he found all the pleasures that he loved in the companionship of his mother, his wife, and his little children. In fact he enjoyed the feudal existence and all its charms. And later, when exiled from them a distance of fifteen hundred leagues, in the depths of

the American forests, we shall often hear him sighing, "When shall I see again the motherland? When, again, shall I see my dear Candiac?"

During the long and frequent absences necessitated by his military services, his mind was much occupied with the future of his young family. Then, in the spirit of that faith that came to him from his mother, he asked God,—as he himself has written,—to preserve them all and to prosper them both in this world and in the other. "It is a good deal," he added, "for a modest fortune, and especially with four daughters, but does God ever leave his children in want?"

"Aux petits des oiseaux il donne la pâture,
Et sa bonté s'étend sur toute la nature."

During the war of the Austrian succession Montcalm had accompanied his regiment into Bohemia, and had had his share in the sufferings of the French army. Later, in Canada, he will recall to his soldiers the famine that they had to endure in that terrible campaign, and he will write to Lévis: (1757) "The times are going to be harder in some respects than at Prague . . . Accustomed to adapt myself to whatever happens, and having already given proof of this at Prague, I am not worrying now about what is going to happen."

Montcalm was colonel of the Auxerrois Regiment of infantry during the Italian campaign (1746) where he narrowly escaped terminating his career. Taken prisoner while bleeding upon the field of

battle, after the defeat of the French before Plaisance, he wrote to his mother: "Yesterday we had a most vexatious experience. A number of officers, generals and colonels were killed or wounded. I am amongst the latter with five sabre cuts. Fortunately, none of them are dangerous, I am assured, and I am inclined to believe it because of the strength that I still retain, notwithstanding that I lost a good deal of blood, having had an artery severed. My regiment, which I had twice rallied, is annihilated."

Promoted to the grade of brigadier on his return to France, he was again severely cut up in a gorge of the Alps, where the brother of Maréchal de Belle Isle went madly to his death with four thousand French soldiers. The two new wounds that Montcalm received in this action gained him the congratulations of the king, the grade of commander, and the command of a new regiment of cavalry, to which his own name was given.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748) brought him a few years of rest, the last that he was destined to pass at the château of Candiac. We find him in February, 1756, reading to his mother and to his wife the following letter which had been addressed to him by the keeper of the seals:—

"At Versailles, January 25th, Midnight.

"Perhaps you have given up waiting, sir, for news from me on the subject of the last conversation which I had with you on the day that you

came to say adieu to me in Paris. I have not, however, lost sight for a single instant, since that time, of the overture that I then made to you, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I now tell you of its success. The choice of the king has fallen upon you for the command of his troops in North America, and he will honour you on the occasion of your departure with the rank of major-general.

"D'Argenson."

The reading of this letter threw into despair the Marchioness of Montcalm, whose timid and retiring disposition restrained her from rising, without great difficulty, above considerations of the family circle. She would never be able to consent to her husband's departure upon so distant an expedition. The Marchioness of Saint-Véran, on the contrary, strong as a Roman matron, although crushed with sorrow, advised her son to accept the post of honour and of confidence that had been offered him by his sovereign. The Marchioness of Montcalm never forgave her mother-in-law for this counsel, and reproached her, later, with the death of her husband.

At Brest Montcalm had met in the person of the Chevalier de Lévis, a companion-in-arms who had been with him upon more than one field of battle. Gaston-François de Lévis was, like Montcalm, originally from Languedoc. He was born on August 23rd, 1720, at the château of Azac, one of the oldest houses of France. In the third crusade Philippe de Lévis accompanied the king, Philip-Augustus, to

the Holy Land. Two members of this family, Henri de Lévis, duc de Ventadour and François-Christophe de Lévis, duc de Damville had been viceroys of New France (1625 and 1644). From the age of fourteen years the Chevalier de Lévis had borne arms, and gave evidence of the possession of talents as solid as they were brilliant. The regiment of the marine, of which he was a lieutenant, fought at the affair of Clausen. Young Lévis was brought into prominence by a bravery and a coolness surprising for his age, and obtained a promotion. It is said that it was during the Bohemian campaign that Montcalm and he met for the first time. Lévis, wounded in the thigh by a fragment of a shell at the siege of Prague was probably amongst the invalids left in that city in charge of the heroic Chevert.

He sustained a stubborn fight on the bank of the Mein at the head of a detachment of a hundred men, and assisted at the battle of Dettingen (June 27th, 1743). The losses that the regiment of the marine sustained in this battle prevented him from continuing in the campaign, and he returned to France. Shortly afterwards he joined the army of Haute-Alsace, under command of the maréchal de Coigny. Here he distinguished himself no less than he had done in the preceding campaigns.

In 1745 he served under the Prince of Conti, and was at the passage of the Rhine. In the following year he accompanied his regiment which

was despatched upon Nice to defend the frontiers of Provence. Named adjutant of the army in Italy in 1747 he distinguished himself at the sieges of Montalban, of Valencia, of Cazal, of Villefranche and of the château of Vintimille. At the disastrous battle of Plaisance he had a horse killed under him and was wounded in the head by a gunshot near Bieglis, where he had been detached to make a reconnaissance. During this campaign the Chevalier de Lévis elicited admiration for his presence of mind and his rare military qualities. A brilliant feat of arms, which was much talked of, is related of him. His cousin, the Duke of Mirepoix, Gaston de Lévis, commander of the regiment of the marine, had selected him for aide-de-camp at the attack upon Montalban. They found themselves without any escort at the mouth of a gorge, in the presence of a battalion of Piedmontese. "Lay down your arms," they cried out to the enemy, "you are surrounded." The entire battalion was captured.

Such were the military services which had brought the Chevalier de Lévis into notice, and which had determined the Count d'Argenson to join him to Montcalm in the command of the Canadian troops.

These two men played so great a rôle at this period of our history that it is necessary, before going further to define well their characters. Rarely were two commanders united in such close friendship and in such agreement and mutual understand-

ing of all their operations. And yet their characters presented striking contrasts. The one was as ardent as the other was temperate. Montcalm was a veritable Southerner. His temperament was as hot as the sky of Provence; he flew into a passion at the slightest provocation, but regained the mastery of his feelings with equal facility. It is in these good qualities and these defects that may be found the explanation of the success and the reverses of the general. The Chevalier de Lévis, although born in the South like Montcalm, had none of his impetuosity nor yet of his loquacity. He was calm, cool, and of few words. Both were equally ambitious, always dreaming of honours and of advancement in their military career, with eyes constantly turned towards the court of Versailles in quest of what were then called *des grâces* (favours). But Montcalm easily created difficulties for himself, while Lévis avoided them with the greatest tact, never losing sight of the aim that he pursued. Throughout the expedition may be detected this great motive power of their actions. In addition, both officers and men are animated by the same spirit. The future of the colony that they have come to defend interests them but little. It is a distant land, afflicted with a rigorous climate, peopled with a handful of Frenchmen, its importance but little understood ; while Voltaire, the oracle of the century, called it " a few acres of snow," and later on Minister Choiseul congratulated himself upon being rid of it.

If it is not a foreign country for the soldiers of France it is about to become one. They feel it and foresee it. From now till then it is simply to them a battlefield whence they may gather laurels or gain high rank. It is necessary to keep this in view while studying the last years of the French régime in Canada. The interests of the colony will be often in conflict with those of the army, and many errors and faults will result therefrom.

In the roadstead of Brest a flotilla of six sails was ready to weigh anchor to transport the expeditionary corps placed under the orders of Montcalm. This body was composed of the second battalions of the regiments of La Sarre and of Royal-Roussillon, the first commanded by M. de Senezergues, the second by the Chevalier de Bernetz, and forming an effective force of eleven hundred and eighty-nine men. The three frigates were destined for the chiefs of the expedition. Montcalm boarded the *Licorne*, Lévis the *Sauvage*, and Colonel de Bourlamaque, third in command, the *Sirène*. The troops had been divided between the three vessels, the *Héros*, the *Illustre*, and the *Léopard*. The crossing of the Atlantic was accomplished without accident, in spite of the English cruisers which infested the route, of fogs, icebergs and storms, the last of which continued not less than ninety hours. Montcalm, impatient to arrive, landed at Cap Tourmente, May 13th, 1756, and drove the remainder of the journey.

View of Quebec from Levis, 1761

Drawn on the spot by Richard Short

FIRST VIEW OF QUEBEC

In perceiving from the heights of Montmorency the steep promontory of Quebec, Montcalm could not but admire its strategic position. He examined with the same military *coup d'œil*, the vast panorama that opened out before him, the lofty cliffs of Lévis, the immense harbour, the hills of Beauport, where he was destined, three years later, to win his last victory. In crossing, with a light heart, the walls of Quebec, he was far from suspecting that the summit of that rock was to serve him for a tomb.

CHAPTER II

PHYSIOGNOMY OF NEW FRANCE

MONTCALM was greatly interested in his visit to the little city of Quebec, which already occupied so prominent a place in the history of New France. Everything was new to him in this New World: its society, so young as compared with that which he had left, and nature, herself, so wild and so grand as compared with the soft, sunny fields, vineyards and smiling landscapes of France. The limited area enclosed within the walls of Quebec swarmed with soldiers, militiamen and Red Skins, who were being hastened to the frontier to meet the enemy. The gathering was as weird in its costumes as in its manners. With his usual activity the marquis had soon carefully visited both the city and the ramparts. M. de Longueuil and the intendant who accompanied him indicated the principal points of interest, the château St. Louis, whose stern and imposing mass of masonry dominated the crest of the cape; and at its foot the Lower Town—the principal centre of business and of shipping. Up from the heart of the narrow and tortuous streets rose the steeples of the churches of Notre Dame, of the Jesuits, of the Récollets, the seminary, the bishop's palace, the Ursuline con-

vent, the ruins of the Hôtel-Dieu, destroyed by fire the previous year, and farther away, in the valley of the St. Charles the monastery of the General Hospital; finally at the foot of the cliff the intendant's palace. All indicated, at a glance, that this was in very truth, the heart of New France. The three palaces of the governor, the intendant, and the bishop, were the visible expression of that triple power which radiated from Quebec to the very extremities of this immense continent. Within the walls alone five churches, three monasteries, a college, and a seminary illustrated the important part played by Catholicism in its progress. The colony consisted only of two long-drawn-out parishes ranged one on either side of the St. Lawrence. Beyond it in all directions, its mantle of verdure covering mountains, plains and valleys, stretched the vast, primeval forest, with its lakes, its swamps, its numberless rivers, their cataracts roaring night and day; with its myriads of babbling brooks beneath the overhanging foliage; with its bare or moss grown rocks and headlands, uplifting their eternal foreheads to the winds or snows, the sunshine or the rain, affording safe retreats for the wild beasts of the woods and for the still wilder native tribes.

These tribes were scattered almost everywhere. To the east lived the Etchemins, the Abénaquis, the Micmacs, implacable enemies of the English; to the south, the five Iroquois nations, traditional

A view of the Treasury and Jesuits College, Quebec, 1761

Drawn on the spot by
Richard Short

foes of the French, but at that time undecided, and merely seeking for an occasion to range themselves on one side or the other; farther away were the Chaouenons, the Miamis, the Cherokees; and towards the great West, the Poutéotamis, the Ottawas, the Illinois, the Sakis, and a multitude of other indigenous tribes almost all friendly to the French. I have indicated elsewhere the reason for this sympathy; it suffices to recall here, in passing, that English colonization was founded upon an altogether different principle from that of the French: egoism was its leading motive; and this distinction Indian sagacity had not failed to discern.

Canada presented only three vulnerable points: the waterways of the St. Lawrence, of Lake Champlain, and of the Great Lakes. The citadel of Louisbourg guarded the entrance to the Gulf; Fort St. Frédéric protected the head of Lake Champlain, and Fort Frontenac, the outlet of the Great Lakes. The upper country which extended backwards for a distance then unknown, afforded a vast field for the exploits of the *coureurs de bois.* There was formed that hardy race of pioneers from among whose ranks came the most illustrious discoverers: the Joliets, the Nicolas Perrots, the Nicolets, the La Vérendryes and so many others. An indomitable, undisciplined race, it was often cruel from having witnessed such nameless inhumanity.

Clothed in Indian costume, accustomed to great fatigue, knowing all the forest trails as well as the

Indians themselves, often allied to them by more or less regular marriages, and possessing a great influence among their tribes, the *coureurs de bois* were of inestimable use in times of war. They would arrive at certain periods of the year, usually accompanied by Indians, paddling, like them, their birchbark canoes, and singing Canadian songs. These lost children of civilization had acquired the habits of their newly-found companions, becoming as proud and careless as themselves, their arms, hands and breasts tattooed, their muscles dry and hard, their keen eyes lighting up their almost copper-coloured features. They came from the depths of the forest, where they had filled their boats with packages of furs bought from the Indians. Brave, often to rashness, but not understanding braveness as Europeans do, they fought in the manner of savages, that is to say they practised a guerilla warfare. To retire was not to them a flight or a disgrace, but simply a means for attaining a better position. Their lack of discipline was a danger to regular armies, which they exposed to confusion and a breaking of the ranks, and thus their services were most highly esteemed upon expeditions of discovery and operations involving stealth and surprise.

From the time that Champlain, the greatest of French discoverers, had first penetrated into the valley of the Great Lakes, these vast regions had become the domain of France. She had acquired

a double right to them, that of first occupant, and that of a civilizing power, which in the eyes of reason and of right is the only positive justification for the invasion of a barbarous country.

In 1673 Joliet and Marquette had entrusted themselves to the unknown waters of the Mississippi, and had descended their mighty flood to Arkansas; La Salle had discovered its mouth and sounded its delta under a tropical sky in 1682. It was Frenchmen who upon perceiving from the heights of the Alleghanies the beautiful branch of the Mississippi whose gilded waters meander through the valley of the Ohio had exclaimed: *La Belle Rivière*, which thence became its first name. La Vérendrye had been the first to gaze upon the peaks of the Rocky Mountains. This was in 1743. Before the explorers had drawn the maps of this country missionaries had watered it with their blood. In the wildest and most distant villages a little cross might often be seen surmounting a cabin of bark, upon whose threshold would appear the black robe of the priest or the coarse mantle of some monk or friar.

To the eternal honour of France we may say with a Protestant historian: "Peaceful, benign, beneficent, were the weapons of this conquest. France aimed to subdue, not by the sword, but by the cross; not to overwhelm and crush the nations she invaded, but to convert, to civilize and embrace them among her children." And again: "The

French colonists acted towards the inconstant and sanguinary race who claimed the sovereignty of this land in a spirit of gentleness that affords a striking contrast with the cruel rapacity of the Spaniards and the harshness of the English. The scheme of English colonization made no account of the Indian tribes. In the scheme of French colonization they were all in all." The French wrought in the spirit of their great leader, Champlain, who was often heard to say that the saving of a soul was worth more than the conquest of an empire.

The neighbouring colonies were born and had grown up in a spirit of hostility or at least of indifference in regard to the Indians. They had remained shut in on the east side of the mountains which separated them from us, so little had interest and ambition directed their eyes and their footsteps in the direction of the setting sun. It had taken them more than a century to decide to venture towards the west, for their traditional conduct towards the aborigines had rendered their approach of them as difficult as it was easy to the French. Had the experience of a century taught them anything? Did they bring to the Indians any benefit, any lofty idea, any civilization? No, nothing of the kind. Traffic and spirituous liquors were all that they offered them. But they were as rich in these as they were destitute of everything else, and it is easy to understand the demoralization which accompanied these new invaders.

In a few years, thanks to their methods, they offered a formidable competition to the French traders, and attracted a good number of tribes, to whom they sold, at more advantageous terms, arms, ammunition, merchandise, and, in fact, everything with which they could tempt them.

In 1748 Canada was governed by an officer of marine, who lacked external grace, because of a bodily deformity, but who was extremely intelligent, well informed, active and of keen discernment, and who later gave good proof of his possession of these qualities by gaining a brilliant victory over the English off the island of Minorca. The Count de la Galissonnière strongly urged the attention of his government to the danger which threatened New France from the other side of the Alleghanies, and to the necessity of protecting it by a system of forts, calculated at the same time to connect it with Louisiana.

New France bore a striking analogy to the two great rivers which traversed it, whose sources although they approached each other never met. In proportion as the distance was increased from its points of support—one at the north, at the entrance of the St. Lawrence, and the other at the south, at the mouth of the Mississippi—its power decreased, and disappeared altogether before a point of union was reached. The colony would be cut in two unless the plans of La Galissonnière were speedily executed, and this was a matter that

claimed the serious attention of the following administrations.

A chain of forts was constructed at an enormous cost at the principal points where the enemy might issue. Fort Niagara on Lake Ontario, at the mouth of the Niagara River; Fort Duquesne at the junction of the river Alleghany with the Ohio; Forts Machault, Le Bœuf and Presqu'île, which established communication with Lake Erie; Fort Miami, on the river of the same name; Fort Vincennes, on the Ouabache; and finally, on the Mississippi, Fort de Chartres, the only one of them all which was worthy the name of fort, built in stone with four bastions, and impregnable except with artillery. Before the formal declaration of the war which had brought Montcalm to Canada, three famous conflicts had taken place on the undecided frontiers of the two colonies; one at Fort Necessity, where Jumonville had been killed; another near Fort Duquesne, where General Braddock had paid for his proud temerity with his life; the third at the head of Lake George, where Baron de Dieskau had been defeated, wounded and taken prisoner. The detailed explanation of these events had absorbed the attention of Montcalm from the time of his first conversations at Quebec, because it gave him the key of the situation. He had listened to the recital of the facts from the mouths of the French and Canadian officers who had taken part in one or the other of these actions. The marquis had ob-

served with no less interest the composition of the colonial society, whose charm and originality he had heard praised, and which he promised to avail himself of in order to relieve the irksomeness of his exile.

This little world was a miniature of French society, having like it its various strata and its well-worked degrees. At the top were the nobility of sword or of robe: the *seigneurs*, the public officials, the higher clergy. In the second rank came the landed gentry and the traders, to which might be added the clergy of the country parts; and finally in the third class were the common people or *habitants*, the large body of farmers which then as now had nothing in common with the French peasant, particularly with the type of former times. Conscious of his importance and of his dignity, the *habitant*, to quote an expression of Montcalm's, "lives like the small gentry of France."

The privileges of the *seigneurs* being less in Canada than in France, and the tenants or holders of the conceded seigniorial lands (*censitaires*) being more independent than in the motherland, there was neither the same gulf nor yet the same prejudices between them: the different classes lived, as a rule, in perfect harmony. Those who could boast of education were limited in number, but what these enjoyed of it was indeed excellent. This class included those who had taken the classical course at the Jesuit College in Quebec, or who

had studied in Europe. The women were better educated than the men, thanks to the greater opportunities for study which they enjoyed, in the various convents scattered through both town and country. Although there were parish schools the masses of the people did not know how to read or write. It might be said that their instruction was confined to the teaching that they received from the pulpit.

The spirit of revolt against all law, divine and human, which was then finding expression in France, had not reached the colony. Both civil and religious authority were acknowledged without questioning. This authority was concentrated in three hands: that of the governor, that of the intendant and that of the bishop, who generally gave each other a loyal and mutual support. The result was a strong unity of action, which in times of war was of inappreciable value, and which explains the long resistance of Canada to an enemy infinitely superior in numbers and in resources of all kinds, but weakened by divisions.

This absolute system of government, so useful without the colony, was fatal to its internal concerns. It killed all initiative. It kept the people in a constant state of tutelage, and opened the door to many abuses. While upon the other side of the frontier the spirit of democracy prevailed to an exaggerated extent, here the monarchical régime degenerated into autocracy.

From the earliest days of the colony the people had been carefully excluded from public affairs; they had not understood their rights, nor aspired to the conquest of liberty. All spirit of independence was not smothered, however, in the bosom of the rude and valorous race. It has never been found possible so to restrain human nature that it cannot find an outlet in some manner. The egress here supplied was the forest, which presented openings on all sides in its thousands of mysterious pathways, with its wandering tribes, its freedom and deliverance from all restraint, and the attraction of its many adventures. For Canadian youth it had a special fascination, inspiring and cultivating their native love of travel. The most sanguine dispositions were unable to resist its allurements, and so went to swell the ranks of the army of woodsmen or *coureurs de bois*.

CHAPTER III

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1756—THE TAKING OF OSWEGO

MONTCALM carried away the most favourable impression of Quebec, though he had only spent ten days there. He had sent a messenger to M. de Vaudreuil to notify him of his arrival; and since he had learned that the remainder of the fleet was in the river he went to Montreal, even before the arrival of the Chevalier de Lévis, to confer with the governor as to the plan of campaign to be followed.

At this first interview there was nothing to portend the terrible animosity which was soon to arise between these two men, with such disastrous results for themselves and the colony. The diplomatic reserve which was necessitated during this official conference, disappeared beneath the courteous forms and the grand court airs to which both of them were accustomed.

Vaudreuil was tall in stature, as proud of his person as of his origin. More than once in the course of the interview, without appearing to do so, he eyed from head to foot the sprightly little man with piercing eyes and short, vehement words, who gesticulated before him in an extraordinarily peevish

manner. He seemed to feel him grow as he spoke, and from that time he should have been able to form a very good idea of the domineering force of a will power that was so energetically expressed. He must have regretted, also, more than ever, not to have been able to secure the acceptance of the advice which he had tendered the minister a few months before, to the effect that it was unnecessary to send a general officer to replace the Baron de Dieskau.

Vaudreuil would have been right to speak in this manner if he had been a Frontenac, for the division of the military command, as well understood by the court, was full of inconveniences. But Vaudreuil was far from being of the same fabric as a Frontenac. Montcalm, on his side, probably knew nothing of the steps taken by Vaudreuil; but he flattered himself that his military superiority would ensure the acceptance of his services with good grace.

The court imagined that it had avoided the difficulty of a dual command by affirming the authority of the governor. The king's letter to Vaudreuil said formally: "M. le marquis de Montcalm has not the command of the land troops; he can only have it under your authority, and he must be under your order in everything."

Pierre-François Rigaud, marquis de Vaudreuil-Cavagnal, was the son of the governor of that name, who had administered the affairs of New France during twenty-two years—from 1703 to

1725—with as much wisdom as firmness. At first governor of Louisiana, Vaudreuil succeeded the Marquis Duquesne in 1755. Like his father, he was much loved by the Canadians, who were proud to have one of themselves at their head, for Vaudreuil had been born in Quebec on November 22nd, 1698. In addition to this his defects, like his qualities, were of a nature to make him popular. He was gentle, affable and completely devoted to the colonists, whom he treated as his children, and who rightly regarded him as their father; but his character was feeble, and he was irresolute, unenlightened, jealous of his authority, and was taken advantage of by a corrupt *entourage* which he was incapable of dominating.

Montcalm observed few of these defects at first sight, and appeared well satisfied with the preparations for the campaign ordered by Vaudreuil. The governor, on his side, was not less frank in his tenders of assistance.

The colonial military forces were composed of three distinct elements: the land troops, the marines and the militia. The former consisted of different detachments of the regular army, and came from France. They formed an effective force of about three thousand men, chosen among the *élite* of the army, and distributed between the battalions known as those of the Queen, of Béarn, of Languedoc, and of Guyenne, brought by Baron de Dieskau, and those of La Sarre and of Royal-Roussillon, which

had just arrived. In this total are not included the eleven hundred men of the Louisbourg garrison, composed of the battalions of Bourgoyne and of Artois.

The marine troops were the regular army of the colony, employed in the maintenance of order and in the defence of the country. While the land forces were sent out by the minister of war these troops were under orders from the ministry of marine, which had charge of colonial affairs. Long established in the country they had formed strong attachments, first of all because some of the officers and men were recruited from amongst the population, and also because many of the others intended to settle here, had married here, or devoted themselves, during the leisure time of garrison life, to certain industries which assured them something for the future. This body of troops was composed of about two thousand fairly well disciplined men, more inclined to sympathize with the militia than with the regiments of the line.

The militia was under the orders of the governor, at whose call it was required to take up arms. This, the most onerous form of conscription, was aggravated by the fact that the conscripts received no pay for their military services. The king only bore the cost of arming, equipping and feeding them. The first levy had furnished a contingent of twelve thousand men, but this figure increased from year to year and attained that of fifteen thousand

at the time of the last crisis. The militia of Montreal, more exposed to attack, was more inured to war than that of Quebec, at least up to the opening of hostilities. The *élite* of these troops was recruited among the *coureurs de bois*, who were themselves recruited in all the parishes from among the hardy and adventurous youth, who were periodically enticed away to join them.

When to these different army corps are added the irregular reinforcements of the Indian allies, it will be possible to form an idea of the disposable forces of Canada at that period.

It would be necessary to have seen on the parade ground, or on a field of battle, these widely differing bodies of troops, with their escort of Indians, in order to appreciate the picturesque scene that they presented. The undisciplined troop of Indians which hovered about the army was armed according to the caprice of each warrior. It was an assemblage of rags and of the skins of beasts, gathered from all directions, and defying all description. The chiefs were easily recognized by the ornaments about their necks, the large silver medals, gifts of the king, which shone upon their breasts, and the horrible scalps, stretched upon hoops and hanging, all bloody, to their belts. Each Indian armed for war had his powder horn and bag of bullets suspended from his neck, a tomahawk and scalping knife attached to his belt and a gun on his shoulder. Several of those who came from the

most distant tribes still carried the bow and quiver, and sometimes the lance.

One of Montcalm's first cares after having spent a few days in Montreal was to make a tour of inspection and an offensive demonstration on the side of the frontier defended by Fort Carillon at the head of Lake Champlain, where he feared an attack on the part of the English. He confided the command of the troops at this point to the Chevalier de Lévis, and returned to Montreal, where he had the satisfaction of finding Intendant Bigot, who had arrived the day before to hasten the provisioning of the army. He had been very useful to him in organizing the camp at Carillon.

François Bigot, whose name personifies all the shame of the epoch, just as Montcalm's recalls its glories, belonged to a distinguished family of the south of France. His father and his grandfather had occupied high rank in the magistracy of Bordeaux. He forced his way at court, thanks to family influence, particularly to that of his near relative the Maréchal d'Estrées, and obtained successively the offices of intendant at Cape Breton and in New France.

Physically Bigot was a man of small stature, with red hair and an ugly face covered with pimples. He had also an ozena, but concealed the effect of it as much as possible by a continual use of perfumes and fragrant waters.

The elegant and refined vice of the eighteenth

Intendant's Palace, Quebec, 1761

Drawn on the spot by Richard Short

century formed his morals. Notwithstanding his delicate health he was as indefatigable in pleasure-seeking as in work. Haughty with his inferiors, supercilious in command, he was conciliatory with his equals. He was extremely prodigal and an ungovernable gambler. He had made a little Versailles of the intendancy at Quebec, where he imitated the manners of his master—the king. With all his vices he had the real qualities of ability, energy, and business experience.

Montcalm was not ignorant of the great preparations made by England for the campaign which was opening. The British parliament had in fact granted all the assistance which had been asked of it, in men and in money, to avenge the two disasters which had so profoundly humiliated it in the preceding year—that of General Braddock at Monongahela and that of Admiral Byng off the island of Minorca. It had voted an indemnity of a hundred and fifteen thousand pounds sterling for the colonies, had sent from Plymouth to New York two regiments with Generals Abercromby and Webb, and numerous transports loaded with tents, munitions of war, artillery and tools for the works of fortification; and lastly had named governor of Virginia and general-in-chief of the armies in North America, an old officer of a very different type to Braddock, Lord Loudon. The colonies, on their side, had resolved to raise ten thousand men to attack Fort St. Frédéric, and to build a road to Montreal; six thou-

sand to secure Niagara; three thousand to assault Fort Duquesne; and finally two thousand to menace Quebec by way of the woods in the valley of the Chaudière. All these militiamen, added to the regular troops, formed an army of more than twenty-five thousand men, that is to say double the number that could be then got together by Canada. It was in face of such an armament that Vaudreuil, on the advice of Montcalm and de Lévis, ventured to take the offensive. The enterprise would have been more than rash if he had had to contend with as plucky soldiers and as able generals as his own.

After having drawn the attention of the enemy from Fort Carillon by the demonstration made by him, Montcalm hurried to Frontenac, where three thousand five hundred men were assembled including soldiers of the line, Canadians and Indians.

The expeditionary force crossed the lake, suddenly disembarked at Chouaguen (Oswego) and besieged it. It was taken with unprecedented rapidity, animation and good fortune. Twenty cannon carried by manual labour were mounted in batteries in a few hours. The English commander having been cut in two by a cannon ball the besieged were summoned to surrender, and given an hour to deliberate.

"The yells of our Indians," wrote Montcalm to his mother, "promptly decided them. They yielded themselves prisoners of war to the number of 1,700, including eighty officers and two regiments from England. I have taken from them five flags, three

military chests full of money, a hundred and twenty-one pieces of ordnance, including forty-five swivel-guns, a year's supply of provisions for three thousand men, and six decked boats carrying from four to twenty guns each. And as it was necessary in this expedition to employ the utmost diligence, so that the Canadians might be sent to harvest their crops, and be brought back to another frontier, I demolished or burned their three forts, and brought away the artillery, boats, provisions and prisoners."

Montcalm, who understood the heart of the soldiery, resolved to celebrate his victory by a religious and patriotic demonstration, which would arouse the enthusiasm of the army. On the morning of August 20th, 1756, he planted a large cross bearing these words: "*In hoc signo vincunt.*" And near this cross he planted a pole, upon which were placed the arms of France with the following device, which revealed the general's classical taste:— "*Manibus date lilia plenis.*" The troops were called to arms, and Abbé Piquet, the chaplain of the expedition, blessed the pious trophy, amid the beating of drums and the reiterated discharge of cannon and musketry.

The next day the French flotilla sailed away, after having saluted a last time the ephemeral monument of its victory. When the last of the boats had disappeared behind the angle of the cliff, the silence of primitive nature, that immense silence of infinite solitudes, scarcely disturbed by the pas-

sage of the breezes or the murmur of the waves, had already invaded the ruins of Oswego.

The fall of this fort, as sudden as it was unexpected, had come to the neighbouring colonies as a thunder clap. General Webb, who was marching to its relief, even dreaded that Montcalm might advance from Oswego upon him, and in his fright he burned the dépôts of supplies along the route, and as rapidly as he retreated, obstructed the river, which served as his means of communication, by throwing a large number of trees into it.

Lord Loudon ordered Winslow, who commanded at the head of Lake St. Sacrament, to abandon all offensive schemes, and to entrench himself strongly to keep the French in check. The effect of this British reverse made itself felt in England, where it was understood that France had an able general in Canada.

CHAPTER IV

CAMPAIGN OF 1757—TAKING OF WILLIAM HENRY

THE campaign of 1757 was marked by a daring achievement, no less remarkable than that of the preceding year, namely, the siege and the destruction of Fort William Henry.

Never had the star of France shone so brightly in the depths of the great American solitudes ; never was such a variety of tribal people assembled under its flag; from the Sakis (Sacs), seated on their mats at the border of Wisconsin, and the Illinois, hunters of the buffalo, to the Abenakis and the Micmacs, accustomed to follow the salmon by torchlight and to spear them with the trusty *nigog ;* from the Kikapoas of Lake Michigan, still pagans and anthropophagists to the Mohicans and the Chaouenous of the Blue Mountains.

The emissaries of Onontio,[1] sent in all directions during the winter to infuse the spirit of war, had been well received everywhere, even in the home of the Five Nations. The warriors, tattooed in black and vermillion, had lighted the council fire, smoked the calumet with them, and accepted their proposed alliance. The *chichikoué*, accompanying the war dance had been heard from one village to

[1]The Indian name for the governor of Canada.

another, and the jugglers, squatting in their cabins, had seen in their visions, numbers of scalps and prisoners.

The squadron of canoes coming from all points of the horizon converged towards the fort of Carillon, which in the month of July presented one of the strangest and most picturesque scenes that it is possible to imagine. The total number of these Indians reached 1,799 warriors, belonging to forty different tribes. They swelled the effective force of the army gathered by Montcalm at the fort of Carillon, to 8,019 men of all branches of the service, including regulars and Canadian militia.

The inspection of the advance posts, which Montcalm made on July 21st, was accompanied by a characteristic scene which it gave the marquis pleasure to recall. He had embarked for the Falls in a canoe paddled by several Indians from the upper part of the country. During all the journey a young warrior stood singing in the canoe, accompanying his song upon an Indian tambourine. Behind him sat the oldest Indian of the expedition—Pennahouel, the Nestor of the forest. In his recitative, modulated to a tone which was not lacking in grace, the young warrior described his last visions: "The Manitou has appeared to me; he told me that of all the young men who would follow thee to the war you will lose none; they will succeed, and will cover themselves with glory, and you will bring them back again to their mat." Cries of

applause interrupted him from time to time. The old chief spoke at last, saying to him in a solemn tone: "My son, was I wrong to exhort you to fast? If, like the others, you had spent your time in eating and sacrificing to your appetite, you would not have secured the favour of the Manitou; and here he has sent you happy visions which give joy to all the warriors."

The Indian camp resounded day and night with similar juggleries. They stuck a stick in the ground, and from the end of it suspended their Manitou: it might be, for instance, an accoutrement, the skin of a beast or a dead dog, to which they offered in sacrifice ends of tobacco, several whiffs of their pipe, or pieces of meat, which they threw into the fire. They spent the rest of their time in dancing, in amusing themselves or in bathing. Their dexterity in swimming and in diving astonished the whites. "Sometimes," writes Parkman, "when mad with brandy, they grappled and tore each other with their teeth like wolves. They were continually 'making medicine,' that is, consulting the Manitou, to whom they hung up offerings, sometimes a dead dog, and sometimes the belt-cloth which formed their only garment."

The manners of the Christian Indians formed quite a contrast to those of these pagans. Clothed, generally, with more decency, they were more tractable, and held the priests who followed them in great respect. They were furnished with muskets which

they used with rare ability, while most of the others were armed only with arrows, lances or small pikes.

On July 24th, at break of day, four hundred Indians who had been placed in ambush facing the islands of the lake, noticed the approach of twenty-two English barges, bearing three hundred and fifty militiamen. They threw themselves upon them, captured twenty vessels, took nearly two hundred prisoners, and became intoxicated from drinking the brandy which they found on the barges. The scenes of carnage and of horror which they then enacted defy description.

After this success all the Indians wished to return to their own country, for, said they, to brave the danger anew, after so successful a stroke, would be to tempt the Master of Life. In order to prevent this flight, which might render the expedition abortive, Montcalm called a general meeting of the Indians. It was held in the middle of the camp. None of the French officers, accustomed as they were to operatic scenes and to the enchantments of the Parisian boulevards, had ever seen a spectacle more theatrical or better calculated to strike the imagination. Everything contributed to it, the locality, the *personnel*, and the proceedings. There, with its tents pitched in a glade in the midst of a desert valley, between two chains of mountains, covered from base to summit with virgin forests, in all the splendour of their summer foliage, was the military camp, exhaling, under a Neapolitan

sky, the noisome odours of the assembled Indians; there were the smart-looking officers in white uniforms and gold lace, with powdered hair under their plumed hats, who might have been mistaken in such a place for fops, were it not that they were as brave as they were elegant; while all around them, elbowing them and grazing them with their naked bodies were the Sakis, the Iowas from the extreme West and the Mascoutins, eaters of human flesh, and many besides forming a conglomeration more like a masquerade than an army. Such were the actors, such the scene, and the drama to be enacted was a victory darkened by a bloody tragedy.

While Montcalm addressed the Indians a large tree happened to fall a few feet from them. The general, without losing his presence of mind, thus interpreted the omen: "That," cried he, "is how the English will be overthrown, how the walls of Fort George will fall. It is the Master of Life who announces it."

Lamotte, the chief of the Folles-Avoines, accepted the augury in the name of the upper tribes, and Pennahouel, raising himself with solemnity, supported it in these words:

"My father, I, who of all the Indians count the most moons, I thank you in the name of all the nations, and of my own, for the good words that you have given us. I approve them. Nobody has ever spoken better to us than you. It is the Manitou of war who inspires you."

After the orators had spoken Montcalm again addressed the assembly, and raising his collar of six thousand beads, which he held in his hands, he said: "By this collar, sacred pledge of the good faith of my words, symbol of good intelligence and of strength by the union of the different beads of which it is composed, I bind you one to the other in such a manner that none of you are able to separate from the others, before the defeat of the English and the destruction of Fort George."

These words were then repeated by the different interpreters, and the collar was thrown into the midst of the assembly.

It was taken up by the orators of the different nations, who exhorted them to accept it, and Pennahouel, in presenting it to those of the upper country said to them:

"A circle is now drawn around you by the great Onontio, from which none of you can go out. So long as we remain within it the Master of Life will be our guide, will inspire us as to what we should do, and will favour all our enterprises. If any one leaves before the time, the Master of Life will no longer answer for the misfortunes which may strike him; and which must fall upon himself alone, and not upon the nations who promise an indissoluble union and entire obedience to the will of their father."

On the morning of August 3rd the whole army disembarked in front of Fort William Henry, built

at the head of Lake George. From this strong position the English, by the aid of the fleet which they had sheltered there, could ascend, by way of Lake Champlain, to the very doors of Montreal. It was to dislodge them thence that Montcalm had gone there on his adventurous expedition. Already, in the course of the preceding winter, a daring surprise had almost succeeded in giving the mastery of William Henry to the French. In fifteen or twenty degrees of frost one thousand five hundred French, Canadians and Indians had crossed Lakes Champlain and George on the ice, marching sixty leagues on snow-shoes, with their provisions on sleds, which, upon good roads, were drawn by dogs. They slept in the snow on bearskins, with only a sail for shelter, and arrived at a distance of a short league from William Henry. When the Canadian expedition set out on its return the fort alone remained standing in the midst of smoking ruins; two hundred and fifty transport boats, four brigantines, and all the dependencies had been burnt. It was necessary now to open the frontier on this side by destroying the place itself.

When the traveller stops to-day at the head of Lake George it is with difficulty that he can recognize the site formerly occupied by Fort William Henry. Of its walls and its ditches there now remain only vague undulations of the land. Cultivated fields have been cut, here and there, out of the forest, and graceful villages rise on the border of

the lake; but the great lines of the horizon have kept their wild aspect. The beautiful mountains of Lake St. Sacrament still mirror their plumes of verdure in its limpid waters. With the return of August 11th, which witnessed the tragic events that are about to be described, the promontories and islands still take on the closing summer tints; and when the whistle of the steam engine, which has replaced the cannon of Montcalm, has ceased resounding, the dead leaves that the breeze carries out upon the lake fall in the same silence as that of other days.

Fort William Henry was situated on the cliff which dominates the lake. On the right, that is to say at the south-east, it was defended by an impassable marsh; on the left by the lake, and on the other two sides by a good palisaded ditch. These ramparts were formed by a collection of large pieces of wood, crossed one on the other, and solidly bound together; the interstices being filled with earth and gravel.

At a distance of a cannon shot from the place a waste space had been made, where the half-burnt and fallen trees, lying one on the other, together with their stumps, presented an obstacle such as was almost unknown in the defence of similar European places. At the east of the fort an entrenched camp had been constructed upon a very advantageous height commanding the fort itself, and largely protected by marshes. The entrench-

ments were made of the trunks of trees placed one on the other; they were of small extent, but with many flanks provided with artillery, and could be lined by the enemy.

The fort and the entrenched camp, which were connected by a roadway constructed along the beach, were defended by twenty-nine cannon, three mortars, a howitzer, seventeen swivel-guns, making in all fifty pieces of artillery, and by a garrison of two thousand four hundred men, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Monro, of the 35th Regiment of the English army, a veteran Scotsman of incontestable personal bravery, but, as events proved, of feeble character.

Despite his garrison, and the strong position which he occupied, Monro was unable to resist without assistance. At Fort Edward, a few hours' march nearer to Albany, General Webb commanded six thousand men.

From the ramparts of William Henry old commandant Monro listened attentively in that direction, whence from hour to hour he hoped to hear the roar of the English general's cannon. But in this direction the forest remained silent. A letter concealed in an empty bullet was found on a courier killed by a party of Indians. It was written by Webb to the commandant of William Henry, and gave him but little hope of succour. Webb advised him to capitulate before being reduced to extremities. Monro was lost. Montcalm

sent him the intercepted despatch, and with it a letter in which he urged him not to resist beyond measure, so as not to excite the fury of the Indians.

The surprise and consternation of the veteran Scotsman upon receiving from Bougainville the communication of a message from Webb only a soldier can imagine.

On August 9th the drums of the fort sounded a parley; William Henry had yielded.

Before signing the capitulation the Marquis de Montcalm summoned the chiefs of all the nations in council, and asked if they approved of it. They all consented, and pledged themselves to keep the young men within bounds. Alas! they promised more than they were able to do, and the following day gave to their words a bloody denial.

According to the terms of the capitulation the garrison abandoned the fort, the camp and all that they contained, including the provisions and munitions of war. They marched out with the honours of war and the baggage of both officers and men, and they also carried their arms with a certain number of ball cartridges, and took with them a piece of cannon: this last was conceded by Montcalm out of consideration for the English commandant, who had not asked it. The garrison was to be conducted to Fort Lydius, escorted by a detachment of French troops, and by the principal officers and interpreters attached to the Indians.

Before commencing the recital of the frightful

catastrophe of which he was a witness Captain Desandrouins made a profession of faith as to his honesty which deserves to be quoted.

"I am about," he said, "to give an account of this massacre, faithfully and according to my conscience, and with the utmost impartiality, after having carefully informed myself from ocular witnesses, as to what occurred beyond my own view. To change the truth in order to save the honour of the guilty, no matter who they might be, would be to become a participant in the crime. I should be much more inclined to expose the outrage to the indignation of all honourable men.

"At daylight on August 11th the evacuation of the fort commenced. M. de Laas had the column preceded by a detachment of his escort, and advised the English to proceed cautiously, and to keep together without intervals. He stationed himself at the entrance of the camp to oversee the departure.

"Seeing the column leaving the Indians ran to watch them. The head of the column squeezed itself close to the little detachment in front. Those of the English who had not yet left the camp held back and appeared to waver. In the meantime a vacant space was formed, and orders were sent to the head to slacken its pace.

"The Indians approaching the trouble increased, and the hesitation which followed emboldened them so that they indulged in threatening gestures. The

English, a little scattered, were only too glad to abandon their bags or their arms, in order to rejoin the main body of their column.

"It was still possible to re-establish order, and the officers of the escort did their utmost with that end in view. But those Indians who had picked up anything ran at once with it to the camp, each to those of his own nation, to show his trophy. The others, jealous at the idea that they might otherwise appear in their own country with less of glory than their brothers, darted off immediately, and ran tumultuously to endeavour to secure a share of the spoil; some of them even raised a war-cry.

"The English then became agitated, and lost their heads. The British commandant, on the advice, as he pretends, of an unknown Frenchman, ordered his men to carry their rifles, butts upwards, on the ground that the ordinary methods of bearing them appeared menacing, and irritated the Indians.

"This pusillanimous manœuvre completely killed the already waning courage of the soldiers, and emboldened the Indians, several of whom dared to seize the guns of the former, making signs to them to give them up, which they did with every evidence of terror. One Indian, not satisfied with having secured a gun that was too heavy for him, soon attempted to exchange it for that of an officer, which illustrates the rapid progression of insolence on one side and fear on the other.

"Colonel Monro believed that it was only necessary that the cupidity of these barbarians should be satiated, in order to put an end to the disorders, and he ordered his men to cast their bags and other effects at their feet, adding that the King of England was powerful enough to compensate them. Those of the English who were within reach of the escort threw theirs to the French soldiers, who were weak enough to take them. They might have done well had they returned them.

"In most of the packages the Indians found rum and other strong liquors, with which they became intoxicated. Then they became real tigers in fury. Tomahawk in hand, they fell mercilessly upon the English, who, filled with fright, finished by scattering themselves in all directions, having finally believed that they had been really sacrificed by the French.

"None of them dreamed of saving themselves by any other means than flight. Our escort, far too small, protected as many as it could, principally the officers. But being compelled to maintain its ranks, in order itself to command respect, it was only possible for it to shelter those who were within its reach.

"Unfortunately during all this disorder no Canadian officer or interpreter, who usually has some control over the Indian mind, was to be found. They had endured considerable fatigue during the siege, and were all quietly resting.

"At last M. de Montcalm, M. de Lévis, and M. de Bourlamaque were notified. They ran and gave orders to employ the whole force if it should be necessary. Interpreters, officers, missionaries, Canadians, all were set at work, each one striving his best to save the unfortunate English by snatching them from the executioners.

"These last, intoxicated with blood and carnage, were no longer capable of listening to anybody. Many killed their prisoners rather than abandon them; a great number dragged them to their canoes and carried them off.

"M. de Montcalm, in despair at his failure to make any impression on the Indians, bared his breast and cried:—'Since you are rebellious children, who break the promise you made to your father, and will not listen to what he says, kill him the first.'

"This extraordinary vehemence on the general's part seemed to impress them a little, and they said, 'Our father is angry.' But the mischief was done. No comparison can be made of the despair which now took possession of us at the spectacle of this butchery! I heard soldiers utter loud cries of indignation."

Desandrouins not unnaturally expresses his astonishment that the English, who had retained their arms, whose guns were loaded, and who were more numerous than the Indians, permitted themselves to be intimidated and disarmed by them. In addi-

tion to this they had bayonets at the ends of their guns and their cartridge boxes were filled. Yet they made no use of them.

Montcalm and Lévis were not less surprised than Desandrouins at the pusillanimity of the English. "It is difficult to understand," says the chevalier, "how two thousand three hundred armed men allowed themselves to be stripped by the Indians, armed only with lances and tomahawks, without making the least appearance of defence."

He adds that the English are not justified in complaining of the infraction of the terms of capitulation by the Indians, since they gave them brandy in spite of recommendations to the contrary.

"Several days after the catastrophe," continues Desandrouins, "Colonel Monro and all the officers and soldiers whom he had been able to assemble, left in good order, dragging after them the cannon which belonged to them. Such is the unfortunate event which I have described as I saw and heard it without disguising anything."

Montcalm employed all his troops in the demolition of the fort and the camp. On August 15th there remained nothing but a mass of smoking ruins, of what six days before had been William Henry.

On the night of the sixteenth the last French boats had left the shore, and disappeared one after the other in the light mists which the coolness of the twilight had suspended over the lake. Faint glimmerings of fire, gradually dying out, marked

the sites that the English fort and camp had occupied. All sound of war had ceased in this corner of the land where thousands of men had battled. The whoops of the Indians and the cries of agony and despair had been succeeded by the gloomy silence of the forest, scarcely interrupted by the sinister cry of some nocturnal bird, or of some tawny wild beast attracted to the neighbourhood by the odour of dead bodies.

Thus closed one of the most appalling incidents of these eventful times. The accounts of the massacre given from the English standpoint do not minimize Montcalm's sense of horror at the outrage, but they do not entirely exculpate him and his officers. The English soldiers were defenceless, for they were without ammunition and few of them possessed bayonets. The charges, therefore, of pusillanimity, if we accept this account, are unfounded. Montcalm, moreover, had witnessed the disorder which had prevailed in the afternoon, and if he had followed the dictates of prudence would have had enough troops at his disposal to repress an outbreak among the Indians whose natural ferocity had been intensified by rum.

CHAPTER V

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1758—BATTLE OF CARILLON

PEACE! Peace! was the message of both Montcalm and Lévis when they wrote to Versailles on the return of their victorious battalions from William Henry. It was the cry of an enlightened patriotism. The proper French policy would have been to strengthen the navy, and so consolidate the whole colonial empire by strengthening the hands of Montcalm in America and Dupleix in the East. They were the only generals who were sustaining the honour of her arms, but France had fallen into effeminacy, and was working out her own humiliation and decadence. Dupleix had already been abandoned, and Montcalm was soon to share his fate.

In his report to the minister at the end of the campaign he thus summed up the situation:—"Hardly any provisions remain, and the people are reduced to a quarter of a pound of bread. The soldiers' rations may have to be still further reduced. Little powder and no shoes."

Famine! What a godsend for Bigot and his boon companions! What profits they reaped from their long monopolized stores of corn! But if they made money they spent it gaily, too. "Notwithstanding the general distress balls and frightful

gambling," the indignant Montcalm wrote to his mother, and Doreil adds, in his despatch to the minister: — "Notwithstanding the ordinance of 1744, forbidding games of chance in the colonies, such gambling as would frighten the most confirmed and daring players went on in the house of the intendant until Ash Wednesday. M. Bigot alone lost more than two hundred thousand crowns."

The succour received from France in the spring of 1758 was a mere mockery, consisting of a small stock of foodstuffs, and seventy-five recruits. Such were the conditions under which an enemy that daily gathered strength was to be confronted.

England prepared to attack Canada at three points at once. Fourteen thousand men and a formidable squadron were assigned to the first undertaking. From sixteen to eighteen thousand men commanded by the new general-in-chief, Abercromby, had orders to invade the country by way of Lake St. Sacrament, and nine thousand were let loose upon Ohio.

At Quebec no one dreamed of any such huge forces, and only the victory at Carillon, where the victors repulsed an army outnumbering them by five to one, saved the country.

Montcalm had taken up his position half a mile in advance of Fort Carillon, on a height which he had fortified with the trunks of trees which his men cut down. In front of these entrenchments, which

flanked each other, the fallen trees with their branches sharpened served as *chevaux de frise.* The little army of French troops of the line and Canadians did not amount in all to more than three thousand five hundred men, the right being commanded by the Chevalier de Lévis, the centre by Montcalm, and the left by Bourlamaque.

About midday on July 8th the English advance guard appeared at the skirt of the woods, and opened fire in skirmishing order. At once the French soldiers dropped their tools and ran for shelter, and immediately the triple lines of their companions formed behind the greyish rampart walls, above which flew the flag of each battalion.

It was the battle's prologue. All the verge of the forest, from the right to the extreme left, was thick with men in blue, while behind them through the openings in their ranks three columns of red-coats were seen advancing, together with a fourth, whose multi-coloured garb proclaimed a Highland regiment. The voices of the officers as they directed their men's fire could be heard along the entire line, and heavy discharges of musketry succeeded one another uninterruptedly. Still the Frenchmen never answered, for the bullets from such a distance hardly reached their shelter, and not one entered their ranks. From the silence the forts might almost have been thought abandoned.

On and on came the red-coats and the "kilties," marching proudly erect, notwithstanding the ob-

stacles that beset their way. Once within easy gunshot the whole line of the ramparts was hidden by a cloud of smoke, and three thousand bullets rained upon the heads of the advancing columns, the entire front ranks of which went down. Still they continued the fire without flinching, but, while the greater part of their bullets simply sank into the tree-trunks, those of the French, aimed with the greatest precision, mowed down whole lines. "It was a perfect hell fire," said an English officer who came out of the fight unhurt.

Under this shower of lead the columns presently began to give way, and then, encouraged by their officers, the men soon reformed, and advanced, firing as they came. General Abercromby, who was stationed about a mile and a half to the rear, had given orders to carry the position at the bayonets' point, and the men, as much infatuated as their chief, rushed madly onwards, confident of victory. But the forest of overturned trees, with their branches interlaced, made advance well nigh impossible, and threw their ranks and fire into disorder. The dead and wounded who fell on all sides made the confusion worse, and the incline leading to the ramparts, through which the soldiers could see only flashes of fire and puffs of smoke which vomited death, seemed more and more impregnable.

However, the fallen trees which so assisted the defenders had also their disadvantages, for they afforded shelter to a swarm of sharpshooters sta-

tioned on the flanks of the invading army and between its columns. Better at this kind of work than the troops of the line, these skirmishers, hidden behind the stumps and the branches, poured in a murderous fire which thinned the Frenchmen's ranks, though the latter retaliated with even more admirable aim.

Finally the head of one column reached the improvised *chevaux de frise* which defended the foot of the entrenchments, but there the men were halted by the thousands of sharpened branches, which they in vain sought to remove from their way, while from front and right and left they were riddled with lead. After an hour of such bloody fighting amidst an incredibly heavy fire the four columns were thrown back into the border of the woods.

Abercromby ordered a renewal of the attack, and the firing was resumed with redoubled fury, while the lowered bayonets glistened in the sun as the officers' cry of "Forward!" came to the ears of the French. This time the commanders changed their tactics. The two columns on the right threw themselves against the opening guarded by two companies of volunteers. The two others attacked the right angle of the position. The shock was terrible, and the heads of the columns were shaken under the storm of missiles, without, however, arresting those behind, who, trampling the dead underfoot, fought with true British tenacity. The

Highlanders, always the bravest of the brave, were many of them killed within a few feet of the walls. It was a pity to see them fall, those gallant giants who, after Culloden, would never have wished to measure bayonets in Europe with the French.

On their side the Canadians fired with all possible speed, and with the accuracy of men accustomed to the chase. They alone of the defenders made several sorties, and driven back to shelter by a terrific fire they, time and time again, issued therefrom, great gaps in the English ranks marking each successive attack. It was owing to these sorties alone, says Pouchot, that the enemy did not dare to turn the position by the extreme right, which they might easily have done "if they had known the locality and how easily it could be entered."

The heat was suffocating, and at the beginning of the engagement the Marquis de Montcalm took off his uniform, smilingly remarking to his soldiers, "We will have a warm time of it to-day, my friends."

The scene of carnage was indescribable. Inside the defenders' lines the whole line of the ramparts was strewn with dead and wounded. Outside, all round the walls, the bodies lay by hundreds in masses more or less compact according to the fierceness of the fighting. Some lay across the fallen trees, while others were caught in their branches. Many still writhed in the pains of their dying agony. Disordered columns moved to right and

left, seeking a vulnerable point of attack amidst the thunders of the firearms, the whistling of bullets, the sharp commands of the officers, and the imprecations of the soldiers as they advanced or retired amongst the impenetrable mass of leaves and branches.

However, the day had already begun to decline, and the sun was just about to disappear behind the mountains, set in a sky as pure and calm as that in which it had arisen. The peaceful light of its slanting rays as they fell upon the field of Carillon seemed to be a voiceless protest against the scenes of horror taking place. General Abercromby finally arrived upon the field of battle furious at his men's repeated checks. Before acknowledging himself beaten he would make a supreme and final effort, so gathering together the two columns on his left he threw them against the right angle of the entrenchments, while the two on the right he hurled at the foot of the ravine which runs along the Lachute River, and which overlooked the opening guarded by the French volunteers. No previous attack had been made with such impetuosity and desperation.

Notwithstanding their enormous losses the enemy seemed to multiply, and struggled to cross the barrier of lead which stopped their progress. Montcalm, bareheaded, with his face inflamed, and fire in his eye, personally superintended the defence of the threatened spot, and exposed himself to the

same dangers that his troops had to face. Lévis, always unmoved, although balls had twice pierced his hat, seconded his efforts with that good judgment which was to make him the future hero of Ste. Foy.

The moment was a critical one. Suddenly from the extreme right came the cry, *En avant Canadiens!* It was de Lévis who had ordered the sortie of the band now fully seven hundred strong owing to recently arrived reinforcements. A swarm of woodsmen issue from the fortifications, and spread amidst the timber and along the fringe of the woods, their gallant officers at their head. From their position in the plain they direct their fire upon the flank of the column skirting the side of the hill, from which it threatens the fort. These Canadians, seasoned and skilful hunters, do not waste a single bullet and create gaps in the ranks of the enemy which, however, are soon filled up. But the fire becomes so murderous that the column inclines somewhat towards the right in order to escape it, and moves more towards the centre. All efforts, though, are useless, and enveloped in front, and on the right and left by the storm of lead the column is finally flung back upon the forest's edge. This sortie of the colonials was decisive, and it was undoubtedly the accuracy of their fire from the advantageous positions which they gained by their successive sorties, as well as the terror which they, like the Indians, inspired in this kind of warfare, in which they had

no equals, that prevented the enemy from making a direct attack upon the open plain they occupied.

About six o'clock one last attack was made, but it was as fruitless as its predecessors, and from that hour until half-past seven, only an intermittent rifle fire ensued to cover up the retreat of the English forces. The French troops slept along the ramparts with their guns by their sides fearing the enemy's return, but, panic-stricken, the latter hastily embarked, even leaving some of their wounded by the lakeside. They acknowledged a loss of one thousand nine hundred and forty-four men. The French lost one hundred and four killed and two hundred and forty-eight wounded.

On the morning of the twelfth the French army drawn up on the plain sang the hymn of victory accompanied by the sound of bands, drums and cannon. A large cross, planted by order of Montcalm, bore this inscription, which he composed himself, and below he wrote the French translation which follows it:—

"Quid dux? quid miles? quid strata ingentia ligna?
En signum! en victor! Deus hic, Deus ipse triumphat!"

"Chrétien! ce ne fut point Montcalm et sa prudence,
Ces arbres renversés, ces héros, leurs exploits,
Qui des Anglais confus ont brisé l'espérance;
C'est le bras de ton Dieu vainqueur sur cette croix."

Time has not respected this ephemeral monument, and the fort itself is dismantled, but the name of Carillon is indelibly inscribed in the annals of Canadian history.

The campaign of 1758 finished in November, when the French retreated from the Ohio valley. The little French-Canadian army nobly defended its entire frontier from Louisbourg to Duquesne, but, crushed by numbers, its two wings had been driven in. The centre alone was able to resist by means of prodigies of valour and unhoped-for good fortune. All of the three gates by which the English could penetrate into Canada were open to them. The small forts of Carillon and Niagara, left to themselves, could not hold out for more than a few days against the masses coming against them. Only the very centre of the colony could hold out any longer, and this was alone possible by concentrating about Quebec all the forces of the country. Montcalm and Vaudreuil, separated as they were by an inveterate hatred, agreed on one point at least and cried out for peace as the only means of saving the colony. So desperate, indeed, did the situation seem to them that they mutually decided to send at express speed to Versailles in the endeavour to awaken the king and his ministers from their stupor, if this were possible, and make them understand that if help were not sent, as the Marquis de Vaudreuil demanded, the colony was lost. Bougainville was chosen for the mission, and Doreil, the commissioner of war, who was called to France on family business, was instructed to support the representations before the court. However, notwithstanding their most urgent solicitations, neither one

nor the other could obtain the slightest effective help.

In view of the distress prevailing in Canada the meagre provisions accompanying the recruits brought by Bougainville amounted to next to nothing. The twenty-three ships which arrived at Quebec had brought out a bare third of what had been asked for. Still, "trifles are precious to those who have nothing," as Montcalm replied to the governor. In conclusion he added, with prophetic courage, "I shall entirely devote myself towards saving this unfortunate country, and if necessary will die in the attempt." The governor expressed himself in the same manner, and sent word to court to the effect that the entire colony was ready to die facing the foe. In this he simply told the truth, for despite the vices of his administration he was immensely popular amongst the Canadians, and could get what he liked from them. In fact he was, with some reason, looked upon as father of the people. It was generally known that he alone of all the governors had always championed the colonists' cause, and this fact was largely responsible for his incurring the animosity of the army.

The bishop and his clergy, whose influence was the predominating one, were of the same opinion. He and Mgr. de Pontbriand joined their voices together in calling the people to arms, all the *habitants* being ordered to hold themselves in readiness to march on short notice with their arms

and six days' food. One officer alone, out of each company, was to remain at home with the aged, young and sick.

CHAPTER VI

WOLFE

FEBRUARY 16th, 1759, which was characterized by one of those heavy fogs so prevalent in London at that time of year, found General Wolfe at the residence of William Pitt, who had confided to his direction the expedition about to set out to besiege Quebec. It was the eve of his departure, and Pitt had summoned him to dinner, together with but one other guest—Lord Temple. Towards the end of the evening the future conqueror of Quebec, doubtless carried away by his own thoughts, the great interests at stake, and the presence of the two great statesmen, gave vent to his natural impetuosity, and though he seems to have been very abstemious in his libations during the repast, indulged in some singular bravado. He rose, drew his sword, struck the table with the butt, and as he walked about the room he brandished the weapon, proclaiming aloud the deeds it would accomplish. The two ministers were dumbfounded by an outbreak so unlooked for in a man of common sense. When Wolfe had left, and the sound of his carriage wheels had died away in the distance, Pitt's high opinion of the youthful general seemed to be for the moment disturbed, and lifting his hands and

eyes to the sky he cried to Lord Temple: "Great God, to think that I have committed the fate of my country and my ministry into such hands!"

Lord Mahon, who reports the incident in his History of England, states that he learnt of it from his relative, Lord Grenville, a mild and kindly man, to whom Lord Temple himself related it. This outbreak, adds the historian, confirms the testimony of Wolfe himself, who acknowledged that he did not appear to advantage in the matters of every-day life. At times his very excessive timidity caused him to fall into the other extreme, and so, concludes Mahon, we must excuse a momentary outburst which may so well go hand in hand with the truest ability and merit.

It may have been some rumour of this incident which caused the Duke of Newcastle to say in the presence of George III that Pitt's new general was a mad fool. "If he is mad," answered the aged king, "I hope that he will bite some of my generals."

James Wolfe was born on January 2nd, 1727, at Westerham, Kent, of a family which originally came from Limerick. From infancy he manifested so decided a taste for military life that when thirteen years of age he embarked with his father, Lieutenant-Colonel Wolfe, on the expedition which was decimated before Carthagena. However, before the fleet sailed, an illness, due to his delicate constitution, obliged him to return to his mother. Such a feeble

state of health one might have expected would give him a tendency towards a life of peace, but his young ambition had been fired by the tales of his father, who had gained his rank in the armies of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and his dreams were merely those of military glory. At sixteen years of age he took part in his first campaign in Flanders. He was then a tall but thin young man, apparently weak for the trials of war. Moreover, he was decidedly ugly, with red hair and a receding forehead and chin, which made his profile seem to be an obtuse angle, with the point at the end of his nose. His pale, transparent skin was easily flushed, and became fiery red when engaged in conversation or in action. Nothing about him bespoke the soldier save a firm-set mouth and eyes of azure blue, which flashed and gleamed. With it all, though, he had about his person and his manner a sympathetic quality which attracted people to him.

In his last portraits he is represented as wearing a square-cut, scarlet coat, after the English style, while the rolled-back collar shows the lacework of his shirt. His knotted hair falls down between his shoulders, and he wears a three-cornered, gold-laced hat. On his feet are gaiters, and a sword is in his belt, while on his arm he bears a band of crêpe, for at the time he was in mourning for his father. He is also similarly represented in the wooden statue, made shortly after his death, which stood for many years at the corner of Palace Hill and John Street,

in Quebec, but which has now found a resting-place in the rooms of the Literary and Historical Society of that city.

With his talents, and his devotion to his chosen career Wolfe's promotion could not be other than rapid. He took part in the victory of Dettingen, where he distinguished himself by his bravery and coolness, and was next day made adjutant and then lieutenant, being raised to the rank of captain in the ensuing campaign.

From the continent he crossed to Scotland, and was present at the battle of Culloden. Some historians represent him as there appearing in a most magnanimous rôle to the disparagement of his general. The Duke of Cumberland, they relate, while crossing the field of battle with him noticed a Highlander who, notwithstanding the severe nature of his wounds, raised himself upon his elbow and met the duke's gaze with a smile of defiance. "Kill that insolent good-for-nothing who dares to look at us with scorn," the latter is reported to have said to Wolfe, who answered:—

"Your Highness has my commission; it is in your hands, but I can never consent to become an executioner." At twenty-three years of age he was a lieutenant-colonel, and the study of Latin, French, and mathematics occupied all his leisure. About this time, too, he had a love trouble which he tried to drown in a round of dissipation, but debauchery was foreign to his nature, and he soon forswore it.

Stationed at Inverness, then a centre of disaffection, amidst a recently conquered population which was still restless beneath the yoke, and struggling against the most wretched ill-health he succeeded in forgetting his discouragement and winning the good-will of every one, even of the Highlanders. He had an inexhaustible supply of humour and good spirits, and with them he was accustomed to say a man can overcome all obstacles. However, he found the five years spent amongst the Scottish mountains long, for he feared that he would grow rusty in the intellectual void surrounding him.

The winter of 1753 found him in Paris in the midst of a world, the refinement of which could not but attract him. He fairly revelled in it, frequented the court, and was presented to the king, paying homage to the Crown, whose choicest jewel was so soon to fall by his sword. Madame de Pompadour from the height of her gilded shame deigned to smile upon him. "I was fortunate enough," he writes, "to be placed near her for some time. She is extremely pretty, and I should judge from her conversation that she possesses much wit and intelligence."

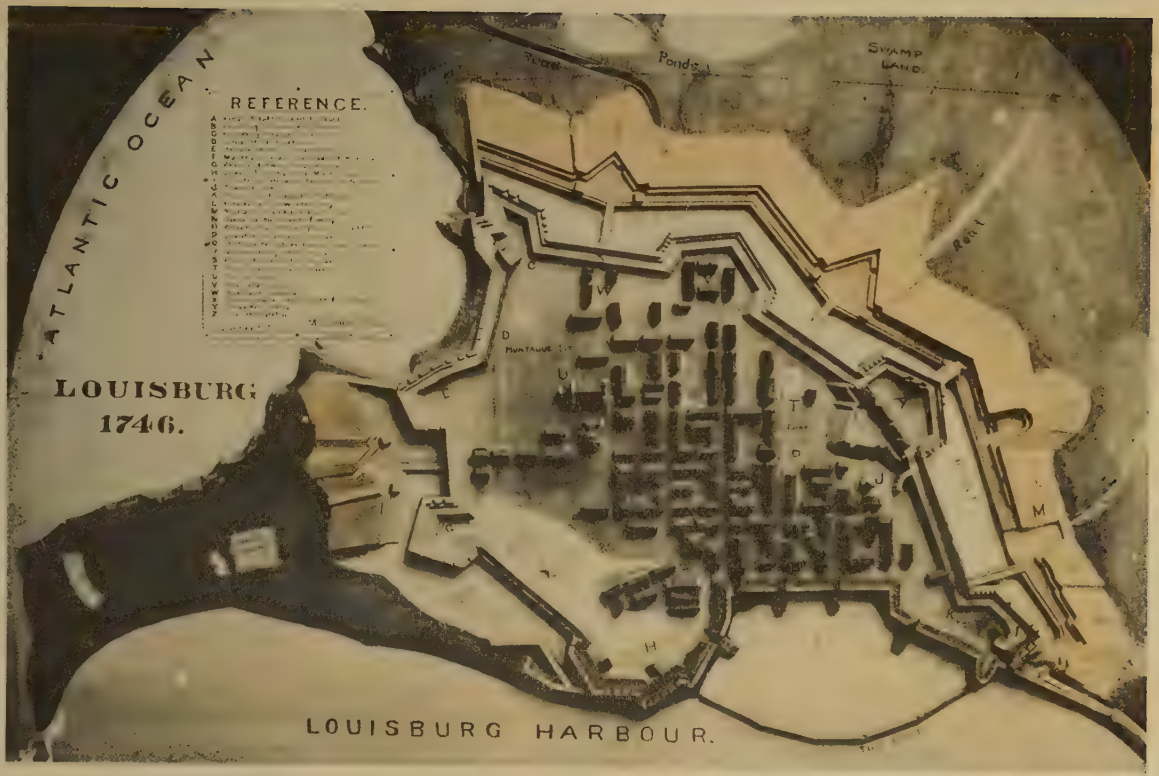
Wolfe, for the moment, became a courtier. Between his courses in equitation and French he took dancing lessons, and was just flattering himself that he had fairly well mastered the intricacies of the minuet, according to his professor, when a peremptory order, which he had barely time to curse,

called him back to England. He thus lost the opportunity of seeing the various armies of Europe, as he had intended, before his return, but he made up for the loss by study.

At the beginning of the Seven Years' War his lucky star led him before Rochefort, where his brilliancy dazzled the chiefs of the expedition, and thus his military fortunes began.

The command which the prime minister, Pitt, confided to him, in connection with the Louisbourg expedition, was little to his taste. He even dreaded the task, anticipating from it more difficulty than glory, as well as an outcome fatal to himself. Moreover, being a wretched sailor, his always uncertain health almost completely collapsed at sea. Premature infirmities bade fair to cut short his earthly existence, and he would have liked to enjoy for at least a few years the joys of home which he had never known, and of family life, towards which he had strong inclinations. He was fond of children, and had fallen in love with Miss Lowther, daughter of an ex-governor of the Barbadoes. The height of his ambition was to live by her and watch their children grow up in a snug little cottage in some such retired and peaceful country seat as his native Westerham, but when he abandoned the soil of Europe he felt that he had bidden farewell to all these cherished dreams.

"Being of the profession of arms," he wrote from Blackheath while preparing to sail, "I would ask


ATLANTIC OCEAN
REFERENCE.
LOUISBURG
1746.
Ponds
SWAMP LAND
LOUISBURG HARBOUR.

all occasions to serve, and therefore have thrown myself in the way of the American war; though I know that the very passage threatens my life, and that my constitution must be utterly ruined and undone, and this from no motive either of avarice or ambition." Writing to his mother he says: "All I hope is that I may be ready at all times to meet that fate which no one can avoid, and to die with grace and honour when my hour has come, whether it be soon or late."

Captain Knox, who saw Wolfe for the first time at Halifax, detected in the youthful brigadier an Achilles. Impetuous and irascible, his weak constitution often allowed him to be carried away by outbursts of passion. His temperament was Celtic rather than Saxon. He was liberal in his ideas, more devoted to his country than to his ambition, and a model of filial piety. Friendships, which he readily formed, he well knew how to retain. He was ever a slave to duty, a stern disciplinarian, and a soldier before all else, and consequently beloved both by officers and by rank and file. Such, in outline, was Wolfe's character.

Not long after the capture of Louisbourg in 1758, at which he distinguished himself, Wolfe went to Bath, there to restore his very uncertain health. "I have got in the square," he wrote to his father, "to be more at leisure, more in the air, and nearer the country. The women are not remarkable, nor the men neither; however, a man must be very hard

to please if he does not find some that will suit him." He, however, speedily acquired a liking for his residence at Bath, and there seems to have renewed his intimacy with Miss Catherine Lowther, to whom he offered his hand, and was accepted. She gave him her portrait, which he took with him to America, carrying it on his person until the eve of his death.

But the hours which he devoted to sentiment did not in any way interfere with the young officer's attention to military matters. A few days before the incident mentioned he wrote to his friend, Lieutenant-Colonel Rickson, a letter which showed his real feelings concerning the late expedition.

"I do not reckon," he said, "that we have been fortunate this year in America. Our force was so superior to the enemy's that we might hope for greater success. It seems to me to have been no very difficult matter to have obliged the Marquis de Montcalm to have laid down his arms, and, consequently, to have given up all Canada. . . . Amongst ourselves, be it said, that our attempt to land where we did was rash and injudicious, our success unexpected (by me) and undeserved. There was no prodigious exertion of courage in the affair; an officer and thirty men would have made it impossible to get ashore where we did. Our proceedings in other respects were as slow and tedious as this undertaking was ill-advised and desperate; but this for your private information only. We lost

time at the siege, still more after the siege, and blundered from the beginning to the end of the campaign. . . . I have this day signified to Mr. Pitt that he may dispose of my slight carcass as he pleases, and that I am ready for any undertaking within the reach and compass of my skill and cunning. I am in a very bad condition both with the gravel and rheumatism, but I had much rather die than decline any kind of service that offers. If I followed my own taste it would lead me into Germany. . . . However, it is not our part to choose, but to obey."

What would Wolfe have thought if, while blaming the fortunate error committed at Louisbourg, he had been told that he himself would only take Quebec by similar means? The House of Commons passed votes of thanks to Admiral Boscawen and General Amherst, but did not mention Wolfe because he was only second in command. However, Pitt soon afterwards, as has been related, confided to him the expedition which he was preparing against Quebec, and raised him to the rank of brigadier.

Wolfe's last few days in England were passed in preparations for his departure and in filial duties. His father, a war-worn septuagenarian, and his mother, whose health had always been uncertain, caused him much anxiety, and he, in turn, caused them equal uneasiness. Each felt how small were the chances of their being reunited, and this feeling

gave to their adieux the sadness almost of a death-bed farewell. "All that I ask," he said, "is that I may be ready at all times to meet with a steady eye the fate which no man can avoid, and to die with good grace and honour when my hour has come." His prayer was answered beyond his wildest expectations.

Wolfe was to have under him three brigadiers—Monckton, Townshend and Murray, all older than himself, though still in the prime of life. Pitt had allowed him to choose all his own officers, except Townshend, who, by scheming, was appointed, whether Wolfe would or not. He was a haughty, pretentious, jeering nobleman, who passed most of his time in caricaturing his superiors. He was brave and talented, and possessed other good qualities, but was always ranged on the side of the malcontents. Walpole, in his memoirs on the reign of George III, claims that he did all in his power to overthrow Wolfe's plans. Monckton and Murray were very different characters. Monckton, who was broad-minded, straightforward and modest, was recognized as a perfect gentleman, but unfortunately played a sad part in the expulsion of the Acadians in 1755. James Murray gained Wolfe's admiration and friendship by his valour and activity at the siege of Louisbourg. He became the second English governor of Canada, and his highest praises are sung by the French-Canadians, by whom his name has always been held dear notwithstanding the diffi-

culties of the time during which he governed them. Another of Wolfe's friends—his chief-of-staff—Lieutenant-Colonel Carleton—was destined in after years to have his name written in golden letters on the annals of this country. Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, so gained the love of the French-Canadians and governed them with such wisdom and prudence that at four different times England named him governor of Canada.

During the evening of February 17th, 1759, the admiral's ship, *Neptune*, which left Spithead that day after the English fleet, sailed along the coast of England, and on the bridge stood Wolfe, endeavouring to forget the seasickness, which had already begun to haunt him, by watching the lanterns on the distant ships light up as they appeared on the horizon. This vast force of twenty-two line-of-battle ships, five frigates, and nineteen other vessels, was under the command of an invalid officer, thirty-two years old, whose genius Pitt alone had discerned.

The fleet's destination was Louisbourg, but on its arrival off Cape Breton the roadstead was found to be shut in by great ice-fields, which obliged Admiral Saunders to seek a temporary refuge at Halifax. Two other fleets had left England a few days previously. One, that of Admiral Holmes, was *en route* for New York, whence it was to convey reinforcements to Louisbourg. The other, Admiral Durell's, was to cruise off the entrance of the St. Lawrence, in order to cut off any aid which might

be sent out from France. Admiral Saunders's fleet only succeeded in making Louisbourg harbour in the middle of May. Wolfe had scarcely landed when he learned of his father's death.

"I am exceedingly sorry," he wrote to his uncle, "it so fell out that I had it not in my power to assist him in his illness, and to relieve my mother in her distress; and the more as her relations are not affectionate, and you are too far off to give her help."

Further on in the letter, where Wolfe outlined his plan of attack on Quebec, there is evidence that he did not foresee the resistance that he was to meet, although a few days before he had written to Pitt that "in Canada every man is a soldier."

"We are ordered," he writes, "to attack Quebec —a very nice operation. The army consists of nine thousand men; in England it is called twelve thousand. We have ten battalions, three companies of grenadiers, some marines (if the admiral can spare them), and six new-raised companies of North American Rangers—not complete, and the worst soldiers in the universe. The regular troops of Canada consist of eight battalions of old Foot—about four hundred a battalion—and forty companies of marines (or colony troops), forty men a company. They can gather together eight thousand or ten thousand Canadians, and perhaps one thousand Indians. As they are attacked by the side of Montreal by an enemy of twelve thousand fighting men they must

necessarily divide their forces; but, as the loss of the capital implies the loss of the colony, their chief attention will naturally be there, and, therefore, I reckon we may find at Quebec six battalions, some companies of marines, four or five thousand Canadians, and some Indians; altogether, not much inferior to their enemy.

"The town of Quebec is poorly fortified, but the ground round about it is rocky. To invest the place, and cut off all communication with the colony, it will be necessary to encamp with our right to the river St. Lawrence, and our left to the river St. Charles. From the river St. Charles to Beauport the communication must be kept open by strong entrenched posts and redoubts. The enemy can pass that river at low water; and it will be proper to establish ourselves with small entrenched posts from Pointe Lévis to La Chaudière. It is the business of our naval force to be masters of the river, both above and below the town. If I find that the enemy is strong, audacious, and well commanded, I shall proceed with the utmost caution and circumspection, giving Amherst time to use his superiority. If they are timid, weak, and ignorant, we shall push them with more vivacity, that we may be able before the summer is gone to assist the commander-in-chief. I reckon we shall have a smart action at the passage of the river St. Charles unless we can steal a detachment up the river St. Lawrence, and land them three, four, five miles,

or more, above the town, and get time to entrench so strongly that they won't care to attack."

Continuous fogs detained the fleet at Louisbourg, but finally, on June 6th, the last of the transports weighed anchor. As they filed out of the harbour the troops drawn up on the decks caused the cliffs to echo again with their cheers, while the officers, no less enthusiastic, exchanged healths, and toasted in advance, "British colours on every French fort, port, and garrison in America."

On the eleventh, from the cliffs of Gaspé, the French sentinels made out the fleet by the spread of canvas which appeared upon the horizon, and before nightfall the host of ships, with their wings extended like those of descending vultures, had doubled Cap des Rosiers.

The advance guard, composed of ten of Admiral Durell's vessels, had just dropped anchor in La Prairie Baie, between Ile-aux-Coudres and Les Eboulements. Durell had captured only three war vessels and a few cargoes of provisions.

On board was a French pilot, belonging to an old and honourable Canadian family, whose name is now branded as that of a traitor. Jean Denis de Vitré was captured at sea, and, if his testimony is to be believed, was obliged, under pain of death, to guide the fleet. Moreover, he was not the only one who found himself under this dire necessity, for the admiral, when he entered the harbour, hoisted the French flag, and showed the signal used in calling

for pilots. The latter at once launched their skiffs, and only realized their mistakes when, upon boarding the ships, they were made prisoners. According to a legend, which had no origin save in the imagination of the English, a missionary, who was near one of the look-out stations, was transported with joy when he imagined that it was the French fleet that approached, but fell dead on the spot from disappointment when he recognized the English flag at the masthead.

At seven o'clock, on May 22nd, Montcalm went to his place of lodging on Rampart Street, worn out with a march of nearly two hundred miles made at one stretch, and angry at Vaudreuil, who had detained him at Montreal, sorely against his will, until the arrival of the last despatches from the court. He at once had a conference with the intendant, the result of which was that he found absolutely nothing in readiness.

Ever since the autumn of 1757 Montcalm had, in anticipation of a siege, been inspecting the surroundings of Quebec, on both sides of the river, as far down as Cap Tourmente, for the city's fortifications afforded practically no protection. "Its situation," he said, "should have inspired any engineer other than M. de Lery with the means of making an exceedingly strong place of it; but it seems that he has, although spending immense sums of money, devoted himself to destroying the advantages with which nature had, with such prodigality, supplied it."

The ramparts overlooking the plain were formed "only of a very weak wall," without either parapets or a single cannon which could command the plain. There had not even been any attempt at protecting it by outworks. Montcalm's plan then was to prevent the enemy from landing on the only spot which seemed to him to be accessible, viz., the Beauport shore.

Here the northern bank of the river stretches in a gentle slope, intersected on the right by the river St. Charles, and on the left by the Montmorency River and Falls. Upon this incline he resolved to form an entrenched camp, and mass his troops.

Vaudreuil had written to the minister in about the same sense on the preceding April 1st:—"I will dispose my troops according to the number I have of militia, regulars, Indians and seamen, either opposing the enemy's landing on the Island of Orleans, or, if I am reduced to so doing, awaiting them from the Montmorency River to Quebec, and from Quebec to the Carrouge River.

"Whatever the English may attempt I flatter myself that the worth of my troops, the colonists' personal interests, their attachment to the king, the number of Indians we will have, all these forces combined will render the conquest of the colony exceedingly difficult, if not impossible."

On May 8th, of the same year, Vaudreuil added:—"However sad and critical our position may be I have no less confidence in my ability to face the

enemy on all sides, in so far as our means permit. The zeal with which I am animated in the king's service will enable me to overcome the greatest obstacles. I am taking the best possible measures for the enemy's reception, at whatsoever point he may choose to attack us.

"Permit me, my lord, to beg you to assure His Majesty that, no matter to what hard extremity I may be driven, my zeal will be as ardent as it is indefatigable, and that I will do all in my power to prevent any progress on the part of the enemy, or at least to make it extremely dearly bought."

If Vaudreuil did not show in the face of the enemy the resolution which animated him in his council chamber, he at least expressed that of the entire colony. The day after his arrival Montcalm called together, at the intendant's palace, all the captains of the frigates and warships, with the officers of the port. At their head was Captain Vauquelin, the hero of Louisbourg, who was as able in the council room as he was intrepid in combat. There, also, was the old captain known to everyone as *bonhomme* Pellegrin—a trifle deaf but still active and possessed of consummate experience, who had piloted the squadron which brought out Montcalm and his troops. It was to this old and experienced sailor that the officers confided the messages for their families at home, and through him they received their replies.

In response to the first demand made by the

general the council unanimously decided to place three hundred sailors at the disposal of the engineers, to work on the defences along the St. Charles River. Captain Duclos undertook the construction of a floating battery, and vessels which were each to carry one gun. This little fleet was to be manned by one thousand four hundred sailors.

It was proposed to close the straightest channel, the Traverse, between the Island of Orleans and Ile Madame, by sinking ten of the largest ships, and to build batteries in this neighbourhood, one at Cap Tourmente and the other at Cap Brûlé, but neither project was carried out because Captain Pelletier, being sent a few days later to take soundings in the Traverse, found it much wider than reported.

The same day Montcalm wrote to the Chevalier de Lévis :—" We have just learned from the captains of two merchant-men that they saw at Saint Barnabé six or seven vessels, probably the advance guard of the English fleet. However, no signals were made, and we have no formal notice, which prevents me from moving my battalions because we must be saving in our food supply. However, have them in readiness, for in less than twenty-four hours you may have another courier instructing you to put them on the move. M. Rigaud will kindly put in readiness the Canadians whom M. de Vaudreuil intends for the defence of this point. I am sending marching orders for Languedoc's battalion.

"I expect that M. de Vaudreuil has already left. If you will kindly communicate to him the contents of this letter."

Vaudreuil was already on the march, and de Lévis was very shortly to follow him. That very midnight the entire right bank of the St. Lawrence was illuminated from cape to cape as far as Quebec, which replied by the signals previously agreed upon. A courier sent from Baie St. Paul at the same time told of the arrival of the English vanguard at the anchorage of Ile-aux-Coudres.

Then the last doubts vanished. Previous to that time the optimists, such as are always to be found, had flattered themselves that the English fleet could not overcome the difficulties presented by the navigation of the river. Within their own memories Admiral Walker's squadron had been lost upon the rocks of Sept Iles. All the women, their souls all devotion, besieged the churches, the religious orders were continually engaged in prayer, and pilgrimages and processions went to Notre Dame des Victoires, and all to obtain this special favour. But finally came such evidence as no one could longer doubt.

Feverish agitation and activity took possession of the city and the country, whence the people flocked, all armed, towards the capital. A final note from Montcalm found Lévis on his way to Quebec: —"I have still less time, my dear chevalier," he wrote, "for writing since the arrival of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, for I have to allow him to play the

rôle of general. I act as secretary and major for him, and greatly long to have you with us and to greet you."

It was the first time that Vaudreuil had taken his place in the army beside Montcalm, whose position became all the more irritating by reason of his recent promotion to the rank of lieutenant-general. The governor had no such high rank, and yet Montcalm had to hand over the generalship to him. This division of the generalship was, as has been seen, an inherent vice of the colonial system, which was repeated in the civil relations of the governor and the intendant. It had contributed to many conflicts, and threatened fatal results. In the final crisis the court could see no way out of the difficulty. Montcalm had strong claims by reason of his victories, and Vaudreuil had equal ones owing to his influence with the colonists. To replace the former would mean, in all probability, the loss of the colony, while the recall of the second might entail the disaffection of the Canadians, whom the king felt ashamed to abandon after having required so much at their hands. By giving Montcalm the full management of the military operations, and Vaudreuil the right to be consulted, he thought that he had found a way of conciliating both, but he really had only brought the discord to a culminating point.

As the troops arrived they were camped behind the General Hospital, on the right bank of the St. Charles River, where they were employed on the

completion of this line of defence which was to serve as a means of retreat for the army should it be forced from the Beauport defences. Colonel de Bougainville went forward with the companies of grenadiers placed under his orders, and placed them *en échelon* along the left bank of the St. Charles, as far as the Beauport brook, to work at the entrenching of the camp. The workers were daily increased by the arrival of the members of the militia, who turned out in greater numbers than any one had dared to hope. Among them were even old men of eighty, and children of twelve and thirteen, who did not wish to claim the exemption to which they were entitled by their age.

Montcalm felt a keen sense of relief when he pressed the hand of his dear friend de Lévis—such was his confidence in his military ability, and his presence rendered that of Vaudreuil much less exasperating.

Moreover de Lévis was always on good terms with the governor, and with much tact and prudence lessened the friction between the two enemies. From the time that he arrived, he and Montcalm were almost always out together. Mounted, and followed by Pontleroy and some other engineering officers, they traversed the entire shore to the Falls of Montmorency, and fixed the locations for the redoubts and batteries.

M. Jacquot de Fiedmont undertook the fortification of the approaches to the bridges over the St.

Charles, and another engineer, M. de Caire, a recent arrival from France, looked after the works along this river. Two other bridges were built at its mouth and fortified, while on two sunken ships at this spot were built two batteries of ten guns each. Finally the mouth of the river was closed by a stout boom. The intendant's palace was surrounded by a double row of palisades, and the wharf opposite it was armed with several field-guns. Around the base of the cliff were four great batteries, looked after by the Chevalier de Bernetz, named second in command of the town. Some of these batteries overlooked the roadstead and others the stream of the river. All buildings which might be in danger of fire were razed, and the openings of the houses below the cliff were closed, while all streets leading to the Upper Town except Palace Hill were barricaded. Starting from this latter point the summit of the cliff, whose fortifications were not complete, was crowned by embattled palisades two or three feet thick, running from below the gate to the Lower Town, and the various batteries were repaired or furnished with new guns. Two barbette batteries defended the approach to the Lower Town, and the bishop abandoned his palace that it might be used for a redoubt.

During this time the lines of the entrenched camp on the Beauport side rose as though by magic. "Never," says Captain de Foligné, "did works go up more rapidly, so that our generals soon had the

satisfaction of seeing themselves in a position to receive the enemy."

Captain Duclos received the command of the floating battery, "Le Diable," which he had designed. It was hexagonal in shape, and drew only three or four feet of water, although it mounted twelve heavy calibre cannon. Eight fireships, and one hundred and twenty rafts, laden with combustibles, were also to be let loose upon the enemy's fleet as soon as it appeared within the harbour. The ships laden with provisions were ordered to Three Rivers, whence the army was to draw its provisions, and the two frigates moored at L'Anse des Mères, half a league above Quebec, were to prevent all attacks upon them. M. de la Rochebeaucour also formed a cavalry corps of two hundred men to go to the assistance of the points which were most pressed. Montcalm, who, notwithstanding his numberless other occupations, found time either to write or dictate his journal, included in it such biting reflections as this:—"Vehicles are lacking for work upon the fortifications, but not for carrying materials for making a casemate for Madame de Péan. No matter how tragic the end of all this may and probably will be, one cannot help laughing."

Concerning Vaudreuil's first visit to the entrenched camp he ironically remarks:—"The Marquis de Vaudreuil, governor-general, and therefore general of the army, has made his first visit of inspection; youth has to inform itself. As he had never seen

either a camp or military works it was all as new as amusing to him. He asked some singular questions, such as might be put by a blind man who had just received his sight."

A new source of discord had sprung up since the sharp reprimand addressed to the intendant by Minister Berryer. Bigot felt that he had been betrayed by Bougainville, and let the latter's friends as well as himself feel the weight of his wrath. The council was the principal scene of these animosities, and such violent altercations broke out that it was frequently found necessary to adjourn the meeting. Montcalm complains of it to Lévis in these words: —"I was in the town yesterday, and beheld the council in an indecent tumult. On the part of the navy there is a general outcry against Le Mercier, and great impatience for his batteries, to which the whole army is subordinated."

The intendant and the commissary of stores, Cadet, took up their headquarters at Beauport, whence they provisioned the army. The people were then reduced to two ounces of bread a day, and many of them did not even get that, while whole families died of want. High society, however, did not live any the less luxuriously on this account, and Cadet had grain thrown to thousands of fowls destined for his own table and those of his friends.

Admiral Durell found Ile-aux-Coudres deserted, for by Vaudreuil's orders the people had abandoned it when the English sails appeared, and had retired to

the woods of Baie St. Paul. He consequently established a camp on its cultivated heights, and landed there some of his troops, to rest them after the fatigues of the voyage across. They soon fancied themselves secure, and the officers amused themselves by hunting, and riding about on the horses left on the island. Three Canadian officers, MM. de la Naudière, Des Rivières and de Niverville had, however, gone down from Quebec to Baie St. Paul with one hundred and fifty militiamen, one hundred Abenakis, and a few pieces of artillery to prevent a landing there, and, aided by the people of the place, they built trenches and mounted batteries at the mouth of the Gouffre River. Thence parties of militiamen and Indians guided by the islanders frequently crossed over under cover of night to harass the invaders and take a few prisoners. On the north side of the island is a rugged promontory called Cap à la Branche, at the base of which passes a straight road bathed by the waters of the river. A few islanders commanded by one of themselves, François Savard, a man as active as he was brave and intelligent, ambushed themselves by this road behind a curtain of great cedars, and waited until they beheld the approach of two officers, one of whom bore on his saddle a young lad. As they passed the ambuscade a volley brought down both horses, and all three were made prisoners before they knew what had taken place. Great was the surprise of Savard and his associates when they learnt that one of the

officers was the grandson of Admiral Durell. Captain Des Rivières, who was with the captors, accompanied him to Quebec, where de Vaudreuil treated him with the utmost consideration until he was later on exchanged with other prisoners.

An inspection of the Island of Orleans made by de Bougainville and Pontleroy having shown the impossibility of defending it successfully, the inhabitants were ordered to evacuate it also, and M. de Courtemanche, with five hundred Canadians and a party of Indians went down to prepare an ambuscade and attempt to capture a few prisoners. Frequent north-east winds had favoured the progress of the English fleet, and on June 23rd it anchored below the lofty mountains of Baie St. Paul. Admiral Saunders then began the sounding of the dangerous Traverse channel, reported to be unnavigable by big warships, whence the French had removed the buoys, besides destroying the landmarks on the shores.

"At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 25th," adds Knox, "a French pilot was put on board of each transport, and the man who fell to the *Goodwill's* lot gasconaded at a most extravagant rate, and gave us to understand it was much against his inclination that he had become an English pilot. The poor fellow assumed great latitude in his conversation; said he made no doubt that some of the fleet would return to England; but they should have a dismal tale to carry with them; for Canada

would be the grave of the whole army, and he expected, in a short time, to see the walls of Quebec ornamented with English scalps. Had it not been in obedience to the admiral, who gave orders that he should not be ill-used, he would certainly have been thrown overboard." The Traverse was navigated without accident.

"At the Island of Orleans," continues Knox, "we are presented with a view of a clear, open country, with villages and churches innumerable, which last, as also their houses, being all white-limed on the outsides, gives them a neat, elegant appearance from our ships."

As Captain Knox advanced his admiration became more lively, and when, on June 26th, the *Goodwill* cast anchor before the parish of St. Laurent he wrote in his note-book:—

"Here we are entertained with a most agreeable prospect of a delightful country on every side; windmills, water-mills, churches, chapels, and compact farm-houses, all built with stone, and covered, some with wood and others with straw. The lands appear to be everywhere well cultivated, and, with the help of my glass, I can discern that they are sowed with flax, wheat, barley, pease, etc., and the grounds are enclosed with wooden pales. The weather to-day is agreeably warm; a light fog sometimes hangs over the Highlands, but in the river we have a fine clear air. Where we now ride the tide does not run above six knots an hour, and

we have good anchorage; the rest of our fleet are working up, and, by the situation of affairs, I am inclined to think we are happily arrived at the place, that, to all appearance, will be the theatre of our future operations. In the curve of the river, while we were under sail, we had a transient view of a stupendous natural curiosity, called the water-fall of Montmorency, of which I hope, before the close of the campaign, to be able to give a satisfactory relation."

The ambuscade of M. de Courtemanche at the lower end of the Island of Orleans did not have the success expected, for notwithstanding his warnings the Indians showed themselves too soon, and consequently only one barge, with a few prisoners, was taken.

At sunset on the twenty-sixth Lieutenant Meech, with forty Rangers, made the first reconnaissance of the island. Believing it deserted he imprudently entered a woods where he fell upon a party of Canadians, engaged, as he believed, in making a *cache*. They were, however, in reality de Courtemanche's rear guard, left to keep a lookout, and they almost surrounded the landing party. Meech had barely time to throw himself with his party into a house, and barricade it, without daring to stop and pick up one of his men, who was struck down by a ball. The army landed without opposition, and the first camp was pitched on a plateau a little below the St. Laurent church. Knox,

with some brother officers, profited by their first leisure moment to visit the church. "A neat building," he says, "with a steeple and spire." The ornaments had all been carried away, except some paintings of no value. The curé of the parish, before leaving, had affixed to the door a letter addressed to "The worthy officers of the British army." He begged them, in the name of humanity and their well-known generosity, to protect his church as well as the presbytery and its outbuildings, if not out of consideration for him at least for the love of God, and out of compassion for the unfortunate homeless parishioners. "I would have been glad," he added, "had you arrived sooner so that you might have tasted the vegetables, such as asparagus, radishes, etc., which my garden produces, but which have now run to seed." The curé closed his letter with what Knox calls the "frothy compliments peculiar to the French."

The next day was as clear as the preceding one, and at sunrise Wolfe took with him his chief engineer, Mackellar, and with an escort of light troops went up the river as far as the upper end of the Island of Orleans, where he landed. His first impression of the scene before him we have not in writing, but it is not hard to guess what it was. He had before him one of the finest views and one of the best chosen strategical positions in all North America; on his right the river and falls of Montmorency forming a natural line of defence; on his

left the rugged heights of Lévis; in front of him, three miles distant, projecting like the prow of an immense ship, was the promontory of Quebec, commanding either shore. He could distinguish perfectly the lines of the entrenched camp running in zig-zags with its batteries and redans, from the top of Montmorency down to the St. Charles; and behind this first line, all along the hillside, stood the double row of pretty white-washed houses bordering the roadway. He did not know yet that the group of tents on his extreme right was the camp of his cleverest opponent, the Chevalier de Lévis, with the best regular troops, and those famous woodsmen from Montreal whom the soldiers feared almost as much as they did the Indians; that in the centre of this slope the seigniorial manor of de Salaberry, surrounded by a multitude of tents, was the headquarters of Montcalm, and that further on near La Canardière was de Bougainville's quarters, which Vaudreuil was soon to occupy. All along this slope he saw the white lines of the French regulars, and those of the colonial troops, who were taking up their respective positions. At the entrance to the St. Charles River he beheld the confused lines of the fortified bridges, and in the distance down the valley the steeple of the General Hospital was barely visible. With the aid of the plan of Quebec unrolled before him he could locate the principal city buildings, whose spires and roofings crowned the ramparts—the

seminary and Hôtel-Dieu at the edge of the cliff; the cathedral, the Jesuits' college, and the Ursuline and Récollet monasteries, standing in the centre in the form of an irregular quadrilateral; and on the left could be seen the profile of the Château St. Louis crowning the precipice. The two great groves of trees arising from among the roofs indicated the gardens of the seminary and the college.

Along the palisaded crests of the mountain were ranged the batteries of the Château St. Louis, the seminary and the hospital; and below, extending their mouths to the water's edge, were the St. Charles, Dauphine, Royal, and Construction batteries. But what he could not see from where he stood, as Cape Diamond hid them from his sight, were the two chains of sharp cut rock, between which, for many leagues, the river wends its way. But without seeing them he knew by the most positive reports that on the north shore as far as Cap Rouge, three leagues higher up, the cliff was practically insurmountable, that at the few points where it was accessible it could be defended with ease by a small force, and that beyond that the Cap Rouge River, with its lofty banks, formed no less difficult an obstacle than did the Montmorency. This locality then would not enter into his plan of attack save as a last resort to which he would only turn when all other means had been vainly exhausted.

In his letter to his uncle, written from Louis-

bourg, he had worked on two hypotheses. Either he would find his enemy audacious or he would find him timid. As a matter of fact he found him to be neither; the French general was evidently determined, but he was also as prudent as he was firm, and trusted nothing to chance. He awaited him behind his ramparts, and would dispute the ground foot by foot; in a word, he would stretch out the length of the siege as far as possible, and wait until the invader had either exhausted his forces or been driven away by winter's approach. Wolfe had imagined that he would be able to land without much resistance on the Beauport shore, which he then hoped to hold by a system of fortifications such as he had employed at Louisbourg. He had supposed that the only serious opposition he would have to meet would be in the passage over the St. Charles, but here at one stroke he saw his base of operations thrown back to more than two leagues from the city, and below the Montmorency River, the difficulties of which he saw at a glance.

When he had carefully examined the formidable positions occupied by his enemy, and had recognized all the obstacles which nature had accumulated against him, and those which skilful generals had added and would still add to them, a feeling of defiance took possession of him. He understood at last that at a distance he had not fully taken into account the difficulties which he had to face.

If at least the twelve thousand men who were

advancing against Carillon had been commanded by as enterprising a general as himself he could have hoped to make a timely junction with them. This would have been his best chance of success, but he knew Amherst's character only too well. He had suffered too much from his slowness, before and after the siege of Louisbourg, even to hope that he would move at more than a snail's pace, and he foresaw that the campaign would be over before that general had come down the Richelieu. This was the more apparent because the policy of prudence and temporizing adopted by Montcalm showed in advance the course which Bourlamaque would pursue. This first inspection then served to disillusion him and overturn his plans, and, as if nature wished to reflect the clouds which hung in his thoughts, the sky, which was so fair at sunrise, became darkened. A storm formed above Cape Diamond, spread over both banks of the river and burst in the afternoon with a torrent of rain, heavy thunder, and a wind which made the vessels of the fleet drag their anchors, many of the transports, boats, and barges being thrown upon the shore and smashed to atoms. Happily for the British enemy this tempest vanished as quickly as it had appeared, and gave place to a calm clear night.

The same quiet reigned the following night, when the lookouts on the various English ships reported to their commanders that they saw several black bodies gliding down the river, and increasing in

size as they approached with the current. Seven fireships had, in short, been launched under the direction of a young ship's officer named de Louche —a boastful, inexperienced youth, who had forced the acceptance of his services against the wishes of the engineers. Montcalm with some of his principal officers stationed himself near the Beauport church to watch the effect.

He had little confidence in the scheme, and said in his journal:—"Our dear fireships! The epithet is indeed appropriate, for they cost us from fifteen to eighteen thousand francs. . . It is to be hoped that they will have a better effect on the English fleet than the tempest had."

De Louche was seized with terror, amounting to a panic, before he had reached the middle of the roadstead, and caused the torch to be applied to the fireships almost at once. Only one was coolly managed and burnt to some purpose. The brave officer who had charge of it, M. Dubois de la Milletière, could not escape from amidst the blazing boats which surrounded him, and perished with all of his men. Some of the fireships went ashore at the Island of Orleans; the others were stopped by the English sailors, who caught them with their grappling irons, and towed them to the beach, where they burnt themselves out, casting a lurid glare over the entrenched camp, the anchorage, and even as far as the cape at Quebec.

Captain Knox, who saw these infernal machines

approach from his ship, says that nothing could be more extraordinary than their terrible, and at the same time, magnificent appearance. Cannon loaded with grape shot, which together with a great quantity of grenades and other projectiles had been placed on board, exploded with such rage that the sentinels placed at the end of the island were terror-stricken, and fell back upon their camp spreading the alarm. The light regiments were advanced, and the regiments of the line stood to arms and were ordered to load.

"The night," Knox continues, "was serene and calm, there was no light but what the stars produced, and this was eclipsed by the blaze of the floating fires, issuing from all parts, and running almost as quick as thought up the masts and rigging; add to this the solemnity of the sable night, still more obscured by the profuse clouds of smoke, with the firing of the cannon, the bursting of the grenades, and the crackling of the other combustibles; all which reverberating through the air, and the adjacent woods, together with the sonorous shouts and frequent repetitions of *All's well*, from our gallant seamen on the water, afforded a scene, I think, infinitely superior to any adequate description."

Among the French there was as much indignation as disappointment. "De Louche," Montcalm observes, "complains that the intendant and Le Mercier forced them to leave before they were quite ready. . . . . One of the captains said:—

'Gentlemen, we have acted like cowards. There is still one fireship left. Let us wipe out our shame by either success or death.' One only accepted the proposition ; the others were silent."

Wolfe, seeing that he had to abandon all idea of an attack *viâ* Beauport, turned his attention towards the south bank of the river whence he could at least approach Quebec. With regard to the force with which Montcalm could oppose him there, he knew absolutely nothing, but it did not seem to him that it could be large, for he had not noticed either fortifications, or works of any kind on this side, nor was there any evidence of the presence of troops.

There may still be seen to-day opposite St. Laurent, the little church of Beaumont, preserved just as it was at the time of the siege of Quebec. At five p.m. on June 29th the light infantry, the rangers, one regiment of the line, and a body of Highlanders had been ferried over from the Island of Orleans to the south shore, and had taken possession of the church and village of Beaumont without the slightest resistance. The tide being too low the remainder of the brigade detailed to carry out this operation under Monckton's orders could not cross, and spent the night upon the beach shivering with cold, for the heat of the day had been succeeded by so sharp a north wind that there was frost in many places.

At seven o'clock in the morning, while the light troops were engaged in a skirmish with a party of Canadians, whom they drove back to the shelter of

the woods, Monckton landed with his troops, and mounted the straight path, bordered with brushwood, which led to the church, where his first care was to affix to the door a proclamation drawn up by General Wolfe. It was a very able appeal addressed to the Canadians. After having mentioned the irresistible forces which he had led into the very heart of their country, to which were to be added those advancing by way of Lake Champlain, he told them that England had no quarrel with any one but France; that she was not making war upon the industrious people of Canada, nor upon their religion and defenceless women and children; that the *habitants* might remain upon their lands and re-occupy their houses without fear; that in return for this inestimable benefit he hoped that the people would not mix themselves up in a conflict which was merely one between the two Crowns, failing which they would see their harvests and their houses destroyed and their churches profaned by the enraged soldiery; and that the only avenue whence help could come to them was closed by a formidable fleet, so that when winter came they would be exposed to all the horrors of famine. He concluded by saying that France, powerless to assist Canada, had deserted her cause, and that the troops which she sent out were maintained only by laying upon the colonists all the burden of an unbridled and lawless oppression.

What Wolfe said was only too true, but never-

theless not a Canadian spoke of surrender. They no longer considered their sacrifices in their obstinate attachment to the mother country which had long since lost all compassion for them.

In spite of Wolfe's declaration that he wished to conduct the war in civilized fashion his rangers sometimes got out of hand, exasperated by the atrocities of the Indians and of the *coureurs de bois* in Indian garb. This practice was mitigated, if not checked, by an order from Wolfe forbidding "The inhuman practice of scalping, except when the enemy are Indians, or Canadians dressed like Indians." Vaudreuil in his despatches to Versailles during 1756 had made frequent mention of scalping as a recognized and even necessary custom.

The party of Canadians who remained on the watch in the edge of the woods came down to the church as soon as the English had gone, tore down the proclamation, and sent it by one of their men to the Marquis de Vaudreuil.

About noon the attention of the French officers stationed at the Beauport camp was drawn to a movement upon the heights of Lévis. A long column, in the middle of which the scarlet-clad regulars were readily distinguished, came along the Beaumont road and marched towards the Lévis church, while the little puffs of white smoke along the green hillsides showed that it was being harassed by Canadian sharpshooters. They were a party of sixty woodsmen who, after having dodged the steps

of the column for two hours, had taken up a position at the foot of the wooded rock which overlooks the St. Joseph de Lévis Church. De Vaudreuil, being informed that seven or eight hundred Englishmen had landed, had consulted Montcalm and sent to the little party's assistance under Dufils Charest, three hundred Canadians and sailors, with about forty Abenakis and Ottawa Indians. This small band fought from three to six o'clock in the afternoon, with a valour that called forth the admiration of both the English and the townsmen, who had crowded to the ramparts to see the engagement.

The church and presbytery which served as redoubts were taken and retaken several times, and at the end of the fight Monckton ordered the Highlanders to enter the woods on the hillside while the light infantry made a détour, and he himself in person attacked the church and presbytery.

"Our people," says Captain de Foligné, who had witnessed the fight, "had the upper hand, and obliged the enemy to leave the field to them, when the Indians took about a dozen scalps, having already made one prisoner."

M. Dufils Charest, not wishing to lose the fruits of this victory, called together the Indians, who were always ready to go off after an initial success, and asked them to remain with him and his band. He proposed to send five or six of them to the governor with the prisoner, to ask for a reinforce-

ment of one thousand men, with whom he could force the English to re-embark, and the Indians, having none of their men either killed or wounded, consented. Unfortunately for the French however, the prisoner, when brought to Quebec, declared that the Beauport side was to be attacked during the night, and it was therefore judged unwise to send away any of the garrison, says Montcalm. This gave the English time to learn something about the place and to fortify themselves in such a fashion that they could not be dislodged.

The Marquis de Montcalm, who had in the morning gone to the city to advise the governor to adopt the course already pursued at Pointe Lévis announced on his return that the camp was to be attacked between ten o'clock and midnight. M. Duclos moored his floating battery "Le Diable" broadside on at the mouth of the Beauport River, and word was sent to de Lévis to fall back a little towards the centre. "The Canadians," says one writer, "manned the trenches opposite their camp and extended to the right, our troops took the centre, and the remainder of the Canadians supported them on the left in Beauport ravine, while the mounted troops remained in the yard at La Canardière, to be in readiness in case of need. The Marquis de Montcalm, with de Bougainville, and his aides-de-camp, including M. de Caire, the engineer, went over the entire line. I spent the night at the battery at La Canardière with Le Mercier. The troops in vain

awaited the coming of the English, and at daybreak they were called in." At this moment there was an alarm in the Canadian camp, and firing became general along the line as it was believed that the camp was attacked. This fusilade over, the troops returned to their tents, and all was quiet, while our authority continues: "I got to bed at seven o'clock with a fever which prevented me from tracing out the St. Louis battery as I had promised the Chevalier de Lévis that I would." Montcalm himself took only a very few hours' rest, for he feared an immediate attack, and was not yet satisfied with his preparations. He found that his little army was very much scattered over the two long leagues covered by his line of defence, for only after some hesitation had he given way to the urgent request of de Lévis, and prolonged the entrenchments beyond the Beauport River, and right up to the Montmorency Falls. The right wing, formed of the Quebec and Three Rivers militia, under de St. Ours and de Bonne, extended from the St. Charles to La Canardière; the centre composed of the battalions from La Sarre, Languedoc, Béarn, Guyenne, and Royal-Roussillon, under Brigadier Senezergues, stretched from La Canardière to the Beauport church; and on the left the Montreal militia under Prudhomme and Herbin stretched to the Montmorency River.

After a fresh inspection the general began to fear that an attack on his centre might force it, and cut

off his line of retreat. From the Royal-Roussillon camp he wrote the same evening to de Lévis :— "Since leaving you, my dear Chevalier, I have been racing hither and thither on horseback, and am beginning to become alarmed at our position, I beg you to think it over without an obstinate predilection for your first opinion." He then went on to discuss the chances of an attack upon the centre or one of the wings as follows :—"How do you expect us to guard the great space between the Royal-Roussillon and La Sarre regiments? The Languedoc and Béarn regiments are too far apart; if possible let us bring them closer together, even if they have to camp in the wheat, and place them by half battalions if necessary. I would like to strengthen my line from La Canardière to Beauport, and would hope with two thousand Montrealers to hold the left, which I would not reinforce. I am writing from Poulariez' quarters without, however, mentioning the matter to any one else, so that you may have time to sleep over it as you well suggest."

Montcalm then gave as follows the exact number of the troops at his command :—"Five battalions, two thousand nine hundred; Three Rivers, one thousand one hundred; Montreal, three thousand eight hundred; Quebec (at the outside), three thousand; a total of ten thousand eight hundred men." And he continues : "And with this force we have a winding line of four or five leagues to guard; think over this picture this evening. . . . .

"I am sure that to-morrow when you take up your pen even you will be alarmed at the extent to be guarded. We have indeed little cloth from which to cut our coat. I write to you frankly, but will willingly defer to your advice. Let us, however, try to be of only one mind, my dear Chevalier, for friendship and a common interest should lead us to do so."

Montcalm at this time had no idea that his enemy was quite as fearful of attacking his position as he himself was of having it attacked. Wolfe, however, had more soldiers and seamen to lead against the French general than the latter had at his disposal, including both his regulars and militia. The former had nine thousand regular troops, while the latter had only two thousand nine hundred, odds of three to one. Against seven thousand nine hundred militia the English general had an even greater number of sailors armed with every weapon, while many of the Canadians had only hunting-guns without bayonets. Only five hundred or six hundred Indians in all had mustered at Quebec.

While Monckton was fortifying himself at Lévis, four skiffs containing cannon left the Beauport shore, and came to within half range of the shore as if to land their men. Captains Cannon and Le Sage, who were in command, hid the guns by grouping men around them, and waited until the English troops were drawn up on the shore to receive them when they opened on them with grape

shot, and in less than half an hour killed one hundred men. They would have committed further slaughter had not an English frigate approached, whereupon they retired under the guns of the town without losing a single man.

A small party of Micmac Indians, whom de Boishébert had sent to harass the troops was skirmishing with the light infantry when they fell into an ambuscade and lost nine men, whose scalps were taken by the rangers, who had borrowed their barbarous custom. This was the most repellent feature of all the border wars of the period, and the Canadian woodsmen have been charged with scalping as freely as the rangers. Wolfe soon revolted at the sight of the rangers returning from their expeditions with the bloody scalps hanging from their belts, and forbade the inhuman practice as already stated except when they met Indians or Canadians dressed as Indians. This order, however, did not wholly deter them, and they continued to scalp indiscriminately.

In the morning Wolfe ordered Carleton to establish a fortified camp at the west end of the Island of Orleans, and himself, with a new body of troops, landed *en route* for Pointe Lévis, advancing until opposite the town. Captain Knox, who was present, was no less struck by the appearance of Cape Diamond than was his general. "We had," he says, "a most agreeable view of the city of Quebec. The river here is only a mile wide, and washes the foot

of the promontory which from no other side appears so formidable."

Wolfe saw before him the château of the governers of New France, with which were linked so many of the important events in the history of America. Thence went forth the impulse which sent La Salle to the mouth of the Mississippi, d'Iberville to Hudson Bay, and La Vérendrye to the Rocky Mountains. There Frontenac gave to the envoy of Admiral Phipps his famous answer: "Go, tell your master that I will answer him by the mouths of my cannon."

To his right the English general looked down upon the Beauport camp, where he saw the entire French force engaged on the completion of entrenchments that were infinitely more formidable than the breastwork of fallen trees, from behind which Montcalm, with a handful of men, had at Carillon repulsed Abercromby's army the previous year. From the colours of their uniforms he judged that about one-fifth of the soldiers belonged to the regular army. All the openings of the houses at Beauport were barricaded and loopholed for musketry, forming an uninterrupted line along the road, and the curtain of trees which fringed the Montmorency, and which he could now easily distinguish, seemed to make the passage of this river more impracticable than ever, so that after this examination he hesitated even more than before about attacking Beauport. But how was he to divert atten-

tion from this inactivity? For this he saw no other alternative than the bombardment of the town. It would be as useless a means of attacking the place as it was barbaric, and could serve no other purpose than to enrage the population, but it would at least satisfy his men by giving them something to do, and would at least convey the impression that he was making some progress. He, therefore, at once fixed the location of the batteries, and had fascines cut, gabions made, parapets raised, and the cannon trained. The French, who followed these operations from the ramparts, endeavoured to hinder them, but their cannon, which were of too small a calibre to reach the works, did the enemy no harm.

Montcalm, still anxious about his position, whose centre he found too weak, drafted three hundred Canadians into the regiments of the line, which already included many of them, and transformed the Guyenne battalion into a reserve corps, which was to be in readiness to work either to right or left, as the occasion demanded, between the Beauport brook and the St. Charles River. The army passed the nights in the trenches, and the marquis was astonished at the activity of the Chevalier de Lévis, who, being robust and younger than himself, stood the fatigue and night-watches without seeming to notice them.

"You are fortunate," he wrote, "in being indefatigable. That is always for the best. . . . Before you retire I should be glad to learn what your

news is. What you do, my dear Chevalier, is always well done. If your vigilance alone could save the country all would be well, but more than this is necessary."

The English fleet which on its arrival stretched in two long lines between the Island of Orleans and the south shore came closer each day, and was now anchored at the entrance to the harbour. Captain Knox, who always had a keen sense of the picturesque side of things, was lost in admiration of it, and declared that it presented a magnificent appearance upon the river. The impression it produced upon the Canadians was very different. To them it had the appearance of a dark cloud foreboding a tempest, for from these floating caverns poured forth hordes of strangers and engines of war which would spread death and destruction amongst them. General Wolfe's apparent indecision kept the French generals in a constant state of uncertainty, which, for the moment, was their principal source of embarrassment.

Soon many vessels, surrounded by barges, anchored broadside on near the Falls by daylight, and bombarded the camp of the Chevalier de Lévis, but the floating battery anchored at the shore, reinforced by the gunboats, replied with such vigour that they promptly moved to a distance. At sunset the barges laden with troops went down the river by the Island of Orleans, and it was generally believed that a sham attack was being made on that side in

order to permit a surprise on the right wing of the camp. During the night, however, about three thousand of the brigades of Townshend and Murray crossed the Island of Orleans, and took possession of the left bank of the Montmorency, where they began to erect fortifications. From this position, overlooking the right bank, they could trouble the camp of the Chevalier de Lévis, but Montcalm, contrary to the advice of Vaudreuil, did not deem it wise to send a large detachment to dislodge them. On July 7th he had sent M. de Lapause to inspect the fords, and especially the winter one, and erect demi-bastions at them. These were guarded by the brave Captain de Repentigny with his eleven hundred chosen Canadians.

Four hundred Indians, mostly Ottawas, commanded by M. de Langlade, with a few Canadians, crossed these fords, and, clubs in hand, threw themselves on a detachment of four hundred men who were protecting the men working at the English camp. The howls of the band so terrified the soldiers that they fell back in disorder upon the main body, having lost eighty or one hundred men killed and wounded. Being in turn repulsed by superior numbers the Indians lost about fifteen warriors, and thereupon immediately killed five prisoners who were in their hands. They returned exhausted with thirty-six scalps. This action, which occurred on July 9th, must not be confused with a similar engagement of July 26th, in which Wolfe's re-

connaissance in force upon the Falls of Montmorency narrowly escaped disaster at the hands of Langlade and his Indians.

The Quebec batteries had so little effect upon the works at Pointe Lévis that Montcalm, who was beginning to fear a powder famine, ordered the firing to cease. Thereupon the townspeople, whose alarm was great at the prospect of seeing their city bombarded and reduced to ashes, murmured loudly against the generals who were doing nothing to dislodge the enemy, and several of the principal men held a meeting and decided to send a deputation to the Beauport camp. M. Daine, the lieutenant of police, on behalf of the people, and M. Taché, on behalf of the merchants, were sent, and asked that the citizens be allowed to cross the river and destroy the Lévis batteries—an operation which Montcalm had just recommended.

The expedition was composed of a collection of burghers of every age and condition, without either discipline or knowledge of military affairs. Its ranks even included seminary pupils, who formed a picket of thirty men, and were nick-named "Royal-Syntax" by the wags. In a word it embraced every element whose presence was likely to contribute to a disaster, and to their number were added one hundred volunteers from the La Sarre and Languedoc battalions and a few Indians. The expedition, numbering one thousand five hundred in all, left on the evening of July 12th under M. Dumas, one of the

best colonial officers, to whom fell the dangerous honour of the command, and marched up to Sillery, where a fleet of boats, which was in readiness, conveyed them over to the east side of the Etchemin River. Leaving fifty men to guard the boats Dumas started his men on the march in two columns, the night being of an inky darkness. Halting at the house of one Bourassa, a short distance from the English camp, he sent forward some Indian and Canadian scouts, who found the country deserted. Then the detachment again moved forward, but the guides having lost their bearings a halt was made to discover their whereabouts. Just at this time, as good luck would have it, some eighty residents of Pointe Lévis arrived, and gave M. Dumas the required information. The advance guard was again about to proceed, when it was seen in the darkness by the other column, which was advancing along a fence and took it for the enemy. A panic at once ensued, and all broke the ranks and fled. At this critical moment a volley from the party of students routed both parties, and against the disorder which ensued the efforts of M. Dumas and his officers were unavailing, the whole crowd rushing in headlong flight for the boats. Two more volleys, fired during the descent of the cliff, killed two men and wounded three, and when M. Dumas arrived at the shore two-thirds of the party were already in the boats, and ready to push off. It required all his powers of persuasion to induce them

to disembark and recover some semblance of order, and then he roundly scored them, but thought it unwise to retrace their steps, as the firing might have aroused the English. Moreover day was at hand, and about eight o'clock the expedition returned to the town covered with shame and confusion. This exploit was nick-named "The school-children's feat."

The incident was the signal for a general exodus from the town. Most of the families fled to the country, while the others were huddled along the ramparts to the westward or among the suburbs, out of the range of bombs and bullets. The streets became blocked with vehicles laden with furniture, etc., of which the houses were being emptied, and Palace Gate was soon unable to give passage to all the traffic so that the St. John and St. Louis Gates had to be opened. In the Lower Town, and the more exposed parts of the Upper Town only the garrison and the men occupied in conveying the water supply were left. The Ursulines and the hospital nuns left their convents under the charge of a few sisters, and took refuge in the General Hospital. The powder was withdrawn from the magazines, and stored at Ste. Foy.

A few balls and bombs had already been thrown into the town, and at a signal from the admiral's ship, given at nine p.m., the mortars and cannon from the Pointe Lévis batteries began to fire together. The bombs were all directed at the Upper

Town, especially at those spots where the biggest buildings stood, and where the roofs were most closely clustered together. Considerable damage was done during the first night, over three hundred bombs and fireballs being thrown within twenty-four hours. The murderous hail of fire and metal only ceased when the unfortunate city was no longer anything but a mass of ashes and ruins. The cathedral, a great part of the Upper Town, and all the Lower Town fell a prey to the flames, it being possible to count the houses which escaped undamaged. Several persons were killed, and the citizens, most of whom were ruined by this bombardment, which was as cruel as it was useless, watched with despair the clouds of fire and smoke which rose above the ramparts.

The next day Montcalm wrote in his journal the following:—"M. de Pontleroy, keenly alive to the needs of the unfortunates, opened all the posterns for the women and children, and his great regret, like mine, was our inability to supply so many poor wretches with bread.

"*Quæquæ ipse miserrima vidi*
Et quorum pars magna fui!"

The left wing of the French army was in a most disquieting position from the moment the English became solidly entrenched on the opposite side of the Montmorency. The two camps were only separated by the narrow channel of the river, which, after having formed the rapids of the Natural Steps, throws itself over a precipice over two hundred

and fifty feet high, whence, with painful slowness, it pours towards the St. Lawrence, its waters apparently stunned by the immensity of their fall. The two rocks divided by its snow-white sheet, from the foot of which rises a constant cloud of mist displaying in its centre a multi-coloured rainbow, recede from each other till they form a large basin which runs to the edge of the beach, and is fordable for many hours at low tide. The rival armies situated within hailing distance of one another were sheltered by great demi-bastions, whence the opposing sharpshooters exchanged shots across the river, and every day some were killed or wounded. Montcalm felt himself called upon to calm the enthusiasm of his men, and in writing to de Lévis said :— "We must try to make our Indians, soldiers, and Canadians do less firing. While we may kill some of the enemy we have to mourn many of our own men." Several batteries erected at intervals on both shores hurled bombs, balls, and grenades at one another.

Captain Knox who, after his first glimpse of the Falls had promised himself the pleasure of a closer inspection, and of writing a description of them, found himself near them one bright clear day when he could see them in all their beauty. If the brave Scot had had combined with his lively imagination the classical turn of mind of Montcalm or de Bougainville he would have compared it to the snow-white mantle of a Naiad. He could not resist

the temptation to take in the vision of all its beauty, and as he imprudently exposed himself while doing so, the nearby sentinel uttered a warning for him to get under cover if he did not wish to die. He had just at that moment seen a sharpshooter glide along among the brushwood and young *sapins* upon the other bank, and draw a bead upon the unconscious officer. Already the weapon had once missed fire. Knox had hardly got down from his perilous position when a ball which whizzed over his head came near putting an end to his interesting journal.

Night and day the untiring and watchful de Lévis, with a foot as sure as that of any *coureur de bois*, went over the line which stretched from his camp to that of de Repentigny, between which he had opened an avenue of communication through the depth of the forest. As it had already become too dangerous a position to be entrusted to the guardianship of any one body of troops the army was divided into detachments of one thousand four hundred men, who relieved one another every twenty-four hours.

The La Sarre, Béarn, and Guyenne battalions had been moved towards the left in order to be the more readily available should the English attempt to cross the river, while the Languedoc battalion and the Quebec and Three Rivers militia formed the right wing. From time to time a white flag waving over the epaulement stopped the cannon and musketry fire, and an armistice ensued, during

which the bearers of the flags of truce exchanged handshakings, courtesies, or prisoners.

One of the envoys remarked to General Wolfe: —"We don't doubt that you will destroy the town, but we are determined that you shall never set foot within its walls," to which the latter replied :—"I will be master of Quebec if I have to remain here until the end of November."

Another French officer told Knox that de Lévis had urged Montcalm to dislodge Wolfe from his position at the Falls, but Montcalm had answered, "If we drive him from there he will give us more trouble elsewhere; while they remain there they can do no harm. Let them continue to amuse themselves."

The state of forced inactivity in which the French army had been kept since the opening of the campaign, the shortness of provisions, the urgency of getting in the hay, which was already over ripe, and above all the custom of the militiamen to make what they called a *coup*, and return to their firesides, began to occasion desertions, which the commanders endeavoured to arrest by the sternest measures. On the other hand hardly a day passed without the arrival of some English deserters, from whom useful information was frequently obtained.

As time passed Wolfe's hesitancy became more evident, and the French were astonished at seeing him pass his days in indecision. The regulars became as impatient as the militia, and Montcalm was

as much so as any one, all his good sense, and the advice of the other commanders being required to keep him on the defensive.

"Generally speaking," he said, "we are all eager for the end of all this. . . The enemy harasses with cannon and mortars all points which can be reached. . . . Such behaviour on the part of an enemy whom we have been taught to regard as extremely expeditious in his movements makes us suspect that the intention is to wear us out in every way. I at present fear that he simply intends to weary us and make us leave our position. We are this evening to send out a large body of Indians, and I believe that we cannot give too many of all ranks—Indians, militiamen, and regulars—a taste of fighting. It is the only way in which to keep them exercised, and prevent the disorders which usually result from idleness. We will gain in still another way by tiring the enemy and increasing his fear of the Indians. For," he adds to de Lévis, "they are devilishly afraid of the Indians. . . . M. de Lusignan relieves me in the camp this evening, and I go to spend my week in the town."

On the way he noted the measures which Wolfe was taking to organize his sailors into a regular army. "Fifteen hundred sailors," he wrote, "land every day at Pointe Lévis, where they are trained in military movements and shooting exercises. They return on board in the evenings."

The stifling heat of the month of July brought

with it frequent abrupt changes of temperature. Thunder and lightning storms appeared on the horizon overcasting the sun, and blotting out the promontory of Quebec, the Island of Orleans, and both banks of the river. Then began a singular concert between the heavens and the earth. The roars of the cannon of Pointe Lévis, Quebec, and the two banks of the Montmorency replied to the rollings of the thunder, which swept across the basin of the river with flashing lightning cutting through the sombre darkness, and then down came the floods, silencing the guns and driving the men to their floating tents. Gradually the storm died away in the distance, and then the peace of nature replaced the tumult of war, while under summer's clear blue sky the mountains stood out with such distinctness that they seemed but half as distant as before. The basin of Quebec became, in fact, a vast amphitheatre of war, its circling seats the hillsides from which the multitudes anxiously watched the various combats waged, now on water between the gunboats and the English fleet, then upon land between the opposing shores.

Night only served to change the aspect of the spectacle. The fleet, which with the transports had come nearer and nearer, lighted up the roadstead with its countless lanterns, the bombs in the darkness described great arcs of fire, and the flames which continued to devour Quebec made Cape Diamond resemble a volcano in eruption.

The almost deserted town had become the resort of a band of thieves, who gave themselves up to every kind of disorder. Hardly had a bomb smashed in a door or window when the house was pillaged and destroyed, until finally the crime was made a capital offence, while, more for effect than for use, two gallows were erected near the ramparts. Patrols were also organized to guard the various districts. The news from Carillon did not cause much anxiety, for Amherst displayed the same slowness that drove Wolfe to despair at Louisbourg. That from Niagara was, however, more alarming. Pouchot had believed himself to be in little danger, and was imprudent enough to divide his force, sending part of it to Belle Rivière. "As I foresaw," Montcalm wrote to de Lévis, "notwithstanding Pouchot's Canadian reasoning, the enemy beyond a doubt landed three thousand men on the sixth. He has sent messengers to recall his army from Fort Duquesne, but you will see, Jean, whether it comes or not. It would have been more simple to have kept it. I can see that Canada is now attacked at six points—Montmorency Falls, Pointe Lévis, Carillon, the head of the rapids, Niagara and Fort Machault. We will have to offer a nice *ex-voto* if we save any part of the country this campaign."

A few famished families from time to time came down to the British camp for nourishment. Others, surprised in the woods and taken prisoners, were set at liberty with presents and copies of Wolfe's procla-

mation. These invitations to surrender, however, produced no more effect than the first, for if the people groaned under the French yoke, they feared still more the oppression of the English.

On the night of July 18th the sentinels on watch on the ramparts of Quebec saw upon the river the approach of some light shadows, which they took for British vessels. As a matter of fact what they saw was the *Sutherland*, a fifty gun ship, a frigate, and five other sailing vessels passing up the stream. A fresh north-east breeze had covered the sky with clouds, and the night was so dark that the ships could hardly be seen, but all the batteries on the Lower Town and ramparts opened fire. However, before they could do any harm the vessels, favoured by the rising tide and the wind, had passed the town.

The following morning the English stationed at Pointe Lévis could see two bodies swinging on a double gibbet opposite the château terrace. They were those of two sailors of the "floating patrol," condemned for mutiny and lack of watchfulness. The punishment was summary, but the damage had been done. Up to that time the French had hoped to be able to prevent the passage of any vessel which might make the attempt.

The siege then took on a new phase. For the first time Montcalm found himself constrained to divide his forces, since his line of communication for food-stuffs and warlike stores was threatened, and his

army might be taken in the rear. "We shall be placed in too light a position," he said, "and unable to maintain our ground if ever the enemy obtains a footing on the heights governing the city's land approaches."

This last move was a fresh piece of temporizing on the part of Wolfe which called out from Montcalm the remark:—"All this becomes daily more obscure." The English army already in possession of three points from which it was extremely hard to dislodge it—Montmorency, the Island of Orleans, and Pointe Lévis—now occupied a fourth, and Wolfe's actions could only be explained on the ground of his thorough conviction that the French had made up their minds to remain on the defensive. To this they were driven by the colony's desperate situation.

The British vessels anchored at L'Anse des Mères burned a fireship, and attempted to destroy some fire-rafts which had just been built, but were repulsed. Dumas had reached the spot with six hundred cavalry, some cannon, and a body of Indians. A further body of troops joined them the following morning, when news was received to the effect that a number of barges had been taken up by the Lévis road and launched at Chaudière. Colonel Carleton boarded them with six hundred men, and went up the river to a distance of seven leagues above Quebec. His guide was Robert Stobo, a former hostage, who, five years before, had been given up

to de Villiers by Washington at the taking of Fort Necessity. Being taken first to Fort Duquesne and then to Quebec, he had remained there a long time, taking advantage of his too great freedom to study the city and its surroundings. In company with another officer named Stevens, of the rangers, he had the previous year escaped by a piece of daring, and had gone down to Halifax, becoming of much importance by reason of the accurate information in his possession. Carleton landed on the left bank of the river not far from the village of Pointe-aux-Trembles, where it was expected, from the statements of some prisoners, to find some of the army's leading stores and important documents. He entered the village at daybreak, repulsing forty Indians, who killed and wounded some of his men, and was not molested for the remainder of the day. However, he found nothing that he sought. When he re-embarked he took with him a number of prisoners, mostly old men, women, and children, among them many Quebec ladies who had taken refuge there. A party of Dumas' troops arrived only in time to exchange shots with the rear guard, wounding a few men, and then the Indians, more to be feared than even the enemy, returned to the village and pillaged the abandoned houses. Wolfe, who had gone on board the vessels anchored at L'Anse des Mères, greeted the prisoners with perfect courtesy, even inviting the ladies to supper, and rallied them gently on the circumspection of the

French generals, to whom, he said, he had offered many favourable opportunities for attacking him. He was much surprised, he said, that they had not availed themselves of these openings. The next day he hoisted a flag of truce and offered an armistice, on condition that the barges containing his wounded, whom he wished to send to the hospitals at the Island of Orleans, should be allowed to pass. The English officers, says an historian of the period, even carried their gallantry so far as to inscribe their names in their fair prisoners' note-books, and then the ladies were landed at L'Anse des Mères, as surprised as pleased at their enforced jaunt. At the time they little suspected that some years later they would be paying their court at the Château St. Louis to the leader of the expedition, then become Lord Dorchester, governor-general of Canada.

Montcalm passed whole nights on the ramparts of Quebec, watching to see that no more vessels got above the city, and from amongst his best officers he chose guards whom he could implicitly trust, when he could not be present himself. Many frigates came to within cannon shot under a favouring north-east wind, but were always so warmly greeted that they speedily retired. With regard to his left wing Montcalm felt no anxiety, for his *alter ego*, de Lévis, was always on the move, and took so little rest that the marquis was somewhat worried. He even sent word to M. de Senezergues to use all diligence, and not trouble the

chevalier except concerning the most important matters.

De Vaudreuil, notwithstanding his sixty years, was hardly less active than de Lévis. "We were up until daybreak," he wrote, "and so was the Languedoc battalion and the reserve battalion which we have formed to go to the assistance of any part which may be attacked. We are strongly of the opinion that the attack will be made in the direction of Sillery, for there is every indication that the enemy will try to land there. However, M. Dumas writes to me that he passed a peaceful night. I did not sleep at all during the night, and it is evident that I will not be able to do so during the day."

Wolfe at this time was preparing for an attack on the Montmorency River, and was displaying much activity in that direction. He tried several times to bridge it, covering his operations by a heavy artillery fire. After a skirmish the marquis wrote to his friend:—"The English showed little vigour, for there was no one left in the camp but twenty Canadians, who did well." A few hours later he wrote :—" I am convinced that they will not attack the left, and am beginning to believe that they will not attack us anywhere, but will attempt to cut off our food supply and lay the country waste." The same evening Montcalm learned that a detachment was moving towards the fords. " Have posts there," he ordered, "to give this little body a sound drubbing, for it would embarrass us to no inconsiderable degree

should it be bold enough to attack our rear, notwithstanding the risk it would run."

This little force, of which a glimpse was caught at nightfall, was a column of two thousand men led in person by General Wolfe who came to examine the ford, which was held by only one thousand one hundred Canadians, and to attempt to force a passage. At its approach eight or nine hundred Indians, under the intrepid de Langlade, hastened to the scene, and, unperceived, threw themselves down on their stomachs on the right-hand side of the Montmorency within pistol-shot of the British force, which had halted, and was preparing to bivouac for the night. The silence of the forest, broken only by the gurgling of the rapids and the night breeze in the tree tops, led the English to believe that there was no enemy in the neighbourhood. Chevalier Johnstone, who relates this incident, expresses his astonishment at so many Indians lying for so long in such close proximity to the enemy without in any way betraying their presence. It was one of the marvels of Indian strategy. M. de Langlade seeing the ambuscade so well prepared signed to the surrounding chiefs to await him, and furtively glided to the rear, crossed the river, and hastened to the camp of the Chevalier de Lévis for a strong reinforcement. He asserted that if he were backed up he would entirely surround the enemy, very few of whom would ever return to their camp, but, tempting as the opportunity was, de Lévis could

not order a movement which might bring on a general engagement without consulting his commander-in-chief, and the headquarters were too far away to have an answer in time. All that the chevalier could do was to despatch a detachment to the river, writing at the same time to de Repentigny that he confided the supreme command to him, and left the rest to his skill and experience. Repentigny, who was as brave as de Lévis and no less prudent, found himself in a similar difficulty. The Indians in the meantime had been awaiting Langlade's return for five hours, lying on the ground, tomahawks in hand, and only moving their lynx-like eyes. At the first sign of dawn, seeing no assistance approaching, their ardour burst all bonds. A savage whoop from eight hundred Indian throats rent the air, and made the British soldiers spring to arms, but the men of the woods were already upon them with their tomahawks, and they fell back in disorder. Wolfe and his officers averted a panic, but the column had to beat a precipitate retreat. De Repentigny could not send his entire force across the ford, but despatched a strong detachment to the Indians' assistance. Wolfe, being thrown back upon his camp, every regiment of which was now under arms, sent forward the entire force with a cannon to meet the Indians, who returned in triumph to the winter ford, having killed and wounded about one hundred and fifty of the British, with scarcely any loss to themselves. When the firing was heard the whole

French camp stood to arms, and de Lévis sent the Royal-Roussillon battalion to Repentigny's assistance. For some time it was thought in the city that a general engagement was in progress.

This diversion seemed to afford a favourable opportunity for casting loose the fire-rafts, which had this time been confided to the care of a man of experience and coolness, M. de Courval, an officer of the Canadian militia. The flotilla was formed of about seventy vessels—boats, skiffs and barges—filled with inflammable material, such as bombs, hand-grenades, small bombs, and old cannon loaded with grape, and the whole was linked together by chains, extending across the river for a distance of not less than one hundred fathoms. The boats were admirably handled, and were brought within half a musket range of the brigade forming the advance guard of the British ships before being set on fire. The flames rapidly leaped from vessel to vessel, but as the floating fire moved very slowly down the river, and the night was not very dark, the ships were able to slip their cables or raise their anchors before it reached them. The moment the watch discovered the fire-rafts the sailors leaped into their barges, caught them with their grappling irons, and towed them ashore, where they burnt themselves out. The English thus got off with a scare, but it was so bad a one that Wolfe sent word that if another attempt of the kind were made the French prisoners would be its first victims, for they would

be placed upon two transports and abandoned in them once their own compatriots had set them on fire. A month had now passed since the British general first appeared before Quebec, and yet he seemed no further advanced than on the day he arrived. The town, it is true, had been reduced to ashes, but it was none the less beyond his grasp. Moreover, his prospects of effecting a junction with the tardy Amherst, who was being held in check by the prudent and methodical de Bourlamaque, were decidedly faint, and his hopes of wearying the Canadians and promoting disaffection amongst them had fallen to the ground, so that he no longer saw any chance of coping with them other than by employing against them the same extreme measures which he had used against Quebec.

Thus the unfortunate Canadians in the neighbourhood of the town found themselves in a frightful dilemma. If they remained faithful to France their houses would be burnt, their fields laid waste, the little they had would be destroyed, and they themselves would be trafficked in as if they were merely furs, while if they made peace with the British the Indians would be at once let loose upon them. Already the *habitants* of the Beauport shore were in dread of the invading scourge, for on this very day Montcalm wrote to de Lévis :—" I am afraid that the people of L'Ange-Gardien and Beauport may make peace with the British, to avoid which we need a strong detachment of Indians and loyal

Canadians to bring them to their senses. And in case the Indians and Canadians are not sufficient we will, if necessary, send about a hundred grenadiers and volunteers with officers to back them up."

Wolfe was quite as sensible as any of his officers to the misfortunes of which he was a witness and of which he was the principal author, but he thought that therein lay his best means of disarming the population, weakening the enemy, and perhaps even obliging him to leave his trenches. This was his principal object, for he felt sure of victory in case he could bring on a general engagement, since he had three times as many regulars as the enemy, and hardly took into any consideration the Canadian militia, whom he thoroughly despised.

Since he had succeeded in getting above Quebec he had carefully examined the entire length of the cliff as far up as Cap Rouge. Everywhere it seemed inaccessible, being almost perpendicular, and bathed at its foot by the waters of the river. Then, as now, a fringe of spruce, pines, beeches, oaks, balsams, etc., crowned its summit, and the rare spots where the cliff was depressed, or cut through to allow some torrent to pour over its brink, were occupied by bodies of the enemy. One of these openings, a little less than a mile below Sillery, was situated in the cove with which his name is now inseparably linked, and upon it in particular his glasses dwelt long and carefully, but it, like the others, seemed to be too well guarded to offer any hope of a suc-

cessful attack. What Montcalm most feared, as we have seen, was that Wolfe would strongly establish himself on some accessible point on the north shore under the cover of his vessels, and it is hard to understand why he did not do so, since, in that case, he could have cut off the French from their supplies, and forced them to meet him in the open. A victory would, in a few days, have given him possession of Quebec without another blow, for hunger would have forced it to capitulate, and its capture would lead to the fall of the entire colony. Whatever the explanation may be, he returned to the Falls more firmly convinced than ever of the difficulty of the undertaking. The Beauport shore still seemed to him to be the most vulnerable point, and, after a long examination, he came to the conclusion that he might entice Montcalm out of his trenches by attacking the redoubts which he had built on the beach.

Coming from Montmorency towards Quebec the cliff's incline is gradual, and it divides into many slopes of easy access. Near the Beauport River a ravine is formed, and the slope from Maizerets becomes a mere incline running down to the level of the tide. Along the beach is a great estuary about one mile wide. On the beach, about a quarter of a mile from the Falls, was Johnstone's redoubt, which had been noted by Wolfe, and a more important one, a little to the east, guarded the ford. The trenches along the top of the cliff were supplied

with redans whose fire crossed. Behind this ran several lines of defences, erected to protect the troops from the English batteries on the left side of the Falls, which overlooked the right side and enfiladed the trenches. The entire artillery of this wing consisted of twenty pieces, covering the Montmorency River on the one side and the St. Lawrence on the other.

Wolfe's plan was to divide the French forces by threatening the camp at three points at once. One feint would be made on the right and another on the extreme left, the first at La Canardière and the second at the winter ford, while the real attack was to be made upon de Lévis' camp. The main part of the regular army was to be in two divisions, the right, under Townshend, descending the cliff at L'Ange-Gardien, and crossing the ford below the Falls, while the left under Monckton would land in barges below the cataract. There they were to join forces, attack the two redoubts, and assault the trenches. Every boat in the fleet was to be used in landing the soldiers and sailors, the latter being each armed with a musket, cartridge box, pistol and cutlass.

The English general commenced to prepare for the assault about July 28th, and endeavoured to distract the enemy's attention from it by bombarding the city night and day with increased violence. Each day, too, he advanced to the fords strong bodies of men, who often met in hand-to-hand

fights with Repentigny's Canadians and Indians. One of these attacks seemed so strong that there was a general alarm, and the whole French camp stood to arms. Wolfe repeatedly visited the fords in person, but everywhere he found the French alert and vigilant, and by this time he knew the redoubtable enemy who guarded the left, and appreciated his skill. More than that he even knew him by sight, for on July 19th, while both were visiting their outposts at the same hour, the Chevalier de Lévis suddenly came face to face with him, only the width of the narrow rapids of the Montmorency separating them, and thus the two were able to take each other's measure.

On the morning fixed for the attack Anstruther's regiment, the light infantry and the rangers, were ordered to advance towards the fords, concealing their march for the most part through the trees, and stringing out their line so as to appear more numerous. When they arrived at the fords they were to retire from the enemy's sight by going deeper into the woods, and then to return by a forced march to act as Townshend's rear-guard. On the morning of July 31st a strong south-west wind sprang up on the St. Lawrence and facilitated the movements of the British ships, many of which were beginning to set their sails. It was, in short, just such a morning as Wolfe desired for the purpose he had in view. In the camp of de Lévis the soldiers were already pouring out of their tents,

and many of the officers stood about the house used as headquarters. The chevalier himself was afoot, and was giving orders for the despatching of reinforcements to Repentigny, who had just sent word that large bodies of troops had appeared near the winter ford. The Béarn battalion and one of the Canadian brigades were on guard in the trenches to the left, while three hundred labourers were profiting by the silence of the British guns, which had not thrown a shell all night, to continue work on the fortifications. While M. de Malartic was visiting the works he noticed a dozen British officers closely examining the position, and about eleven o'clock two transports of twenty guns each took up their positions opposite Johnstone's redoubt, anchoring at about musket range. Not much later, a sixty-four gun vessel of the line, commanded by Admiral Saunders, anchored broadside on to the eastern redoubt. She was the famous *Centurion*, a vessel then as well known in the navy as the *Victory* was to become in after years, when she bore Nelson at Trafalgar. These three vessels, whose fire crossed, opened a brisk cannonade on the redoubts, batteries and trenches, which were also taken on the flank by the forty big guns mounted on the left side of the Montmorency. As we have already seen, the French had only twenty small calibre cannon to oppose to these one hundred and forty-four pieces, and the entire French left wing, which had begun to move as soon as the

vessels were seen to approach, came down the slope and manned the trenches.

A flotilla of barges bearing two entire regiments, the grenadiers of five other regiments and a detachment of the Royal Americans, under Brigadier Monckton, soon left Pointe Lévis and moved towards the Island of Orleans, where another flotilla, bearing the marines from the fleet, joined it, and these were reinforced by a third from the island camp. These three or four hundred boats lay motionless in mid-stream in three lines, awaiting further orders, thus keeping the French uncertain as to the point to be attacked ; and during this pause Wolfe carefully watched the effect of his artillery fire. He hoped that the hail of balls and bombs which he poured upon the trenches to the left would stagger the regulars, and drive out the Canadians ; but the latter rivalled their companions in steadiness. Montcalm watched all the proceedings from headquarters, with Vaudreuil holding himself in readiness to rush with the battalions which he had with him to the spot where the enemy landed. De Lévis, in the meantime, had entered the trenches, and was posting the men and encouraging them by his presence. "Notwithstanding," says Malartic, "all that we could say to him regarding his safety, which was so essential to us, and exposed as he was to a hail of bombs and balls, he gave his orders with admirable coolness and self-possession."

The barges finally gave way, and moved towards

the river St. Charles as if to land there, but then changed their course and executed several movements, threatening in succession the centre, the right and the left. The blazing sun and stifling heat and the clouds rising on the horizon already gave promise of one of those violent electrical storms that so clear the air, and in the meantime the tide, which was falling rapidly, left the two transports resting on the bottom, and promised soon to leave the ford below the Falls passable. At half-past one Captain Duprat, commanding the volunteers at the winter ford, came to warn de Lévis that a column of apparently two thousand men was advancing to attack Repentigny, whereupon he sent five hundred Canadians, well accustomed to fighting in the woods, with the Indians, to Repentigny's assistance. At the same time he ordered Duprat to follow the enemy's column with his volunteers, and to give him timely advice of its movements. He then instructed the Royal-Roussillon battalion to take up its position on the right of the Canadians, who were between the two redoubts with the Béarn battalion upon the extreme left escarpment. Just then Montcalm came up with the Guyenne battalion, and was everywhere received with cries of "*Vive notre général!*" (Long live our general.)

He at once joined de Lévis, who told him of the appearance of the English column at the Falls, and of the orders which he had given as to holding it in check. He also asked for some reinforcements, which

he placed in his rear on the Beauport road, so that he could send them either to Repentigny's assistance or to the trenches.

"We agreed," wrote de Lévis, "to act as occasion required, and that if the left was attacked he would send the centre to support it, while I was to do the same if the right was assailed. After we had arrived at this understanding the Marquis de Montcalm left me, saying that he was going to the Marquis de Vaudreuil to inform him of the situation."

A short time afterwards, upon receiving word from Duprat to the effect that the column was retiring, de Lévis sent his aide-de-camp, Johnstone, to recall the reinforcements sent to the assistance of Repentigny. The barges, which up to this time had moved up and down the estuary, threatening alternately the centre and right, at this moment again took to the Island of Orleans channel and anchored behind the two grounded transports.

It was then five p.m.; the tide was running down, and the lower ford was passable. Heavy clouds laden with lightning and thunder blotted out the sun, and great drops of rain began to fall. The army, which had been drawn up in order of battle on the cliff at L'Ange-Gardien had just come down, and formed up in column on the shore, preparatory to crossing the ford. In the meantime the fire from the British batteries and vessels, which was ably directed, never slackened, but it had little effect

upon either the works or the troops of the defending force. The Indians, who, with the Canadian detachment, had just returned, were deployed as sharpshooters between Johnstone's redoubt and the trenches, and the chevalier sent word to Montcalm of the British army's movement, and brought down his reserves from the Beauport road. At six o'clock the barges approached, having had some trouble in getting past a chain of rocks at the water level.

As the troops disembarked Monckton drew them up under cover of the transports, the grenadiers being in front, followed by the Royal Americans. At the same time Townshend's force began to cross the ford, and the cannonade became fiercer than ever. Lévis, being warned that Johnstone's redoubt had run out of cannon balls, commanded de la Perrière to evacuate it, after having lightly spiked the guns. Monckton's troops advanced "in fine form," says Lévis. The grenadiers, eager to distinguish themselves, took the lead and charged the redoubt, and when they reached it, did not even stop there, soon finding themselves on a spongy land which checked their advance to some extent. Then the Canadians, whose number included the best shots among the *coureurs de bois* opened a murderous fire which mowed down the leading ranks. The grenadiers hesitated a moment, then again hurled themselves forward, and began to climb the hill, which was much steeper than Wolfe

supposed. The leaders were barely half-way up when they were swept down by a storm of bullets, and fell upon those in the succeeding ranks, throwing them back in their fall. While this desperate struggle was in progress Townshend, whose men had just crossed the ford, attacked, with his army corps, the other redoubt, which was commanded by the brave Captain Mazerac. At this moment the clouds, which had enveloped the basin in almost total obscurity, burst above the combatants with a crash of thunder which drowned even the cannon's roar. The ascent of the hill became more and more difficult as the rain, which fell in torrents, soaked the ground and made it muddy and slippery. The decimated storming party recoiled in disorder, trampling under foot the bodies of their fallen comrades in arms, and reformed behind the redoubt for a fresh attack. Wolfe, however, who had watched the fight from a distance, appreciated its fruitlessness, and ordered the retreat to be sounded. The cannon and musketry fire had in the meantime slackened, to some extent, on both sides, for the powder had been dampened by the rain.

Wild shouts and hurrahs rang out along the ramparts as the French saw their assailants return to the beach, carrying with them their dead, and Montcalm, who, at this moment, reached the left wing, was received with acclamations of "*Vive notre général!*"

The Indians at once started out to take prisoners

and scalps, and then there was enacted an incident which led to some correspondence between the generals of the two armies. Captain Ochterlony, who was fatally wounded, in attempting to escape from the clutches of the redskins, completely exhausted his fast ebbing strength, and one of the wretches was already brandishing his scalping knife over him when he was noticed by a private of the Guyenne battalion. The latter at once seized the Indian in his arms and at the imminent risk of his own life held him until some French officers, who came to his assistance, bore off the wounded Britisher to the general hospital.

The rain all this time fell so thickly that it was impossible to see for any distance, but the storm was of short duration, and when the sky cleared the French could see the last of Monckton's forces leaving the shore in the direction of Pointe Lévis, while Townshend's army was mounting the cliff at L'Ange-Gardien. The heat of the battle raged round Johnstone's redoubt, where the English suffered their greatest loss. Townshend's division, which only came into the action slowly, advanced with still greater lack of haste, and hesitated about attacking the redoubt. Admiral Saunders, fearing lest the French should gain possession of the two transports ordered them to be abandoned and burnt.

The official report of the British shows a loss of four hundred and forty-three men killed and wounded, among the number being Colonel Burton, of the

48th, eight captains, twenty-one lieutenants, and three ensigns. The Chevalier de Lévis placed the figures much higher, and it is well known that the fear of public opinion in England led the generals to conceal their losses, and exaggerate those of their enemies. The French had only seventy men killed and wounded.

De Lévis at once wrote to the minister of war as follows:—"I cannot too highly praise the troops and the Canadians, whose courage cannot be shaken, and who have all through displayed the greatest of good-will."

Montcalm, on reaching his headquarters, wrote the following note to his friend:—"At nightfall every one will be under arms and at his post. I notice a movement in the squadron opposite, but the demonstration they made in full daylight leads me to believe that it will be a false attack. You have good judgment. If you are not too much occupied I wish, my dear chevalier, that you would come and support us."

An hour later de Lévis had reassured his general, who replied to him:—"I doubt the probability of an attack this evening, my dear chevalier. . . . You are doing for the best, and nothing can be better. I want to allow you some sleep, for you must require it, but will go to see you about eleven o'clock." Lévis had been in the saddle for ten consecutive hours.

Vaudreuil rivalled Montcalm in his attentions to

the chevalier, to whom he wrote :—" This happy event is a result of your conjectures, which have always appealed to me. Accept, I pray you, my congratulations upon your foresight, and, believe me, I offer them most cordially. I shall be much pleased to see you and to hear from you a detailed account of the engagement. It is indeed an auspicious event for us, and I am beginning to entertain great hopes concerning the campaign. . . I did not fail to notice the mettle and intrepidity of the movements you commanded, and am aware that you personally superintended everything and were everywhere almost at once. Every one was anxious owing to the danger to which you exposed yourself. It was my own only source of uneasiness, owing to my regard for you, and I beg of you in the future to avoid, as far as possible, such evident dangers. Be careful of yourself, I pray you, for we need you."

It seemed almost as though Vaudreuil had a presentiment of the event which was so soon to place Lévis at the head of the army. By what master-stroke of cleverness and prudence had the chevalier succeeded in attracting to himself equal esteem and friendship on the part of the two enemies? He had become the man of the moment, the man of counsel, the point of contact and centre of union for them both. What tact he had been called upon to exercise so as to offend neither the one nor the other, and especially to avoid wounding the extreme susceptibilities of Montcalm! This was all

the more difficult since Vaudreuil was constantly in touch with Lévis, whom he continually consulted, preferring his advice to that of Montcalm, finally coming to be upon terms of the greatest intimacy with him. Montcalm revenged himself for these delicate attentions by showering even greater ones upon his friend.

Captain Ochterlony was surrounded by the nuns of the general hospital with such delicate attentions that he was moved to tears. He wrote informing General Wolfe of the facts, and the latter was not slow to show his gratitude, informing the nuns that if he gained possession of their monastery they could rely upon his protection. In his message to Vaudreuil was an enclosure of twenty pounds sterling, which he requested him to hand to the soldier of Guyenne, who had protected the captain. Vaudreuil returned the money, replying with politeness and pride that the soldier had only done his duty and obeyed orders.

The victory at Montmorency raised the *morale* of the army, and reanimated the warlike spirit of the populace, notwithstanding the ruins confronting it. Wolfe, as a matter of fact, revenged himself for his defeat by pouring projectiles upon what remained of Quebec, and ordering the burning of the property in the country parts. It is calculated that from July 13th until August 5th not less than nine thousand bombs and ten thousand cannon balls were rained upon the city. This destruction had no

other purpose than to satisfy public opinion in England, which would demand from him a severe account of the enormous expense of the expedition if he returned to London without having accomplished anything. As it was, if he did not capture Quebec he could at least say that he had left behind him nothing but a heap of ruins.

At this moment events of the greatest importance were occurring upon the frontiers, and when word of them reached the French camp on the evening of August 9th confidence gave way to consternation, and every one feared an early invasion of the colony.

Bourlamaque had evacuated Carillon and Fort St. Frédéric, blowing them up, and had retreated towards Ile-aux-Noix, the last feeble rampart on the Lake Champlain frontier. The three thousand men under him would soon be driven backward if Amherst's twelve thousand men were vigorously handled. The news from Niagara was still more disconcerting. The little army gathered by Des Ligneris and Aubry to go to Pouchot's assistance had fallen into an ambush, and was either dispersed or annihilated. Niagara had capitulated ; its garrison was imprisoned, and the Chevalier de La Corne wrote saying that if Johnson's victorious army were directed against him he could no longer hold the head of the rapids. The success of one of the English armies upon either frontier would decide the campaign.

A COUNCIL OF WAR

At nine o'clock in the evening the French generals met in council of war in the seigniorial manor of de Salaberry, which had been transformed, as we have seen, into headquarters. Montcalm and Vaudreuil, on this occasion of one mind, agreed that there was only one man who could face the situation, viz., the Chevalier de Lévis. He left the same evening in a post-chaise with M. de Lapause, and eight hundred men, drawn from the army, were to follow him in less than twenty-four hours. Full power was granted him to do whatever he deemed necessary in the way of organizing a defensive campaign, and he was to visit both frontiers, take command of the one in the greatest danger, and dispute every foot of the enemy's advance.

Lévis carried away with him the good fortune, or rather the wisdom, of the army. The two irreconcilable enemies, left alone in the presence of one another, lacked the counter balance necessary to keep them cool and their judgment sound in the hours of the greatest danger, and thus the closing days of the siege were marked by a series of disasters and blunders which brought about the final catastrophe.

CHAPTER VII

BATTLE OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM—DEATH OF WOLFE

WOLFE had already burned more than a league and a half of country to the south of Quebec, opposite Pointe-aux-Trembles. The motive which governed him in proceeding to extremities, whose cruelty caused him much inward self-reproach, arose from his dread of public opinion in England, where an account was already being asked of the blood that had been uselessly shed and the enormous cost of the expedition. He, therefore, resolved to be at least able to say that he had left nothing but ruins behind him. From this time on his hordes of rangers, supported by the Highlanders and light infantry, swarmed over both sides of the St. Lawrence, torch in hand. Their course could easily be followed by the clouds of smoke which filled the air by day, and the sinister light at night which proceeded from the lurid glow of burning houses, stables and barns. The inhabitants withdrew to the upper borders of the parishes on mountains and hills overlooking the woods, and viewed in despair the progress of these devastations. Cries and lamentations broke out in one group after another as they saw the flames burst from the roofs of their dwellings. Montcalm was struck with pity

for the militia of the most exposed parishes. He organized nine different parties to follow and destroy the incendiaries, many of whom never returned from their cruel mission. The rangers, notwithstanding the injunctions of Wolfe, continued their practice of scalping those who fell into their hands. All the parishes of the Island of Orleans, those on the south shore opposite to it, those of the Côte de Beaupré, from Montmorency Falls to Cap Tourmente, all the settlements about the coast of Baie St. Paul, and the opposite ones on the south shore, for a distance of ten leagues, stretching from Rivière Ouelle to L'Islet, were reduced to ashes. Despite the orders of the English general to spare the churches, several of them were destroyed.

"The English," remarked Montcalm in a passage we are loath to credit, "faithful imitators of the ferocity of our Indians, took the scalps of several of the inhabitants of the south shore. Would any one believe that a civilized nation could become so rabid as to mutilate dead bodies in cold blood? Such barbarity would have been abolished amongst the Indians if it had been possible to correct them. They were well paid for prisoners, but got very little for scalps. Every precaution was taken, but without avail; but at all events we had not to reproach ourselves with having followed their example."

Montcalm's policy of acting strictly on the defensive prevented him from opposing these ravages otherwise than by small parties, who were able to

retaliate but ineffectually. He gave increased attention to the north side of the river above Quebec, where the ruin of the country increased the imminent danger of the cutting of his line of communication with his dépôts of supplies, which, in a few days, would have placed him at the mercy of his adversary. He ordered Colonel de Bougainville with a thousand men and Rochebeaucour's cavalry to range along the river, to watch closely all the movements of the enemy, and energetically to repulse them whenever they came within reach. The task was exceedingly difficult and fatiguing, for the English threatened several points at the same time, keeping their troops continually on the march and countermarch.

A few days earlier Montcalm had written in his journal:—"A violent north-east wind with a thick fog kept the army and the garrison very alert. To be beaten is an ordinary misfortune to the feeblest; but the height of misfortune is to be surprised."

When he remarked to Bourlamaque: "I do not know which of us three will be the soonest defeated," it might have been said that he had a vague presentiment of his own fate.

The situation was discouraging. The bombardment of the town, which had continued without ceasing, had increased the number of ruins. In one day alone a hundred and sixty-seven houses had been burned in the Lower Town, and several cellars were ruined by bombs and covered over

with débris, which buried a large quantity of valuable goods and merchandise. This was the richest quarter of the town. Several wealthy citizens lost all they had in the ruins. All round the town, and for twenty-five leagues below it, the country presented the same scene of desolation. The distress in the army had become so extreme that disorder and desertions were the order of the day. Notwithstanding threats, and even punishments, many of the Canadians returned to their homes to harvest their crops and secure other provisions to guard against starvation during the coming winter. Several of them, whose houses had been destroyed, were also obliged to construct shelter for their families and for whatever cattle they had been able to save. It is said that over two thousand Canadians thus abandoned the camp.

Every time that the wind turned from the northeast several English vessels attempted the passage by Quebec, and very often they succeeded, despite the cannonading from the town. By the end of August Admiral Holmes found himself in command of a dozen vessels, some of which were anchored at various points between Sillery and St. Augustin, while the others floated up and down with the tide, for the purpose of tiring the French troops detailed to watch their movements. The proximity of this fleet had forced the French vessels to ascend to Grondines. British barges thronged the river to such an extent that it was with the

greatest danger that the boats with provisions, all of which had to be brought by water from Montreal and Three Rivers, were able to continue on their way. The overland route had become so difficult and so slow for want of horses, vehicles, and men to drive them, that the army was almost deprived of food. The soldiers were reduced to three-quarters of a pound of bread and the people to one quarter, as in the worst times of famine.

Since the attack at Montmorency the halls of the general hospital had not sufficed to contain all the wounded who had been taken there. Every available apartment had been fitted up for their reception, even the chapel, the barns, stables, sheds and other outbuildings. As the situation of the monastery, in the midst of the St. Charles valley, sheltered it from the bombardment of the town, a good number of families had sought refuge there at the commencement of the siege, as well as the Ursulines and the hospital sisters of the Hôtel-Dieu. The three communities, thus united, rivalled each other in zeal and charity, spending both day and night in attendance upon the sick. Their delicate care of the wounded English soldiers came to the ears of their generals, who testified their gratitude.

Mgr. de Pontbriand, who had withdrawn to the presbytery of Charlesbourg, where he was gradually yielding to the disease which was soon to carry him off, visited the hospital, nevertheless, almost every day, to console the sick.

Six miles away, in the mansard of a house at L'Ange-Gardien, near the English camp, Wolfe was the victim of a fever which was sapping his remaining strength. Captain Knox, when he crossed over from Pointe Lévis one morning to receive the general's orders for his brigade, learned that he had been unable to come downstairs to dinner.

From the commencement of the siege Wolfe had been the soul of his army. He was able to hold it in his hand, because it had such thorough confidence in his military talents. He had astonished it by an activity which seemed incompatible with his frail frame. Passing unceasingly from one shore to the other he seemed to be everywhere at once. At the appearance in a camp of his tall and slender frame his soldiers, animated by his influence, set to work or rushed to combat with the ardour that devotion inspired. When it was deprived of his presence the army felt itself paralysed. His own uneasiness communicated itself to his entire command, and the rumour spread from one camp to the other that the campaign was nearing its end, and that the fleet would soon set sail for England.

Wolfe, anxious that his sickness should not retard operations, handed the command over to the three brigadier-generals, Monckton, Townshend and Murray, together with a memoir containing three plans of attack. By the first he proposed to ascend the Montmorency River at night with a part of his army, and to cross it nine miles from its mouth, in

the forest, and then to fall upon the rear of the camp at Beauport, while the remainder of the troops attacked it in front. By the second he would ford the shallows below the Falls at night with the Montmorency army corps, and march them along the entrenchments until a suitable locality for ascending the heights was found. Monckton, with the troops from Pointe Lévis, was to hold himself in readiness to disembark as soon as the light infantry should have climbed the hill. The third plan resolved itself into a renewal of the attack of the thirty-first by the right of the Beauport camp.

The three brigadiers did not agree to any of these plans because they thought that if they did succeed in dislodging Montcalm he would retire behind the entrenchments at the St. Charles River, and the campaign would be over before they could drive him from them. It is singular that the only plan Wolfe does not mention in this memoir was the one the French general feared the most. This was that of cutting the line of communication from his base of supplies by throwing an army corps on the north shore which would force him to give battle. This was the plan which the three brigadiers proposed as a last resort.

Wolfe accepted this plan more out of respect for the good judgment of his three brigadiers than from any conviction of its success. The low state of his spirits, as well as his physical condition, seemed to have deprived him of his usual perspicacity.

But from the moment the project was adopted he exerted the same energetic will power as if he had been certain of success, though without his natural enthusiasm. His greatest trouble was the fear that he might not be strong enough to lead his army in person. "I know that you cannot cure me," he said to his physician, "but if you can fix me up so that I will not suffer any pain for two or three days, and that I can do my duty; that is all I ask."

The last day of August he felt well enough to go out. Knox says in his journal: "His Excellency, General Wolfe, is convalescent to the inconceivable joy of the whole army." The letter which the general wrote to his mother that same day, the last one she received from him, shows how utterly despondent he had become:—

"Dear madame,—My writing to you will convince you that no personal evils, worse than defeats and disappointments, have fallen upon me. . . My antagonist has wisely shut himself up in inaccessible entrenchments, so that I can't get at him without spilling a torrent of blood, and that perhaps to little purpose. The Marquis de Montcalm is at the head of a great number of bad soldiers, and I am at the head of a small number of good ones that wish for nothing so much as to fight him; but the wary old fellow avoids an action, doubtful of the behaviour of his army. People must be of the profession to understand the disadvantages and difficulties we

labour under, arising from the uncommon natural strength of the country."

In the presence of his intimate friends Wolfe disclosed the bitterness of his thoughts, and at times in his worst attacks of melancholy he would exclaim that if he did not succeed he would never return to England to be exposed, as other unfortunate generals had been, to the censures and reproaches of an ignorant populace.

The general envied his adversary whom fortune seemed to favour. The latter, nevertheless, believed himself to be in as great difficulties at that very time, and he also disclosed to his close acquaintances his anxiety and his troubles. The evening of September 2nd, seated by his camp, in the house which he occupied at Montmorency Falls, he wrote to Bourlamaque: "The night is dark, and it is raining; our troops are afoot and dressed in their tents; those to the right and in the town are particularly watchful. I am booted, and my horse is saddled, which is, in truth, my ordinary manner at night—a series of interruptions, alarms, visits and counsels from the Indians. . . . I wish you were here. . . . For I cannot be everywhere, though I multiply myself as well as I can, and I have not been undressed since June 23rd."

The cloud of anxiety which hung over the Beauport camp cleared up for some time. The news from Montreal was more reassuring. Lévis said that Johnson's army did not threaten the rapids; that

Amherst remained in St. Frédéric, and that moreover Bourlamaque was in a position to hold Ile-aux-Noix to the end of the campaign. Bourlamaque himself had written saying so to Vaudreuil. The movements of the English army around Quebec seemed to indicate an early raising of the siege. For several days past Wolfe had been taking down his batteries from the heights of Montmorency. Soon it was evident that he would break up the camp at the Falls, and on September 3rd he had completely evacuated it, after having set fire to the entrenchments.

"This evening," wrote Montcalm to Lévis, the same day, "the right will be reinforced by two thousand men; I will visit it to-morrow, and Poulariez will be commander-in-chief from the Falls to the Beauport church. We have nineteen vessels above Quebec, and Bougainville is acting as a coastguard. I am establishing myself in de Salaberry's house, so as to have a wide range of observation, and to be within easy range of all points." The tone of satisfaction which characterizes this letter serves to show the feeling of relief which was springing up in the breasts of the people and of the army at the Falls. The news quickly spread on all sides, and the colony re-echoed with shouts of joy, for it was generally believed that the British movements were but the signal for the raising of the siege. The generals, however, did not share in this delusion. "However flattering this idea may be," Vaudreuil wrote to

Lévis, "I do not really entertain it, and out of prudence I am preparing for the maintenance of the army up till October 15th." It was easy to see that the enemy's tactics were only to divert their attention. Wolfe profited by every favourable wind to bring up more vessels above Quebec. He reassembled his three army corps at Pointe Lévis, so that they would be ready to descend upon some other point and to strike a decisive blow if possible. Where was this point to be? This it was impossible to guess, for even Wolfe himself did not know. He had resolved to make an attack above Quebec, and he waited for circumstances to decide the precise point.

Montcalm made a new disposal of his camp; four hundred militiamen from Montreal guarded the left, and one hundred and eighty the winter fords. Repentigny's reserves occupied the position of the Guyenne regiment which then camped on the right, being reinforced the evening before by six hundred men from Montreal; and the Royal-Roussillon regiment drew up near Repentigny's position, on the plateau by the Beauport church. A chain of posts joined Montmorency Falls with the town, which was somewhat reinforced. Already Malartic and several of the officers, foreseeing the catastrophe of the thirteenth, said that the precautions taken to guard the Beauport line were excessive, "and that there was not enough trouble taken with the others." Vaudreuil gave the same advice, particu-

larly about the Foulon (Wolfe's Cove) which was only guarded by about a hundred men ; but Montcalm persisted in believing that the cliff was inaccessible. To the representations which the governor had previously made to him on the subject, he had replied : " I assure you that a hundred posted men would stop the army and give us time to wait for daylight and to march there from the right." After fresh remonstrances he insisted : " It is not to be supposed that the enemies have wings so that they can in the same night cross the river, disembark, climb the obstructed acclivity, and scale the walls, for which last operation they would have to carry ladders."

During September 3rd Bougainville spent an hour at de Salaberry's house telling the commander of the uneasiness caused him by the manœuvres of Admiral Holmes, whose fleet had approached the town. It was probably the last time that Bougainville saw the general, whom he loved as a father and admired as a hero. The next day the battalion of Guyenne was ordered to advance to the Heights of Abraham, to be ready to help at the first signal, whether from Bougainville, the camp, or the town. The English cannon taken from Montmorency Falls to Pointe Lévis, having augmented the batteries, the bombardment was redoubled in intensity.

" The town," remarks Foligné, " could not be in a more pitiable state unless it were razed." On the evening of the fourth the enemy, profiting by a

good wind and a dark night, succeeded in getting a convoy of vessels loaded with baggage and munition past Quebec.

During the afternoon of the fifth Murray left the Lévis camp with four battalions to join Admiral Holmes's fleet above Sillery, and the next day Monckton and Townshend followed him with three others. Rumigny, who commanded a detachment of the La Sarre regiment at Sillery, had seen the troops passing along the cliffs at Lévis, and turned the fire of his batteries upon them whilst they were fording the Etchemin River to embark in the neighbouring bay.

Upon receiving news of this march the general assembly had been sounded at the Beauport camp and the companies of grenadiers and Repentigny's reserve, with nearly all the Indians, of whom there were still a good number, though many had returned to their homes, were ordered to advance.

Repentigny's reserve was stationed at the foot of a hill which led to the St. John Gate, and the grenadier companies at the fork of the Samos and Sillery roads. Vaudreuil wrote to Bougainville: "I need not tell you, sir, that the safety of the colony is in your hands; that certainly the enemy's plan is to sever our communication by disembarking on the north shore; and that vigilance alone can ward him off." He then detailed to him his orders, and added: "By this arrangement there should be from L'Anse des Mères and Cap Rouge the follow-

ing force: One hundred and fifty men between L'Anse des Mères and the Foulon; thirty men at Samos; fifty men at St. Michel; fifty men at Sillery; two hundred men at Cap Rouge."

Then he gave him a table of the other forces at his disposal, "as much for the purpose of garrisoning the other posts as for rising in a body, not including Indians," the whole forming a force of two thousand one hundred men. He added: "I think, sir, that with that and a little good fortune, you will do good work.

"I do not need to instruct you . . . to establish the regiment of Guyenne in the central point . . . . In a word, you have *carte blanche* as to the means you employ." Finally, having always felt uneasy about the post at the Foulon he told him to add to it fifty men from Repentigny's company, the most experienced of the Canadian troops. The next day Montbeillard sent with the two field-guns a little note which betrayed the same anxiety as Malartic had already expressed:

"I wish that all your country was bristling with arms and entrenched as this is, for it would spare you much going and coming. However, you are conducting a fine campaign, and I hope that it may finish as it has commenced, and that we may see your trouble and work crowned with the glory they deserve."

The English army had just re-embarked upon its vessels, and an order from General Wolfe, who

had rejoined it during the night of the sixth, had warned all hands to be ready for an early landing. All were worn out with the length of the siege and impatient to be on the move.

The frigate, *The Sea Horse*, had received on board the 43rd Regiment in which John Knox served. "Captain Smith and his officers entertained us in a most princely manner," said he, "and very obligingly made it their principal care to render our crowded situation as agreeable as possible."

On the morning of the seventh, after a night of storm and wind, the sun rose in a mild and clear atmosphere. Admiral Holmes's squadron raised anchor before Sillery, and re-ascended the stream by tacking about in a light breeze, aided by the rising tide. Each time that the vessels took a tack towards the north side the French settlers and Indians, concealed on the edge of the shore, sent a number of bullets among the red-coats and the motley uniforms which swarmed on the decks. The squadron cast anchor opposite the Cap Rouge River, whose two banks, opening out in the form of a funnel, presented, at this time, a spectacle as animated as it was picturesque. Bougainville had established his headquarters there, and had made entrenchments at the edge of the bay, where several of his floating batteries were moored. "The enemy," says Knox, "number about one thousand six hundred men, besides their cavalry, who are clothed in blue, and mounted on neat light horses of different colours.

They seem very alert, parading and counter-marching between the woods on the heights in their rear and their breastworks, in order to make their numbers show to great advantage."

The French battalions advanced to the mouth of the river, and drew up in line of battle; the cavalry dismounted and formed to the right of the infantry, then the whole detachment descended the hill, and lined the entrenchments, with loud cries, which Knox covers with ridicule, remarking, "How different, how nobly awful, and expressive of true valour is the custom of the British troops!"

The English chronicler did not reflect that the French had Indians in their ranks, and that the best means of bringing them into the combat was to imitate their war cries.

The floating batteries cannonaded some of the vessels, whose barges filled with troops passed up and down the river as if to attempt a descent; but after divers movements they retired without approaching the shore. It was only a feint, destined to keep Bougainville's principal corps at Cap Rouge.

"Whilst a descent was premeditated elsewhere, perhaps lower down," says Knox, "on his side Admiral Saunders affected to menace the right of the Beauport camp by taking soundings and placing buoys in front of La Canardière."

Wolfe, accompanied by some officers on board the *Hunter*, went as far as Pointe-aux-Trembles to reconnoitre, and returned as perplexed as ever.

The continual rains of the next two days caused operations to be suspended, and fear was entertained for the health of the troops crowded on board the vessels. Sixteen hundred men were disembarked at St. Nicholas under Monckton, who placed them in the church and some houses which had escaped the fire.

This bad weather exposed the French army more than ever to lack of provisions. "You are very lucky," said Bigot to Bougainville, "that your neighbours do not make you turn out; how would the infantry get along? Our camp is full of water, the bridges on the roads are carried away, and carts cannot be used. We must hope for fine weather, without which we would be very much embarrassed." Montcalm took advantage of this delay to dictate to his secretary the plans of a camp for the following winter.

"The campaign here," he said, when forwarding this plan to Lévis, "is far from finished, although the enemy has left the Falls. On the contrary, the fire from the batteries upon the town has been increased. A small squadron of twenty ships and fifty or sixty barges has been opposite Sillery and Cap Rouge for three days. Bougainville is watching them, his line being much drawn out. At ten o'clock last night one hundred barges drawn up in line of battle in mid-stream made a false attack. I must say that I wish you were here, and that the Marquis de Vaudreuil would send you an order

to this effect conditional on there being nothing to fear and all being well." At the end of the same letter he added: "I would you were here to unravel the intricacies of the situation, for I fear an attack at any point." Next morning, he added: "There is work to be done here in which Lapause can serve you in advance in case the colony is saved, which it is not as yet. Do not write anything to the Marquis de Vaudreuil, but to me alone. In truth if there is nothing to fear on your part, I own, my dear chevalier, that I wish you were here, where all is not yet said."

The very day upon which the French general was writing these anxious lines his antagonist expressed more gloomy thoughts in a letter to Lord Holdernesse, written on board the *Sutherland* anchored opposite Cap Rouge. The appearance of the sky this stormy day was in harmony with his dismal thoughts. The north-east wind which blew between the two cliffs whistled mournfully through the rigging and whitened the waves around the admiral's vessel. The rain which beat against the porthole windows allowed only a feeble light to enter the cabin in which Wolfe sat. His face was extremely pale, for he had scarcely recovered from a recent attack of illness. After having given the secretary of state a *résumé* of the operations of the siege, of the obstacles which he had encountered, and of the preparations for a final effort which he feared was useless, he concluded with this discouraging fare-

well: "The Marquis of Montcalm has a numerous body of armed men (I cannot call it an army), and the strongest country perhaps in the world. Our fleet blocks up the river above and below the town, but can give no manner of aid in an attack upon the Canadian army. We are now here with about thirty-six hundred men, waiting to attack them when and wherever they can best be got at. I have so far recovered as to be able to attend to my duty, but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, or without any prospect of it."

It is a curious thing that Wolfe in the letter just quoted should have stated that the fleet could give *no manner of aid in an attack upon the Canadian army.* His situation appeared to him sufficiently desperate, for he could detail at the most five thousand men for his final operations, and with all his contempt for the Canadian militia he recognized Montcalm's ability to draw every advantage from a position of unique strength.

The last news received from Amherst left no hope of assistance from that side, and Vaudreuil took the wise precaution to keep the St. Lawrence closed above the Richelieu Rapids. Notwithstanding the most pressing entreaties he had refused to risk the vessels which he had taken up the river, in an engagement with Admiral Holmes. Their presence prevented Wolfe from executing his design

of sending a detachment to attack Bourlamaque's army in the rear, and to open the way from Canada to the forces of Amherst. "All this," he said, "might have been easily done with ten floating batteries, carrying each a gun, and twenty flat-bottomed boats, if there had been no ships in the river."

On the morning of the tenth the wind changed to the south-west, and the sun rose radiant behind the hills of Pointe Lévis. Wolfe, who had already searched all the bays and rocks of the north shore, from Quebec to Pointe-aux-Trembles, took with him Brigadier Townshend, Engineer Mackellar and some officers, and descended to a half league above Quebec, opposite the Foulon, better known as Wolfe's Cove. This place was pointed out to him, it is said, by Major Stobo.

Wolfe carefully examined with the aid of a telescope a cutting through which the St. Denis brook flowed over the edge of the cliff, and which is to-day hidden by a forest of full-grown trees. On each side, especially towards the east, the escarpment gives way and forms a declivity by which the public road passes. He counted the tents, whose white cones stood out among the trees on the edge of the cliff. There were only a dozen, and there seemed to be very little movement round them. Wolfe concluded that the post was not very well guarded, and that a night surprise would be possible. But the enterprise seemed so daring that

he did not venture to propose it directly to the council of war. He took indirect means. At least so affirmed two annalists of the siege, Chevalier Johnstone and the author of the *Journal tenu à l'armée*, both of whom served in the French camp. It is strange that the English chroniclers do not mention this fact, not even Knox, whose work is so complete.

"The manœuvres of the enemy above Quebec, which we had watched for some days," says the journal, "and the knowledge which we had of the character of Mr. Wolfe, a daring, impetuous and intrepid warrior, prepared us for a last attack. It had, in fact, been definitely resolved upon in the English army. They had held a council of war, as we afterwards learned from different English officers, after breaking up camp at the Falls, where all the general officers were unanimously in favour of raising the siege. The officers of the fleet drew attention to the fact that the season was so far advanced that each day rendered navigation in the river more perilous, and the land officers, disgusted by the length of a campaign as fruitless as it was trying, thought it useless to stay any longer before entrenchments which seemed to them unassailable. Moreover, one and another added that their army, always a prey to sickness, was gradually decreasing. Then General Wolfe seeing that he could not gain anything by running counter to the general opinion, cleverly adopted other means. He declared to the

members of the council that far from differing from their opinions he quite recognized the uselessness of prolonging the siege, that also, in the proposition he was about to make, he wished to lay aside his prerogatives as general, and to act upon their opinion. . . 'Finally, gentlemen,' he told them, 'the glory of our arms seems to me to demand that we do not retire without making a last attempt. I ask you urgently not to refuse. I wish that, in this circumstance . . . our first step will be towards the gates of the city.'

"'I am going to try, with this end in view, to get a detachment, of one hundred and fifty men only, through the woods at Sillery. Let all the army be prepared to follow. If this first detachment meets with resistance from the enemy I give my word of honour that regarding our reputation as free from all reproach, I will not hesitate to re-embark.' The zeal which animated so brave a general was taken up by all the officers who heard him, and all occupied themselves in preparing for the execution of so noble a project."

Wolfe, who knew how greatly his presence raised the courage of his troops, paid a visit to each vessel. He gave on this occasion an evidence of his solicitude for his men which made a profound impression. Having learned that two officers of the 43rd Regiment were indisposed he expressed his sympathy with them, and even offered them his canoe to take them to Pointe Lévis. But while assuring him of

their gratitude for his kindness and condescension, they said that no consideration could make them leave their post till they had seen the end of this undertaking.

Some one remarked that one of these officers was very ill and had a feeble constitution. Wolfe interrupted him, exclaiming: "Don't speak to me of constitution; this officer has good spirits, and with good spirits a man can do anything."

For several days previously Admiral Holmes's squadron had raised anchors before Sillery at each tide, the ships being allowed to drift as far as St. Augustin, and often beyond that point, coming down again with the ebb. This continuous game of hide and seek wore out Bougainville's troops who were forced to march day and night to remain opposite the vessels, and prevent a landing.

Finally, all being ready, the night of September 12th was fixed for the attack. From this moment a series of unparalleled circumstances contributed to Wolfe's marvellous success. Fortune, which had so far appeared so hostile to the English general, seemed now to grant him all her favour. That invisible power which pagans call fate, and which Christians know as Providence, decreed the triumph of his cause.

Two deserters from the Royal-Roussillon regiment who had escaped from Bougainville's camp during the night of Wednesday, the twelfth, gave assurances that the post at the Foulon was poorly

guarded, and the captain of the *Hunter* learned that a convoy of provisions was to be sent down to Beauport. The difficulties of land transportation had forced the commissariat to resort to this perilous expedient. A trial had been made before, and had proved successful. The boatmen chose dark nights, and floated noiselessly down with their cargo close by the north shore, in the shadow of the cliffs. This information gave Wolfe his opportunity, and he resolved to profit by it. He would precede the convoy, and try to deceive the sentinels by passing himself off as French.

During the morning of that day the detachments from St. Nicholas had been again re-embarked, and Colonel Burton had orders to gather all the available troops from Pointe Lévis and the Island of Orleans at nightfall, and to follow the cliff up to opposite Wolfe's Cove, where he would wait ready to cross at the first signal.

That same day Wolfe issued his last proclamation from the *Sutherland:* "The enemy's force is now divided, great scarcity of provisions now in their camp, and universal discontent among the Canadians; the second officer in command is gone to Montreal or St. Johns, which gives reason to think that General Amherst is advancing into the colony; a vigorous blow struck by the army at this juncture may determine the fate of Canada. Our troops below are in readiness to join us, all the light artillery and tools are embarked at the Point

of Lévis, and the troops will land where the French seem least to expect it. The first body that gets on shore is to march directly to the enemy, and drive them from any little post they may occupy; the officers must be careful that the succeeding bodies do not, by any mistake, fire upon those who go on before them. The battalions must form on the upper ground, with expedition, and be ready to charge whatever presents itself. When the artillery and troops are landed, a corps will be left to secure the landing-place, while the rest march on and endeavour to bring the French and Canadians to battle. The officers and men will remember what their country expects from them, and what a determined body of soldiers, inured to war, is capable of doing, against five weak French battalions mingled with a disorderly peasantry."

Fortunately this proclamation was not made known to the English army till after the departure of a deserter from the Royal Americans who had stolen away that same day. On the eve of the thunderbolt which was about to fall upon him Montcalm wrote two notes, one to Bourlamaque and the other, probably the last he ever penned with his own hand, to Lévis. Both clearly show that he was in a most despondent frame of mind, although in the second he says: "Should the English remain here even until November 7th we will hold out."

At sunset the marquis went down to the Beauport shore, accompanied by Marcel, and after having

examined a battery which he had just enlarged, he walked along the entrenchment with his companion for some time, closely observing Admiral Saunders' fleet, the large vessels of which had spread their sails and were approaching the beach at La Canardière, whilst a large number of barges full of marines were assembling towards the point of the Island of Orleans. It was the commencement of a false attack, arranged between Wolfe and the admiral, to keep the main body of the French troops below Quebec. The whole fleet was soon in motion and the vessels exchanged signals with the Island of Orleans, Pointe Lévis, and amongst themselves; the bombardment of the town was renewed with redoubled fury, and joined its distant roar to the closer cannonade of the vessels which were sweeping the Beauport flats as if preparing for a landing. This display of force, coinciding with the close of day, recalled the scenes of July 31st, and completely deceived Montcalm as to the enemy's real intentions. As twilight faded into a night remarkable for its darkness, the camp fires glimmered along the Beauport slope, from Montmorency to the town. The general, still chatting to his secretary, was returning to the de Salaberry manor, when M. de Poulariez came to tell him that a number of barges were approaching the flat occupied by his regiment. Montcalm at once ordered the troops to man the trenches. At the same time he despatched Captain Marcel, with one of his orderlies, to Vaudreuil asking him to come

and give him the benefit of his advice as soon as circumstances would warrant his doing so. In the meantime he continued to pay alternate visits to the manor and the Beauport ravine with M. de Poulariez and Chevalier Johnstone. His conversation, which was always animated, acquired a decidedly emotional tone as the night advanced, for he felt a presentiment of approaching danger which, however, he could not account for. At one o'clock in the morning he sent Poulariez to his regiment, and continued his walk with Johnstone.

His chief source of anxiety was the boats loaded with provisions, which according to Bougainville, should come down that night:—

"I tremble," he remarked several times to the chevalier, "lest they be taken and their loss undo us completely; for we have only provisions enough for a few days."

At the very same hour Wolfe, too, had presentiments which pointed to an early death. A codicil had been added on July 29th to the will which he had made in June. As a token of his esteem for and attachment to his colleagues in command, he left his silver to Admiral Saunders, his accoutrements to Monckton, and his papers and books to Carleton. All his orders being given, and having nothing to do but wait for the tide, he summoned to his cabin on board the *Sutherland* one of the companions of his youth in whom he had great confidence, John Jervis, commander of the sloop of

war *Porcupine*, who later became admiral with the title of Lord St. Vincent. He spent an hour with him, and told him of his presentiments. When saying adieu he took from his waistcoat the medallion containing the portrait of Miss Lowther, and giving it to his friend, begged him to give it to his fiancée when he returned to England, if his present fears were realized.

The twenty-two vessels under Admiral Holmes lifted anchor at Cap Rouge only at nightfall. The tide, which was near the turn, took them but a short distance beyond St. Augustin, and they came down with the ebb as they had done on previous days, so that no new movement would awaken the suspicion of the guard. Meanwhile all was activity on board the vessels. The troops knew that they were to make an attack that night, but only a few officers knew where the landing was to be made.

The soldiers were cleaning their arms, and the crews were preparing to man the boats. Two days before Colonel Howe, commander of the light infantry, a brother of the hero who fell the previous year at Carillon, had called for volunteers from his finest battalion, and had chosen twenty-four men to whom was given the honour of leading the way.

The night mists which overhung the river intensified the darkness, and made it impossible to see at any distance, but in the shadowy forms which glided on the water, the French sentinels on the

crest of Cap Rouge recognized the fleet, and signalled the fact that it had passed. Bougainville, however, was convinced that it would again come up with the rising tide, as before, and so did not think it necessary to follow. There can be no doubt that Bougainville, who modestly admitted himself to be an apprentice in the art of war, was duped on this occasion by Wolfe's masterly strategy. The morning of the battle found him at Pointe-aux-Trembles, nearly twenty miles from the scene of action. For this he has been excused. He had, however, neglected to follow the advice of the governor, who, after having pointed out to him that the Foulon post was not well enough guarded, told him to add to it fifty men from Repentigny's company. "Bougainville," says Johnstone, "had much spirit, good sense, and many fine qualities . . . . but with all his bravery he was very ignorant of military science, which he had never studied." Thanks to influence at court and the favour of Mme. de Pompadour he had passed from aide-de-camp to the rank of colonel, to the great discontent of several older and more deserving officers. On the evening of the twelfth he sent word that the English army had gone back to the camp at Pointe Lévis, although all appearances were against their having done so, and instead of following the fleet without ever losing sight of it, as he had been ordered to do, he remained inactive at Cap Rouge, with his whole detachment. Why did he not move

towards the Heights of Abraham, as the English did so? Why did he not send back the grenadiers and volunteers who were the soul of their regiments? Why, after having informed Vaudreuil and Montcalm, as well as the posts of Rumigny, of Douglas, and of Vergor, that he would that night send boats with provisions, did he not advise them of his change of plans, so that they might not expect them? All this Johnstone concludes is inexplicable.

But what is unpardonable on Bougainville's part is that, contrary to the admonitions of the governor, which were repeated in the letter in which Vaudreuil gave him *carte blanche* as to the means he was to employ, he changed the commander of the Foulon, or at least allowed him to leave three or four days after, placing the post in the hands of Vergor, who had been censured a few years before for having given up the fort of Beauséjour almost without resistance. The army, like the generals, relied implicitly upon him. Only the previous evening Montbeillard writing to him from Beauport, said: "We bivouac here every night, but are foolish to do so, for you are keeping a lookout for us." During all the previous summer he had an opportunity of seeing the untiring watchfulness of Lévis, who when stationed on the Montmorency River, in a position similar to his own, had never made a mistake. Lévis, however, was no longer in Quebec.

Towards midnight one lantern was hoisted in

the main top-mast shrouds of the *Sutherland*. It was the signal agreed upon. The first division immediately took their places in the boats, and got in line, followed closely by the rest of the army, the light infantry forming the advance guard. At two o'clock, on a signal from the general, whose boat was at the head of the line, all the boats were put in motion. The soldiers had been ordered to keep absolute silence, the crews to make as little noise as possible, and only to use their oars to steer with, for the ebbing tide and the south-westerly breeze which had sprung up, rapidly sent them shoreward. Admiral Holmes's vessels were to start three-quarters of an hour later, with the rest of the troops. There was no moon, and the light of the stars, veiled by the September mist, was hardly perceptible. The deathly silence was broken only by the lapping of the water against the sides of the boats, and by the noise of the wind in the trees on the cliffs to the left.

For more than an hour the long file of boats glided in silence following the contour of the shore. No sound was heard on the heights, and everything seemed to show that they were undiscovered. Wolfe, seated in the stern of his boat, conversed in a low tone from time to time with the officers about him. One of them, John Robinson, who later became professor of natural science at the Edinburgh University, tells of the profound impression which the general's conversation made upon him.

The melancholy thoughts which had taken possession of him returning, he sought to find expression for them in poetry, and began to recite Gray's beautiful "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," which had only recently been published.[1] Had he some presentiment of the fate which awaited him when, in a voice full of emotion, he repeated the lines, never more true than in his own case,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, finishing the quotation, "I would rather have been the author of that elegy than take Quebec." "*Qui vive!*" cried a sentinel, invisible in the shade, to one of the boats of the light infantry, which just then skirted the Samos shore within pistol shot.

"*La France!*" replied a captain of Fraser's Highlanders, who was a good French scholar. The sentinel, thinking that it was the convoy of provisions mentioned by Bougainville, allowed the boats to pass without demanding the password, or assuring himself of the truth. A few minutes afterwards a rustling of branches was heard, indicating that some one was coming down the hill at the Foulon, followed by a fresh "*Qui vive!*"

"*La France!*" repeated the captain, and he added in French, "Do not make a noise; it is the provisions; we may be overheard." The sloop of war, *Hunter*, was anchored near by. "Pass," said the

[1] A famous controversy has centred about this incident. It is now held that the facts occurred as stated, only upon a different occasion. [Editor.]

sentinel, who did not come down any further. The force of the current carried the boats of the light infantry a little below the bay.

The twenty-four volunteers, conducted by Captain Delaune, jumped out on the sand, and advanced to the foot of the cliff, which is very steep at this point, and is now covered with trees and brushwood as it was then. With their guns strapped on their backs they started to climb the cliff, helping themselves by taking hold of branches and shrubs. They arrived at the summit without being once fired upon, and advanced to the open clearing, closely followed by a stronger detachment. Day was beginning to dawn and the white tents could be seen against the dark background. They rushed upon the sentinels, who, upon perceiving them, fired a few shots, and fell back towards the tents. Vergor was in bed, sound asleep, and was awakened by the shots and cries of alarm. He rushed to the defence with the soldiers from the tents near by. There were only about thirty in all, for Vergor had sent the remainder, mostly *habitants* of Lorette, to gather in their crops, on condition, it seems, that they would attend to his crops on the land which he owned in that parish. A picket of the light infantry which had disembarked a little higher up was marching to the aid of the volunteers. Vergor, caught between two fires, made but a feeble resistance, and received a ball in his heel. One man only of his detachment was captured. The others suc-

ceeded in escaping into the neighbouring woods, aided by the darkness.

Wolfe, remaining upon the beach, waited for a signal before sending up more troops. For some time nothing disturbed the silence of the night except the rustling of the wind and the murmur of the St. Denis brook, which, swollen by the last rain, dashed down the mountainside. Suddenly shots were heard, accompanied by the call to arms, and then more shooting and confused clamour. Finally, the hurrahs of the English announced that the post was taken, and Wolfe gave the order to advance, without showing the joy he felt.

All the first division, consisting of about sixteen hundred men, jumped out of their boats, preceded by the sappers, who, in a few instants, cleared the road of the fallen trees which obstructed the way. One part of the division was thus engaged, while the rest were climbing to the right and left catching hold of the bushes and rocks to help themselves.

Wolfe, to whom the excitement of the moment gave new strength, climbed the hill with a light step, and quickly arranged the troops in line of battle as they reached the top. The left wing extended towards Sillery, and the right in the direction of Quebec, the whole line facing the St. Louis road. The fusilade at the Foulon had given the alarm to the battery at Samos, and it opened a lively fire upon the boats, damaging some and killing and wounding a few officers and men. Colonel

Howe was detailed with the light infantry to capture this post, and that at Sillery whose battery opened a hot fire upon the squadron which had just approached the shore, and anchored in the Foulon. The two garrisons, assailed by superior forces, and seeing that they were about to be surrounded, retreated towards Cap Rouge. A part of Anstruther's regiment went to take possession of the houses along the Sillery road.

During these occurrences a constant stream of troops was disembarking, immediately to climb the hill and form up on the plateau above.

The troops were so quickly brought ashore that before six o'clock in the morning Colonel Burton's men from the other side of the river had been brought over to Wolfe's Cove. In the meantime daylight broke, the rising sun of September 13th, hidden by the clouds from whose grey heights occasional light showers fell, presaging a rainy day. No enemy had yet appeared on the undulating tree-dotted plain, which extended before the army. It almost seemed as if the English troops had been merely assembled upon it for a drill parade, for only the bombardment which had been redoubled when news of the successful landing came, recalled war's realities.

When we reflect that the price of this enormous advantage had been only a difficult climb, and three insignificant skirmishes, we are almost dumbfounded. All the causes which should have contributed to the

failure of so daring an undertaking, had rather conspired to its success.

Firstly, the Guyenne regiment, which had been posted on the Plains of Abraham, was withdrawn against all common sense.

Secondly, two deserters of the Royal-Roussillon, revealed to Wolfe the fact that the Foulon was negligently guarded, and that the Plains of Abraham were unprotected.

Thirdly, Bougainville, contrary to Vaudreuil's advice, had not reinforced the post at the Foulon with Repentigny's fifty chosen men.

Fourthly, two French prisoners had revealed the fact that a convoy of provisions was expected to come down the river.

Fifthly, Bougainville warned the different posts that the convoy was coming, and, though it did not go down, he neglected to countermand his order to allow it to pass.

Sixthly, the deserter from the Royal Americans had left before the proclamation had been made by Wolfe, and so could not give any news of the intended attack.

Seventhly, Bougainville who had always followed Admiral Holmes's fleet, step by step, and kept it in sight, saw it come down from Cap Rouge, and did not follow it.

Eighthly, the commander of the Foulon had been replaced three or four days before by Captain Vergor, the poorest soldier in the colony.

Ninthly, this officer had allowed almost all his men to go away on the night of the twelfth.

Tenthly, he kept no lookout whatever and was sound asleep when the English landed.

If even one of these chances had not occurred the attack would probably have been prevented or at least delayed in its execution, and possibly turned into an overwhelming disaster. If, for instance, the Guyenne regiment had been kept on the Plains of Abraham, according to the dictates of the merest prudence, it would have arrived in time to surprise the English regiment while they were disordered and climbing the cliff, and would have met them with so disastrous a fire that a frightful slaughter would have been the inevitable result, while the batteries at Samos and Sillery, enfilading them at the same time, would have completed their ruin. Wolfe would have lost his reputation as a commander before Quebec, and would to-day be placed in the same category with Phipps or Sir Hovenden Walker. England, discouraged by the failure of this expedition, which had cost an enormous amount, would probably have given up its idea of conquering the place, and New France would still have belonged to its former masters, a prey to the abuses which followed Louis XV until they fell before the Revolution.

While the three brigadiers saw that everything was in order Wolfe advanced a short distance towards Quebec to choose a suitable battle-ground,

and decided upon a fairly level piece of ground which has since become immortal as the Plains of Abraham. It had been so named because one of the earliest Canadian settlers, Abraham Martin, a former pilot, nicknamed Maître Abraham, had acquired the plot, and cleared it. The plateau is about three-quarters of a mile wide, and is bounded on the right by a steep cliff, at the foot of which flows the St. Lawrence, and on the left by the Côte Ste. Geneviève, below which the river St. Charles winds slowly through the valley that bears its name. The two cliffs, meeting over a mile to the eastward, form Cape Diamond crowned by the citadel of Quebec. Two parallel roads cross the Plains of Abraham. One, the St. Louis road, leads from St. Louis Gate to Sillery; the other, the Ste. Foy road, emerges from the St. John Gate and leads to the parish of Ste. Foy. In front of the plateau lies a slight ravine. The ground, sloping gently downwards and then rising, ascends again to form the Buttes-à-Neveu which extend to the city walls. Here and there amongst the fields of wheat and the pasture-lands which formed part of the Plains were groups of trees and shrubbery. From the top of Ste. Geneviève hill the eye ranges over the parishes of Lorette, Charlesbourg, and Beauport, the basin of the St. Charles, the Island of Orleans, and the parishes of L'Ange-Gardien, Château Richer, Ste. Anne, and St. Joachim, being bounded on the horizon by Cap Tourmente. The scene recalls in

its extent and picturesqueness the road from Naples at Castellamare. All that is wanted is a pall of smoke to crown Ste. Anne's Mountain over twenty miles distant, and we have a picture of Vesuvius.

Canadian and Indian sharpshooters presently appeared at the borders of the woods, and killed and wounded a few men. The army had turned, facing the city, and the general divided it into three columns and advanced towards the Plains.

It was at this moment that Montcalm was informed of the descent at the Foulon. Vaudreuil was still unaware of it.

The general's secretary was no longer with the governor ; he had followed Major Dumas to the battery at La Canardière, who, warned by the patrols at the water's edge that the barges seen by Poulariez were ascending towards the town, had ordered the Quebec militia to leave the entrenchments and proceed along the beach. At the first gleam of daylight all danger seemed to have disappeared, and the men were entering their tents when the firing at Samos was heard.

Montcalm had just left Johnstone, after having taken a cup of tea with him to refresh himself as he had not slept all night, and had given orders to have his horses saddled. He arrived at La Canardière, and entering the seminary with his secretary, stated with some emotion that his worst fears were being realized, and that the convoy of provisions was being attacked and perhaps taken. A few mo-

ments later a Canadian entered completely out of breath. He said that he was the only survivor from Vergor's post, which had been surprised and seized by the English, who were now masters of the heights. "We knew so well," says Montcalm's secretary, "the difficulty of reaching this point, even if it were not guarded, that we did not entertain a word of the tale, believing that the man's head had been turned by fear. I went home to take some rest, begging M. Dumas to send to headquarters for news, and to let me know if there was anything to be done. All the time we could hear firing in the distance, and the town was signalling, but, as fate would have it, we did not send for further information."

The Chevalier Bernetz had sent a courier to the camp, who met Major-General Montreuil on the road. Montreuil had just received tidings of what had occurred from a fugitive, and immediately advanced the Guyenne regiment, and hastened to advise Montcalm, who at once gave orders to send forward a force consisting of one battalion and six hundred of the Montreal men. He followed on their heels, leaving the camp under command of M. de Senezergues. When, between seven and eight in the morning, the white lines of the Guyenne regiment commenced to cross the Buttes-à-Neveu, Wolfe halted his army, and ranged it in order of battle, two ranks deep, a short distance from the ravine. It covered the space between the summit of the

cliff and the Ste. Foy road, and faced the town which was less than a mile distant, but was hidden from sight by the rising ground. Monckton commanded the right with the Louisbourg grenadiers and Otway's, Bragg's, and Kennedy's regiments; Murray had the centre with Lascelles' regiment, and Townshend held the left with Amherst's regiment and the Royal Americans. This wing did not reach the Côte Ste. Geneviève. Wolfe had taken up a strong position in the house of a man named Borgia and some other buildings near the Ste. Foy road, along which the two last-named regiments were placed, facing in two different directions, in order to prevent any attempt of the French right to flank the British left. The light infantry, recalled from Sillery, were drawn up in three columns a few paces to the rear. Colonel Burton commanded the reserve formed by Webb's regiment, sub-divided into eight distinct bodies separated by long intervals. The effective force of the army was five thousand two hundred and twenty-nine men of all ranks. The third battalion of the Royal Americans was left to maintain communication with the landing-place. Lastly Anstruther's detachment, stationed, as we have seen, in the houses at Sillery, was to keep Bougainville's corps in check.

Vaudreuil was only informed of the landing at a quarter to six by a contradictory note from the Chevalier de Bernetz, who said that the enemy had descended upon the Foulon, but that he thought

they had re-embarked. He did not know the whole truth till after Montcalm's departure. At a quarter to seven he sent a special orderly to Bougainville with this message: "It seems to be absolutely certain that the enemy has disembarked at the Foulon; we have put most of the troops in motion, and can hear light firing. . . . I am waiting for news from you, and to know if the enemy has attempted anything on your side." He added the following postscript, "The enemy seems to have a large force. I have no doubt that you are watching all their movements, and will follow them; and depend on your doing so."

The couriers followed one another with more and more alarming news. Montcalm could scarcely believe his eyes when, on arriving at the river St. Charles, he distinctly saw the rows of red-coats on the brink of the Côte Ste. Geneviève.

"The situation is serious," he said to Johnstone, who accompanied him. "Return as quickly as possible to Beauport, and order Poulariez to send at once the rest of the left to the Heights of Abraham." Then he spurred his horse, and with set face and never speaking a word, he crossed the bridge and the St. Charles valley at full speed proceeding towards Côte d'Abraham.

The entire army was soon in motion, with the exception of the guards for the batteries and the bridge. In the city the excitement and alarm were beyond description. The citizens were suddenly

awakened by the cry: "The English are at the gates." All who did not carry arms, old men, women and children ran to the north of the town, gaining the ramparts and the cape, and watching with mute anxiety the troops moving from the Beauport road to the town. They marched at full speed, the regiments of the line easily distinguished by their white uniforms, flags flying, and drums beating, and the militia clothed in every conceivable fashion, but mostly in *habitant* costume. After crossing the bridge they were divided into three columns, the first marching up Palace Hill, the second up the Côte-à-Coton, and the third up the Côte d'Abraham. While these last two were advancing to the westward of the city walls the first, entering by Palace Gate, passed out by the St. Louis and St. John Gates. The women and children recoiled at sight of the ferocious-looking Indians with their war-paint, their scalps, and their feather head-dress. Families peered into the ranks of the militia searching for a brother, a husband, or a father, to embrace them before the battle which the constant fusilade showed to be imminent. Every one believed that the long-expected crisis had arrived, and all that a people holds dear, their religion, their country, their homes, nay, even their very existence, was at stake.

Montcalm was stupefied on perceiving before him, not a detachment, as he had expected, but the whole of Wolfe's army. He hastened from right to left, counting the regiments, and noted the High-

landers in the centre, their multi-coloured uniforms standing out in bold relief against the red of the English lines and the nasal tones of their bagpipes mingling with the shrill notes of the fifes and trumpets. From the grey sky light showers fell from time to time. Colonel Fontbonne, commander of the Guyenne regiment, had posted his men with much intelligence and bravery. After having extended them to deceive the enemy he profited by the unevenness of the ground to throw out skirmishers in front, who exchanged a well-directed fire with the British marksmen.

Three or four hundred Canadian sharpshooters were also thrown out, those on the left being stationed in a field of corn which was in ear, and behind groups of pine trees, cedars, and hawthorns, and those on the right in a small wood crossed by the Ste. Foy road. These inconvenienced the English troops to such an extent that their commander kept them lying prone on the ground for some time to avoid the bullets. Montcalm arranged his men in order in three lines as they arrived. The militia formed the two wings, and the regiments of the line were in the centre, in the same order as they occupied at Beauport camp, viz., the Royal-Roussillon nearest to the river, then those of Guyenne, Béarn, Languedoc and La Sarre. Major Dumas commanded the strongest party of the Canadians which was placed on the right. Some pieces of artillery, summoned from the city, were also

speedily brought to reply to the fire of grape-shot which had been opened by two of the English cannon. Montcalm ordered his secretary, who had arrived with ammunition, to place two guns on the Ste. Foy road, and to concentrate their fire on Borgia's house, which three hundred men of the light infantry had taken possession of in advance of their lines. Some Canadians, however, shortly dashed upon it in spite of the heavy fire, and set it ablaze, thus driving out its occupants, who retired to their respective regiments. An orderly from Vaudreuil, who was advancing with the rest of the troops, at this moment handed Montcalm a note entreating him not to precipitate the attack. "The success," said this note, "which the English have already gained in forcing our posts, should be the ultimate source of their defeat; but it is to our interest not to be over hasty. The English should be attacked simultaneously by our army and the fifteen hundred men whom we could easily obtain from the city, as well as by de Bougainville's corps. In this way they will be completely surrounded, and will have no other resource than to retreat towards their left, where their defeat would again be inevitable."

All military men acknowledge that this would have been the best course to follow, but Montcalm neglected the advice with scorn. "Nothing was more calculated," says the *Journal kept at the army commanded by Montcalm*, "to make up the mind of a general who was always ready to be jealous of the

part that even the private soldier had in his successes. His ambition was to hear no one mentioned but himself, and this in no inconsiderable degree contributed to his thwarting enterprises in which he could not advance his own glory."

It was quite evident that Montcalm's first care on seeing, when he arrived at the Plains, that he had all Wolfe's army to contend with, should have been to communicate with de Bougainville. It was not yet seven o'clock in the morning. In less than an hour and a half a horseman could have crossed the St. Charles valley, re-ascended the Lorette road to the Ste. Foy church, and given de Bougainville the order to hasten on as quickly as possible. His army would have been ready to march by nine o'clock, and would thus have arrived by about eleven.

In the meanwhile Montcalm would have had time to summon the garrison of Quebec, and to draw it up in line with the fifteen hundred men whom the governor would have brought. He would thus have attacked the front of the English army with more than six thousand men, whilst the *élite* of his army, composed of more than two thousand soldiers, would have fallen upon the British in the rear. What the result would have been is not hard to guess. But the man who, according to Montcalm's expression, "so well knew how to take in a situation," was not there. "I remained a moment with Montcalm," says the general's secretary, "and he remarked to me: 'We cannot avoid the issue. The enemy is en-

trenching and already has two cannon. If we give him time to make his position good we can never attack him with the few troops we have.' He added excitedly, 'Is it possible that Bougainville does not hear that?' and left without giving me time to answer him anything more than that our forces were certainly small."

Montcalm then held a council of war with the commanders of the different corps; but they, knowing that he had resolved to attack, did not dare to oppose him, or made very timid objections, as did Montreuil. Lévis, alone, had he been present, would have been able to calm the general's excitement by his coolness, and by the influence which he had over him, and might have stopped him from rushing into action.

The regular and colonial troops, which Montcalm had at hand at the time, did not amount to more than three thousand and five or six hundred men, most of them militia. The *élite* of the army, the grenadiers and volunteers, were, as we have just seen, at Cap Rouge with Bougainville. In addition to this, a month before, eight hundred of the best soldiers from the five regiments now about to give battle, had been sent away with the Chevalier de Lévis.

The only part of the army engaged up to this time were the Canadians on the right, who, led by Dumas, had dislodged the light infantry from Borgia's house. Favoured by the small wood, which

served them as a shelter, they ran out and attacked the infantry each time they saw it advance, and had already repulsed it three times. "The Canadians, fighting in this manner," says the *Journal kept in the army commanded by Montcalm*, "certainly surpass all the troops of the universe, owing to their skill as marksmen."

The repeated successes of these brave militiamen, and the ardour shown by the rest of the troops inspired Montcalm with too much confidence. He forgot that the Canadians would lose their superiority in the open field, and that most of them were poorly armed, only having their hunting guns. Some of them had not even bayonets, but had replaced them by knives which they had fixed, as best they could, to the ends of their guns. The army, which was inferior to the enemy in numbers, and worn out after a forced march of from one to two leagues—those who had last arrived being still out of breath—also lost all chance of meeting the British on even terms, as regards position, when it descended into an uneven hollow obstructed with trees, where its ranks were sure to be broken even before they reached the height which the enemy occupied. The fear of giving the British time to entrench themselves and receive reinforcements, finally prevailed over all other considerations.

Montcalm rode in front of his line of battle and amongst the ranks, animating the men by his words of encouragement, with that chivalrous and martial

air which they so much admired. A young militiaman of eighteen, Joseph Trahan, who was present at the action, and who lived to be an old man, often spoke of the singular impression which the general made upon him on this occasion. "I recall very plainly," he said, "Montcalm's conduct before the combat. He mounted a brown or black horse in front of our lines, holding up his sword as if to excite us to do our duty. He wore a uniform with large sleeves, one of which falling back revealed the white line of his cuff."

It was ten o'clock. The clouds had dispersed, and the sun shed over the field its blaze of light, and made the bayonets, the sabres, the red uniforms of the English, and the Highlanders' tartans glitter and flame with colour in front of the French. Wolfe, who seemed to be everywhere, and was easily recognized by his height, marched at the head of his regiments, which he had advanced to the edge of the ravine. No one knew better than he the danger of his position. A few shots heard from the Sillery side led him to think that Bougainville was advancing, and would soon be on his rear. If the French general retarded the attack to combine his movement with that of the colonel, he felt that his position would be a desperate one indeed. But the same good fortune which had so favoured the success of the daring deed which he had just accomplished, inspired him with faith in his ultimate triumph. He passed in front of his regi-

ments, pointing out the enemy with his sword, and haranguing his soldiers, telling them that for them it was either victory or death, for retreat was impossible.

Montcalm sounded the charge. His army moved forward with flags flying and uttering their war cry in the old time fashion. The force moved rapidly onward, being joined on the way by the groups of sharpshooters, who had not had time to re-enter the ranks. This caused a slight delay. His command had not reached the foot of the ravine when its lines, broken by the irregularity of the ground, conveyed to the English the idea that the attack was being made in irregular columns.

The regiments tried to reform as they ascended the slope, and then halted within about half-musket range of the foe. During the momentary silence which followed little was heard save the cries of command repeated along the front of the army, and then followed a volley by all three ranks at once, instead of a part of the fire being reserved so as to keep up the fusilade. This first volley, being hastily made in the distance, had little effect. The Canadians, most of whom were stationed in the second line, lay on the ground to reload, according to their custom, and thereby caused some confusion. The English, who had been ordered by their commander to load their guns with two bullets, approached the enemy before firing, and from the height on which they stood poured in a well-directed fire, which

decimated the front rank, and threw it into confusion. The English centre, especially, whose simultaneous discharge sounded "like the report of a cannon," made a frightful void in the army's lines. A cloud of smoke enveloped the two armies while both continued to advance, and the fight was short, but keen. The two brave commanders of the La Sarre and Guyenne regiments, Senezergues and Fontbonne, were now mortally wounded, as was also the second in command on the right, M. St. Ours. Lieutenant-Colonel Privat, of the Languedoc regiment, was dangerously wounded, and Adjutant Malartic had two horses killed under him.

On the English side Colonel Carleton was wounded in the head, and Brigadier Monckton received a bullet wound in the body. While Montcalm ran from one point to another trying to strengthen his disordered forces, Wolfe directed the attack in person on the right of his army. A ball struck him on the wrist, and he bandaged it with his handkerchief. He was leading the grenadiers, and gave them the order to charge, when a second bullet inflicted a severe wound. Nevertheless, still faithful to the maxim which he so often quoted, to the effect that "while a man is able to do his duty, and to stand and hold his arms, it is infamous to retire," he continued to advance, his bright new uniform a target for the Canadian sharpshooters, hidden in the thickets, from which dense clouds of smoke arose. Not long afterwards a third ball struck him in the chest.

He staggered, and, seeing that he was losing consciousness, he said to an officer of artillery who was near him:—"Support me; my brave soldiers must not see me fall." Lieutenant Brown, of the grenadiers, Grenadier Henderson and another soldier ran forward and bore him to the rear, where, at his request, they laid him on the grass in a hollow of the ground. One of the officers volunteered to go in search of a surgeon. "It is useless," sighed the general, "I'm done for."

He was apparently unconscious when one of those supporting him cried: "They run! They run!"

"Who run?" Wolfe quickly asked, as if just awakened from a heavy slumber.

"The enemy," replied the officer, "they give way everywhere."

Wolfe replied: "One of you run quickly to Colonel Burton, and tell him to descend in all haste with his regiment towards the St. Charles River, seize the bridge, and cut off the retreat." He then turned on his side, murmuring "God be praised, I die happy," and expired.

The last volleys of the two armies were fired with the muzzles of their muskets almost touching. Wolfe had imparted his impetuosity to his troops. The bayonet charge ordered by him at the time he fell, caused the French centre to give way, and the whole French army to turn to the rear, but "the overthrow was not total except amongst the regular troops. The Canadians accustomed to retire

like the ancient Parthians, and to turn again to face the enemy with even more confidence than before, rallied in some places," principally in the little wood to the right, where they held part of the English regiments in check.

The mass of the fugitives, listening neither to the general nor to their officers, threw themselves into the valley to regain the hornwork, the rest fleeing towards the city. Montcalm, carried away by this torrent, was trying to rally some companies in front of the St. Louis Gate, when he received two wounds in succession, one in the groin, the other in the thigh. The artillery officer who acted as his secretary during the siege was near him trying to save one of the cannon. He says, "I saw M. Montcalm arrive on horseback supported by three soldiers. I entered the city with him, where the Chevalier de Bernetz gave me some orders which I ran to carry out on the ramparts." . . . The crowd which had rushed out to see the issue of the combat, was returning and crowded St. Louis Street when some women seeing him pass, pale and covered with blood, cried out, "O My God! My God! the marquis is killed!"

"It is nothing! it is nothing!" replied the dying general turning towards them, "do not distress yourselves for me, my good friends."

Vaudreuil had almost reached the heights when his army was overthrown, and he tried in vain to rally the regiments. His voice was lost amid the tumult

of the flight. A part of the Canadians, more amenable to his orders, retraced their steps, and hurried to aid the brave militiamen who were defending the ground, step by step, with the courage of despair, in the woods on the Ste. Foy road, and again in some underbrush near the St. John Gate.

The Indians, like the birds of prey they were, fled headlong as soon as the fighting began, and awaited an opportunity of spreading over the battlefield to scalp, mutilate and plunder the dead and wounded.

Townshend, upon whom the command had devolved, did not profit by the victory as he might have done, for it would have been easy for him to have seized the gates and entered the town during the general confusion. Murray was detained on the left by the stubbornness of the Canadians. As soon as the French ranks broke, the Highlanders, whom he commanded, sprang forward, claymore in hand, uttering their fear-inspiring war cry. All fled before them until they reached the edge of the wood, but there they were stopped by a well-directed fire of musketry. After useless efforts to dislodge the Canadians, the Highlanders were forced to beat a retreat to reform on the St. Louis road. They then received orders to descend westward to the edge of the Ste. Geneviève hill in order to take the woods in the rear, and at the same time drive from the edge of the cliff the bands of Canadian sharpshooters who were defending the descent. "They

killed and wounded a large number of our men," said Lieutenant Fraser, " and forced us to retreat a little to reform our ranks." They were then brought for the third time to the attack, now reinforced on the right and on the left by the Anstruther regiment and the second battalion of the Royal Americans, respectively. A fresh struggle followed, and was sustained " by the Canadians with incredible stubbornness and ardour," to quote Chevalier Johnstone, who was a witness of this heroic conflict. " When repulsed they disputed the ground inch by inch from the top to the bottom of the height." In the middle of the valley arose the military bakery, surrounded by several houses. The Canadians made a final stand there, and for a considerable time held the three opposing regiments in check. " It was at this time, and while in the bushes," reports Fraser, " that our regiment suffered most." Chevalier Johnstone, who has described this brilliant action, says that these unfortunate heroes were almost all killed on the spot, but that they saved a large number of fugitives, and gave the French army time to take shelter in the hornwork.

CHAPTER VIII

AFTER THE BATTLE—DEATH OF MONTCALM

TAKING into consideration the slenderness of the two armies the battle of the Plains of Abraham was merely a bloody skirmish, for the rival forces did not together number ten thousand men. From the standpoint of its results it must, however, be always looked upon as one of the great events of the eighteenth century, since from it went forth the impetus that resulted in the American revolution, and the birth of the great republic which is to-day tending to shift westward the centre of civilization. The British lost only six hundred and fifty-five men, killed, wounded and missing, the regiments which suffered the most severely being the Highlanders, the Royal Americans and Anstruther's, the three which had met the Canadians. The French loss was hardly more than that of the opposing army. It totalled between seven hundred and eight hundred men, says the *Journal kept in the army*, and only six hundred men and forty-nine officers according to Vaudreuil. Never, however, was a rout more complete; and it was all the more irresistible because the French had no reserves. It would have been extremely easy to have summoned five or six

hundred men from the town, where they were useless, as the battle was fought outside the walls, but the attack had been so sudden that no one had even had time to think of the possibility of a reverse. The army was, in short, seized by an incredible panic.

"It was a sorry spectacle for those who were watching from the windows of the general hospital," wrote Foligné. "I would never have thought that the loss of a general could have caused a rout which, I venture to say, is unparalleled."

The detachment of Canadian militia, summoned in the morning from the Montmorency Falls to defend the hornwork, and which was composed of the best of the *coureurs de bois*, raged like lions in their cages on seeing the army cut to pieces, but were unable to render any assistance.

Chevalier Johnstone, who was mounted, acting as aide-de-camp, had been carried by the rush of the fugitives to the brink of the Geneviève hill; but had stopped at the foot of a ravine to encourage some soldiers at least partly to retrieve the day. On regaining the height he was greatly surprised to find himself in the midst of the English, who had advanced while he was in the ravine encouraging the gunners. As he was mounted on a fine black horse the enemy took him for one of the commanders, and greeted him with a volley. Four balls pierced his clothes. Another lodged in the pommel of his saddle, and his horse was struck four times

but did not fall. He thereupon started at full speed towards the neighbouring hill, indicated in the distance by the windmill on its summit.

He crossed the fields of St. Roch in the direction of the bakery and entered the hornwork, where his horse, covered with blood which flowed from his wounds, fell under him.

"It is impossible to imagine," says he, "the confusion that I found in the hornwork. The dread and consternation was general. The troops were so demoralized that they thought the enemy had only to present themselves at the bridge to become masters of the place." The hornwork was a solidly constructed work on the left shore of the river St. Charles, which is seventy paces wide at this place, and only fordable at low tide a musket shot lower down. The side facing the river and the heights was composed of high and strong palisades, placed perpendicularly, and with gunholes pierced in them for large cannon. The part overlooking the Beauport road consisted of earthworks joined by two wings to the palisades.

The tumult and fright increased in the place as the troops continued to crowd in. The last regiments were still on the other shore, and the Royal-Roussillon regiment had scarcely left the streets of the Palais when a general cry arose in the enclosure: "The bridge of boats must be cut." Montgay and La Mothe, two old officers, cried to the Marquis de Vaudreuil that the hornwork would be

taken in an instant with the sword, that all the army would be cut to pieces without quarter; and that the only thing that could save them was an immediate and general capitulation, giving up Canada to the English.

If we are to believe Johnstone, the only eye-witness who leaves us a circumstantial account of the incident, he was the only person who kept his presence of mind. He has endeavoured, it is true, falsely to usurp to himself the credit for having been the first to indicate to Lévis the existence of the fords in the Montmorency River at the beginning of the siege, and also pretended that it was he, who, upon this last occasion, prevented the cutting of the bridge of boats, and the immediate signing of the capitulation by Vaudreuil.

"Thanks," says he, "to that regard which the army accorded me on account of the esteem and confidence which M. de Montcalm had always shown me publicly, I called to M. Hugon, who commanded, for a pass in the hornwork, and begged of him to accompany me to the bridge. We ran there, and without asking who had given the order to cut it, we chased away the soldiers with their uplifted axes ready to execute that extravagant and wicked operation.

"M. de Vaudreuil was closeted in a house in the inside of the hornwork with the intendant and some other persons. I suspected they were busy drafting the articles for a general capitulation, and

I entered the house, where I had only time to see the intendant with a pen in his hand writing upon a sheet of paper, when M. de Vaudreuil told me I had no business there. Having answered him that what he said was true, I retired immediately, in wrath."

Johnstone was still feeling hurt over the rebuff which he had just received when he saw M. Dalquier, commander of the Béarn regiment, an old scarred officer as loyal as he was brave, approaching him. Johnstone began to abuse Vaudreuil before him, and conjured Dalquier not to consent to the shameful capitulation which the governor was about to propose, and which would at one stroke of the pen lose forever to France a colony which had cost her so much in blood and money. Johnstone having lost his horse started along the Beauport road on foot, to join Poulariez, who had remained in the ravine. He had scarcely gone three or four hundred yards when he saw him coming as fast as his horse could gallop, so he stopped him and repeated to him what he had said to Dalquier. Poulariez replied that rather than consent to a capitulation he would spill his last drop of blood. He then told Johnstone to go and take possession of his house, and to make himself at home and take some rest at once. Then spurring his horse he started at full speed for the hornwork. "I continued sorrowfully jogging on to Beauport," continues the chevalier, "heavy at heart over the loss of my dear

friend, M. de Montcalm, broken in spirit and lost in reflection concerning the changes which Providence had brought about within the space of three or four hours."

Seldom, in fact, had a reverse of fortune been more sudden and complete. The evening before everything promised a speedy deliverance in view of the advanced season, the discouragement of the besieging army after more than two months of Amherst's inaction on Lake Champlain, and the reassuring news from the rapids. And now all was lost. The English were victorious, and masters of the heights, Montcalm was dying within the walls of Quebec, the French army was defeated, crushed, disorganized, and deprived of its chief, and not one of the superior officers was capable of replacing him.

"Ah, sir," wrote Bougainville to Bourlamaque, "what a cruel day. It has deprived us of all hope. My heart is broken, and yours will not be less so. We shall be thankful if the stormy season which is approaching saves the country from total ruin."

Bougainville tries, in this letter, to excuse his own conduct and to throw upon others the blame for what he calls "the loss of the best position in the world and almost of our honour." It is nevertheless upon himself more than any other that the responsibility for this disaster rests. It was he who, charged to keep watch day and night, was the first to be surprised. He says himself that he was notified of the British landing at eight o'clock in the morn-

ing. Joannès says that he was notified by the fugitives, which would make it still earlier. Be that as it may, he knew by eight o'clock through Vaudreuil's letter of the descent of the English at the Foulon. He started out at once, but instead of flying to help Montcalm he stopped at Sillery, where he took it into his head to take by assault a stone house where the English were strongly entrenched. He uselessly sacrificed Duprat's brave volunteers there, many of them being killed, as well as Brignotel, a lieutenant of the La Sarre regiment. He was repulsed and continued to lose precious time. It was at this very moment that Montcalm, ready to give battle, exclaimed: "Is it possible that Bougainville does not hear that?" Bougainville distinctly heard the fusilade and the cannon of the two armies, since he was only half a league from the Plains of Abraham; but the blindness with which he seemed to be stricken still followed him, and he appears to have been glued to the ground. It was only towards twelve o'clock that he regained his senses upon hearing of the loss of the battle.

Vaudreuil at once marched the various corps composing the army to their old positions at the Beauport camp. In the council of war held at headquarters the superior officers were far from showing the firmness which Johnstone gives us to understand. They were all unanimous in declaring that there was no course to follow other than to

retreat to Jacques Cartier. The governor and the intendant displayed some energy. They thought of combining the remainder of the army with Bougainville's corps, and renewing the attack with a simultaneous sortie by the garrison.

Vaudreuil sent a courier to Montcalm to ask his advice. The dying general replied that they had to choose between three things : the renewal of the attack, a retreat to Jacques Cartier, or capitulation ; but he did not want to decide between them.

" If I had attacked," says Vaudreuil, " against the opinion of all the principal officers I would probably have lost both the battle and the colony, because they were so ill-disposed for battle."

The retreat to Jacques Cartier was then decided on, but was kept secret till the moment of departure. At half-past four in the afternoon Vaudreuil wrote to Lévis : " We have had a very unfortunate affair. At daybreak the enemy surprised M. Vergor, who commanded at the Foulon. They quickly gained the heights. . . . The Marquis de Montcalm commanded with the first detachment. I took the rear guard, and hurried on the militiamen whom I overtook. I also warned M. Bougainville, who immediately started from Cap Rouge with his five companies of grenadiers, two field-guns, the cavalry, and all his best men. Although the enemy had surprised us their position was very critical. It was only necessary for us to wait for the arrival of Bougainville, so that while

we attacked the enemy with all our forces he would take them in the rear, but luck was against us, the attack being made with too much precipitation. The enemy, who were on a height, repulsed us, and in spite of our resistance forced us to make a retreat. . . We lost a great many in killed and wounded. Time does not permit me to give you any details upon this point, for I am not well informed myself as yet. What we do know, which is most distressing, is that the Marquis de Montcalm has received several wounds all equally dangerous. We entertain grave fears for him. No one desires more than I do that his injuries will not prove fatal. We are thus reduced to the following circumstances. (1.) We are not in a position to take our revenge this evening. Our army is too discouraged, and we could not rally it. If we wait till to-morrow the enemy will be entrenched in an unassailable position. (2.) I neither can nor will consent to the capitulation of the entire colony. (3.) Our retreat becomes therefore obligatory, and all the more so since we are forced to it by our want of foodstuffs. In view of all these considerations I leave this evening with the débris of the army to take up a position at Jacques Cartier, where I beg you, sir, to join me as soon as you receive my letter. You will see that it is very urgent that you make all possible haste. I will await you with impatience."

This letter of Vaudreuil's is much calmer than we would be led to expect upon reading what his

enemies say about his alleged agitated and troubled state. The tone of moderation with which he speaks of Montcalm, only a few hours after the defeat, when he believed that he had a perfect right to blame him for not having followed his advice, is also noteworthy.

Vaudreuil said to Montcalm himself in the last letter which he wrote to him at six o'clock in the evening: "I cannot tell you how pained I am to hear of your wounds; I hope that you will soon recover, and assure you that no one is more anxious for you than myself as I have been so attached to you. I would have liked very much to have engaged the enemy again to-day, but the commanders of the different corps have all represented the impossibility of doing so, on account of the advantageous position of the English and the weakening and discouragement of our army, so there is nothing to do but to retreat. The opinion of these gentlemen being supported by your own I give way to it, though sadly enough, on account of my wish to remain in the colony at all costs. It is only by taking this course though, that I can use to the best advantage the remaining fragments of the army. I enclose, sir, the letter which I wrote to M. Ramezay, with my instructions to him, containing the articles of capitulation which he should ask of the enemy. You will see that they are the same which I arranged with you. Be kind enough to have him hold the document after you have read it. Take

care of yourself, I beg you, and think only of your recovery."

Montcalm replied by Captain Marcel: "The Marquis de Montcalm entrusts to me the honour of writing to tell you that he approves of everything. I read him your letter, and the terms of capitulation, which I have given to M. Ramezay according to your instructions, together with the letter which you wrote to him." Marcel added in a postscript: "The Marquis de Montcalm is not much better, though his pulse is now a little stronger than at ten o'clock in the evening."

Vaudreuil's lack of energy never showed as much as after the defeat of September 13th. Beyond a doubt he had his reasons not to renew the battle against the advice of the principal officers; but the course of wisdom would have been to force an engagement immediately. The essential object was to save Quebec. He should not have decamped without provisions, the more so as he was safe for the time being beyond the St. Charles.

The English, worn out for want of sleep and with fatigue, were entrenching themselves, and could not think of coming to attack him. Such temerity would have endangered the fruits of their victory and their hopes of taking Quebec. The French army had still more need of rest. One night's sleep would have given them new life and a chance to rally from their consternation. The townsfolk would not have awakened to find themselves abandoned,

and there would have been time to transport the ten days' provisions from the Beauport camp to the town. In short the retreat to Jacques Cartier was in no way necessary. The army had only to join Bougainville who was falling back upon Lorette, and to put up its tents at Ste. Foy, where, sheltered by the large woods, it could soon have entrenched itself in such a manner as to fear no attack. It would have been nearer its base of supplies, whose transport was in no way more difficult than it had been previous to the battle, and Vaudreuil, with all his forces united, would have been able to maintain constant communication with Quebec, which the British were in no condition to invest. The advanced stage of the season would have prohibited a long siege, and their operations would have been continually arrested and delayed by night attacks in conjunction with sorties by the garrison. It is probable that Montcalm's opinion and those of his chiefs-of-staff which offered no alternative other than a retirement upon Jacques Cartier finally outweighed all other considerations.

The fatal September 13th was succeeded by a dark cold night, and over the camps of both the vanquished and the victors silence reigned supreme, broken only by the rumblings of the batteries at Pointe Lévis, which, from time to time, hurled projectiles towards the city, streaking the lowering sky with a gleam of fire. At nine o'clock the army got under way in a single column amidst the same

profound silence. Its tents remained standing, and the men carried with them only their ammunition and four days' provisions. The Quebec dignitaries, with six hundred men from Montreal, formed the advance guard, followed by the La Sarre brigade, composed of five battalions. The artillery and part of the equipment, escorted by the bridge guard, brought up the rear. A cavalry officer and one hundred and thirty men remained in the camp, and spiked the cannon, blew up the powder magazine, cut the bridges, and fired the floating battery. The column followed the Charlesbourg road, reaching that place at three o'clock, and at six o'clock it halted at Lorette village. Many of the famished and discouraged militiamen here took advantage of the darkness to regain their firesides, so as to be able to look after the needs of their families and gather in their harvests, "caring little," says a contemporary writer, "to what master they now belonged."

Johnstone, whose sentiments are well known, exaggerates the disorder of this night march. "It was not a retreat," he says, "but a horrid, abominable flight, a thousand times worse than that in the morning upon the Heights of Abraham, with such disorder and confusion that, had the English known it, three hundred men sent after us would have been sufficient to destroy and cut all our army to pieces." Except the Royal-Roussillon regiment, which Poulariez, always a rigid and severe disciplinarian, kept well in order, there were not to be seen thirty

soldiers together of any other regiment. They were all mixed, scattered, dispersed, and running as hard as they could, as if the English army was at their heels.

The army halted about noon at St. Augustin, and at five o'clock in the afternoon reached Pointe-aux-Trembles, in which village it was lodged for the night. Jacques Cartier was only reached about noon on the fifteenth, after a delay caused by repairs which were being made to the bridge over the river. Finally, worn out by fatigue, and even more by the depressing defeat, the men were able, after a march of over forty miles, to take some rest, and dry their rain-soaked clothing in the barns and houses of the neighbourhood.

A letter from Montcalm, written by his aide-de-camp, Marcel, at ten p.m., had been handed to Vaudreuil before he left the Beauport camp, and its bearer did not conceal the fact that the general was dying. When his secretary had left him on the St. Louis road, to obey the orders of the Chevalier de Bernetz, Montcalm had been carried into the residence of Dr. Arnoux, king's surgeon, who was with Bourlamaque at Ile-aux-Noix. His brother, a surgeon like himself, was summoned in his place. After carefully examining the wounds, and especially the more dangerous ones, he merely looked at his illustrious patient, and shook his head.

"Is the wound a mortal one?" asked Montcalm.

"Yes," replied Arnoux, concealing nothing.

"I am content," replied Montcalm, "how much longer have I to live?"

"Not twenty-four hours," was the reply.

"So much the better," returned the dying man. "I shall not live to see the English masters of Quebec."

His faithful aide-de-camp, Marcel, took his place by his bedside, and never left it.

It was to Marcel that Montcalm confided his last instructions, asking him to write to Candiac, and to convey his tender farewell to his mother, wife and family on his return to France. To the Chevalier de Lévis, his best friend, he bequeathed all his papers.

We have seen in what manner he replied to the letters of the Marquis de Vaudreuil. When, however, de Ramezay, the commandant of the garrison, came to ask his advice concerning the defence of Quebec, he dismissed him with the remark:—"I have no longer either advice or orders to give you. The time left to me is short, and I have much more important matters to attend to."

Still, with the darkness of the tomb upon him he saw that there was one last public duty to perform. It was that of imploring the victors' clemency for the unfortunate colonists whose defence had cost him so dear, and so he wrote to Brigadier Townshend, Wolfe's successor:—"The well-known humanity of the British sets me at ease concerning the lot of the French prisoners and the Canadians. Please entertain towards them the sentiments they

inspired in me, and let them not perceive the change of masters. I was their father; be you their protector."

A moment later the venerable bishop of Quebec entered, his own face reflecting the pain depicted upon that of the dying general, whom he prepared for death, administering the last sacraments, which the latter received with all the ardour of his fervent faith. Mgr. de Pontbriand was determined to remain with him until he had yielded his last breath.

"I die content," the general repeated, "because I leave the affairs of my master, the king, in good hands. I have always had a high opinion of the talents of M. de Lévis." He breathed his last on September 14th, at daybreak, aged forty-seven years and six months.

As soon as Marcel had closed his eyes he wrote to Lévis as follows:—"It is with the deepest grief that I acquaint you with the loss we have sustained in the death of General Montcalm at five o'clock this morning. I did not leave him for a moment until his death, which I believe was the best thing I could do after receiving his permission. It was a mark of attachment and gratitude which I owed him after all the kindnesses and good services he showered upon me. I can never forget them."

The confusion in Quebec was such that it was impossible to find a workman to make a coffin for the deceased general. "Seeing this difficulty," says the annalist of the Ursulines, "our foreman, an old

Frenchman of Dauphine, known amongst us as Bonhomme Michel, hastily got together some planks, and, shedding copious tears, made a rough box little in keeping with the precious corpse it was to hold." The body of the brave soldier was laid within it, and at about nine p.m. the funeral procession started for the Ursulines' chapel, through the streets encumbered with débris and ruined walls. Behind the coffin marched in mournful silence the commander of the garrison with his officers, and many citizens, their number being added to as they advanced, by the townsfolk, women and children. No tolling bells or salvos of artillery announced the general's funeral, for the only guns that spoke hurled projectiles on the town. The crowd filled the church, wherein all was absolutely dark save for the wax tapers arranged round the trestles which bore the bier. To the right close to the convent chapel's railing a bombshell had torn up the flooring, and made an excavation in the soil. This cavity it was which, enlarged and deepened, formed a suitable soldier's grave.

The curé of Quebec, Abbé Resche, assisted by two of the cathedral canons, intoned the *Libera*, those present, and the choir of eight nuns, who remained to guard the convent, responding. Then the coffin was lowered into the ditch, "whereupon," says the convent's chronicler, "the sobs and tears broke out afresh, for it seemed as though New France were descending into the grave with her

general's remains." Her enemies thought so too, but they were mistaken, for the sword of France had merely passed into another hand. The conquered were to rise afresh from this disaster to a greater victory, and work out for themselves new destinies.

In the camp of the victors equal mourning reigned. The flags of the fleet fluttered at half mast, and a sentinel watched with reversed arms before the door of the cabin containing Wolfe's inanimate form. Among the wounded of both sides carried on board the fleet lay, wounded unto death, one of the French army's leading officers, the wise and valiant Senezergues.

Let us return to the incidents of the eventful thirteenth of September. Townshend, as soon as he had driven the French to the St. Charles River, recalled his victorious troops and formed them up on the Plains of Abraham to face a new foe which might at any moment fall upon their rear. As a matter of fact Rochebeaucour's cavalry, and the leading files of Bougainville's columns were already showing upon the horizon, but they withdrew without engaging, and disappeared behind the fringe of trees. As soon as the British commander was satisfied that all his enemies were in full retreat he set his men at work entrenching. Before night fell the plain was freed from shrubbery and clumps of trees, artillery had been brought up, redoubts laid out, houses fortified and cannon established in the windmill at the head of the Côte Ste. Geneviève.

Many of the wounded had been taken to the general hospital. "We were surrounded," says Mother St. Ignace, an eye-witness, "by the dead and dying, who were brought in by hundreds, and many of whom were closely connected with us, but we had to lay aside our grief, and seek for space in which to put them.

"The enemy were masters of the country and at our very door, and there seemed to be grave reasons indeed why we should fear. . . Night was falling and redoubled our uneasiness."

About midnight loud blows on the monastery door were heard. Two young nuns, who were carrying broth, were passing by the door and opened it, but fell back in affright when they found themselves face to face with a squad of British soldiers. The officer in command seemed to be of high rank. "He entered without any escort," continues the hospital historian, "and asked for the three mothers superior whom he knew to be together here. They appeared with calmness and dignity, though not without betraying some fear concerning this late visit. 'Compose yourself, ladies, and be kind enough to reassure all the sisters. You will not be in any way disturbed,' said Brigadier Townshend with the utmost courtesy, for it was indeed he. 'Only, in order to better protect you I will have your house surrounded by a guard.'

"Our mothers could only bow acquiescence and

accept the situation, and in a short time two hundred men were drawn up below our windows."

Before daybreak on the fourteenth the news that the army had abandoned the Beauport camp flew through Quebec. At first no one would believe it when the beautiful autumn sun showed the tents still standing in line along the Beauport shore as before. As soon, however, as the news was confirmed beyond peradventure, a panic seized the entire population even to the officers of the garrison. Unfortunately for them the commandant was not equal to the occasion. "He did not even know how to maintain order," says Captain Pouchot. "Despondency was universal," wrote Ramezay, "and discouragement excessive. Complaints and murmurings against the army which had abandoned us became the general cry, and in such critical circumstances I could not prevent the merchants and militia officers from meeting at the residence of M. Daine, the lieutenant-general of police, and mayor of the city. There they decided upon capitulating, and presented me with a petition to that effect signed by M. Daine and all the leading citizens." The chief sources of the popular alarm were the irritation of the British by the massacre at Fort William Henry, their continual threats of vengeance, the ravaging of the country towards the end of the siege, and, finally, the cruelty of the rangers. It was to protect the town from such vengeance that, at the opening of the siege Montcalm

and Vaudreuil had together drawn up the articles of capitulation handed to Ramezay on the evening of the thirteenth. A number of families from the suburbs, who had sought shelter within the walls upon the approach of the British had brought the population up to six thousand souls, of whom two thousand seven hundred were women and children, one thousand sick or invalids at the general hospital, fifteen hundred militiamen and sailors, and six hundred men of the regular army. For all these mouths, which had already suffered much from hunger for some time past, there were only eight days' provisions at half-rations. On the evening of the thirteenth, owing to a lack of vehicles, the intendant had only been able to send into the city fifty barrels of flour from the camp. When Ramezay sent for the rest it was found to have been plundered by the Indians and the famished people of the neighbourhood.

Ramezay, on the evening of September 15th, called a council which was attended by fourteen officers from the different corps, and communicated to those present the instructions of the Marquis de Vaudreuil not to wait until the town was taken by assault, but to capitulate as soon as the provisions gave out. The council seemed as faint-hearted and downcast as the commanders of the battalions assembled by Vaudreuil on the previous evening, and declared for capitulation. One of the number alone, the heroic Jacquot de Fiedmont,

commander of the town artillery, was in favour of reducing the rations and resisting to the last. He had already distinguished himself at Beauséjour by opposing the capitulation proposed by Vergor, and had often been remarked by Montcalm.

If, when the council of war was held, Ramezay was excusable for capitulating, he was not so the following day (the 16th), for, before night he had received two messages from Vaudreuil. One was written, and the other verbal, and both assured him that he would speedily have assistance, both in provisions and in troops. An orderly officer, the Chevaalier de St. Rome, had at the same time arrived at Cap Rouge, where he handed to Bougainville a letter from the governor, instructing him to give escort to Quebec for sixty barrels of flour which that officer had with him. "The cavalry," said Vaudreuil, "seems to me the force best suited for this purpose, for the main object now is to save the town from want, and keep the enemy outside it." In a postscript the governor emphasized the matter, adding: "Give M. de St. Rome every possible assistance in the execution of his mission."

Bougainville at the same time wrote a note to Ramezay telling him where he could find some flour concealed by private individuals. The commandant, however, being resolved to capitulate showed no one the letters from Vaudreuil and Bougainville, the latter of whom had promptly carried out his orders. Notwithstanding a perfect torrent of rain,

which lasted for two days, Captain de Belcour entered Quebec on the morning of the seventeenth. At one o'clock on the afternoon of that day Rochebeaucour wrote from Charlesbourg to Bougainville: "I have just sent M. de Belcour, whom you know to be very intelligent, to the city, to tell de Ramezay that I will bring him one hundred quintals of biscuits without fail. Belcour and I are well acquainted with the ground and the position of the enemy, who certainly cannot prevent our entering the city at low tide."

As he left Quebec the daring Belcour entered the hornwork, whence he cannonaded any detachments of the British who came within range. Amidst all the dismay, there occurred at Jacques Cartier an event which at once reanimated the entire army. This was the arrival of Lévis, who came from Montreal to take command. He had made the journey at headlong speed, only to find the disaster even worse than he had anticipated. The moment that he took hold of the army, however, he proved himself to be the man for the occasion. Immediately upon his arrival he hastened to headquarters, where Vaudreuil was with his leading officers, and exclaimed:—"The loss of a battle does not necessitate the abandonment of thirty miles of territory." He then severely censured the retreat to Jacques Cartier, and ordered a return to Quebec. The joy over his return was unbounded. Confidence was restored to the weakest, and Vaudreuil again be-

came possessed of such energy as he was capable of. The reed had found its sturdy oak. "The immense number of fugitives I had first met at Three Rivers," writes Lévis, "prepared me to some extent for the disorder in which I found the army. I know of no similar case. At the Beauport camp everything had been abandoned, tents, cooking utensils, and all the army baggage. The condition of absolute want in which I found the army did not discourage me. Learning from M. de Vaudreuil that Quebec had not yet been taken, and that he had left there a fairly large garrison, I resolved to repair the error which had been made, and induced M. de Vaudreuil to march his army back to the relief of the town. I showed him that this was the only means to prevent the wholesale return of the Canadians and Indians to their homes, and to revive the courage of the army; that in marching forward we would collect a number of stragglers; that the residents of the neighbourhood of Quebec would rejoin the army; that from our knowledge of the country we would be able to advance close to the enemy; that if their army was found to be badly posted we might be able to attack them, or at least, by approaching the place, we would prolong the siege by the assistance we would supply in men and provisions; that we could also evacuate and burn it when it no longer remained possible to maintain it, so that it would offer no shelter to the enemy from the inclemency of the winter season."

Lévis very quickly re-established discipline, while his activity was infectious. At four o'clock the following morning, September 18th, the army started on its march, and Bougainville had been notified. Since the morning of the thirteenth he had endeavoured to make amends, by his excellent conduct, for recent events with which he had so much cause to reproach himself. While the army was retreating he had proposed to Vaudreuil to maintain his position at Cap Rouge, and to occupy Lorette, in order to preserve uninterrupted communication with the town. Vaudreuil had approved the suggestion. On the morning of the seventeenth, the unfavourable weather having broken up the roads and delayed the convoy of M. de St. Rome, Bougainville sent his cavalry in advance of it with sacks of provisions across their saddles. Vaudreuil, when informed of it, wrote him the same day: "I learn with pleasure from your letter that the cavalry is at Charlesbourg. I strongly approve your plan of visiting the camp with seven or eight hundred men to protect the passage of the biscuits, which are at Charlesbourg, to Quebec by the cavalry. To show yourself thus in the camp and to make the enemy believe that we still occupy it, will be very effective. I have no doubt that you have taken the precaution to have good guides. However, you are able to go by way of Bourg Royal. Doubtless you will not fail to profit by the return of your cavalry to have them carry back with them as much as possible from the stores or the camp."

Ramezay was informed of these movements and of the assistance of all kinds which awaited him; but instead of profiting by it to raise the spirits of the garrison, he only sought pretexts to capitulate the more quickly. Many of the soldiers, taking advantage of this disposition, refused to fight, and laid down their arms. Others deserted to the enemy or to the country, and some of the officers set the example of insubordination. Violent altercations occurred, and upon one occasion the town major, Joannès, was so exasperated that he struck a couple of these officers with the flat of his sword.

Far from sharing the ideas of Ramezay the brave Fiedmont redoubled the fire of his artillery. While the cannon of the Lower Town fired at random on Pointe Lévis, the new batteries that he had erected alongside the heights thundered at the camp and outworks of the English. The latter had advanced their approaches towards St. Louis Gate, near which they had commenced a redoubt, of which the construction was retarded by Fiedmont, who made continual breaches in it. At ten o'clock in the morning Ramezay ordered Joannès to raise the white flag on the ramparts, and to go and propose the capitulation, but Joannès indignantly revolted against the order. "I protested before everybody," he said, "against the advice I had given at the council of war, because of the changed conditions of affairs, and I proposed to go myself and make more careful search

for flour. Nothing more was then said about capitulation until about four o'clock."

Then, however, Admiral Saunders, profiting by the north-east wind which had blown for two days, with storms of rain, advanced six of his large vessels in front of the Lower Town. The English guard from the trenches was ordered at this time to cut down the trees and bushes in front of the St. John Gate, which might serve as shelter for sharpshooters. Those in the town expected a simultaneous attack from both land and water, and the general alarm was sounded. Fiedmont and Joannès proposed to Ramezay to evacuate the Lower Town, and to reinforce the Upper Town by the troops moved up from it. But this officer, who as Joannès says, had never seen fighting except in the woods, and knew nothing of defence, refused to follow his advice. He raised the flag on both the land and water side of the town. "I tore it down," continued Joannès, "not believing that the commandant had changed his mind, but at that instant I received a written order to go and capitulate, and the memoir of conditions was handed to me in consequence." Joannès then thought of nothing more than to drag out the negotiations, and to throw difficulties in the way, in order to give time for the promised assistance to reach the town. "By these means," he said, "I gained until eleven o'clock at night, which was the hour prescribed by the English general to receive our final answer. I then returned to the

town and reported to M. de Ramezay the difficulties which I had created." La Rochebeaucour was riding at this moment with his cavalry, through the rain, the wind and the darkness, along the battures of Beauport, to attempt the ford of the river St. Charles. In half an hour he was going to enter the town. Eleven o'clock struck. Ramezay, very far from listening to the appeals of Joannès, hastened to give him a second order in writing, to conclude the capitulation, and sent him back to the English camp. He had scarcely left by the St. Louis Gate when Rochebeaucour entered by that of the Palace, with his bags of biscuits streaming with water. Ramezay, quite disconcerted, muttered to him that he was too late, that Joannès had gone to the British general to conclude the capitulation. "After having represented to him," said La Rochebeaucour, "that he would certainly receive succour, he left me to understand that if the English objected to anything he had asked, he would break off the negotiations, on condition that he would be sent, the following day, from four to five hundred men, which could then be done on account of the means of communication. 'I will undertake, if you wish it,' he said, 'to pass them into the town with provisions.'"

Ramezay rid himself of the importunate presence of Rochebeaucour by quieting him with promises which he did not intend to keep. Joannès prolonged the negotiations until the morning of the following

day. Lévis was then marching with all his army. He dismounted at Pointe-aux-Trembles, to write to Bougainville: "You cannot doubt my regrets for the loss of M. de Montcalm. It is one of the greatest that could befall us. I mourn him both as my general and as my friend. It leaves me a very difficult task, and the most able amongst us will be seriously embarrassed. We must do for the best. . . . The position in which we may find the enemy will decide the course for us to take."

Lévis wrote to Bourlamaque in the same sense, telling him that he was marching to the relief of Quebec. He begged him to conceal the disaster as much as possible, Ile-aux-Noix, so well defended by Bourlamaque, caused him no anxiety. He counted on him to second and to advise him. Finally he asked him to keep him well informed of whatever was going on.

The return of fine weather rendered the marching of the army more easy, and the presence of Lévis, who took care to show himself from one regiment to another with a calm and confident air on his martial face, had restored good humour and animation amongst the troops. There was no apprehension as to the fate of Quebec, for the commandant dare not act without new orders, since the governor had revoked his first instructions, and ordered him to hold out to the last extremity. The army marched all the day of the eighteenth. Next day at sunset it entered St. Augustin, and prepared to pass

the night there, when it received the crushing and incredible news that Ramezay had signed the capitulation. Captain Daubressy, of the Quebec garrison, who had been sent by him, handed the articles to Vaudreuil. A cry of indignation arose from the army. "It is unheard of," wrote General de Lévis, "that a place should be given up without being either attacked or invested." Bougainville, who marched with the advance guard, had passed Charlesbourg on the night of the eighteenth, and was not more than three-quarters of a league from Quebec, ready to throw himself with six hundred men of the flower of the army into Quebec, when he learned the fatal news. "Such," he said, bitterly, "is the end of what has been up to this moment the finest campaign of the world."

Townshend was very easy about the terms of capitulation, for his position was very critical, and he was anxious to have Quebec at any price. He was astonished himself at the good fortune which opened the gates to him before he had fired a single cannon. The garrison obtained the honours of war: they were to march out of the town with arms and baggage, drums beating, torches lighted, with two pieces of French cannon and twelve rounds for each piece; the land forces and marines were to be transported to France; the citizens were not to be molested for having borne arms in defence of the town, and were to remain in possession of their goods, effects and privileges, with the free exercise

A view of the Jesuits College and Church, Quebec, 1761

Drawn on the spot by
Richard Short

of the Roman Catholic religion. The inhabitants of the country who laid down their arms were to have the same privileges.

On the nineteenth, before sunset, the gates of the city were opened. General Townshend with his staff, followed by three companies of grenadiers and one of artillery, drawing a field-gun upon which floated the British flag, crossed the Upper Town and stopped in front of the Château St. Louis. The commandant of the place, who awaited him, handed over the keys. The white uniforms of France lined up for the last time in front of the gates and filed off in silence to give place to the English sentinels. A body of marines, detached from the fleet under the command of Captain Palliser, took possession of the Lower Town. Salvos of artillery saluted the flag of England, raised at the same time on the summit of Mountain Hill and on the citadel, from which it was never more to descend.

It still remained to the victors to guard this conquest during a winter spent in the midst of the ruins, deprived of all communication, and compelled to hold out against an active and audacious enemy. The proud Townshend, impatient to return to England and enjoy a triumph which others had merited more than he, confided the difficult task to Brigadier James Murray. The nine regiments of the line, with the artillery and a company of rangers, forming a total force of seven

thousand three hundred and thirteen men, remained under his orders. The other companies of rangers with the Louisbourg grenadiers and the marines, prepared to re-embark on the fleet. Major Elliott, with a corps of five hundred men, went to dislodge the French from the hornwork, and left there a strong garrison. While waiting for a certain number of houses to be repaired to serve as barracks, the troops camped in front of the walls of the town.

On September 21st, Murray issued a proclamation announcing that the inhabitants of the environs of Quebec were at liberty to resume peaceable possession of their properties and to go freely about their business. "But," says Foligné, "what properties does he desire our *habitants* to occupy after the ravages he has had committed,—their houses burned, their cattle taken away, their goods pillaged? From this day our poor women may be seen emerging from the depth of the forest, dragging their little children after them, eaten by flies, without clothes, and crying with hunger. What grief must be endured by these poor mothers who neither know whether they now have husbands, or if they have, where they are to find them, or what assistance they will be able to furnish their poor children at the commencement of the winter season, during which they always have difficulty to provide for them, even when comfortably settled at home! Not even the sieges of Jerusalem and of Samaria afforded more harrowing scenes." It was only, however, the

families who lived in the immediate vicinity of Quebec, and who had consequently no means of seeking an asylum elsewhere, who made peace with the English. With the exception of these unfortunates, who had simply to choose between death and submission, the mass of the Canadians were obstinately determined to continue the fight, and to remain attached to that France which no longer thought anything about them. Not even from the history of the earliest times is there to be found an instance of more touching fidelity or persevering courage.

The frosts of autumn had made their appearance. All the soldiers and sailors were set at work to destroy the redoubts erected on the plains, to remove the ruins from the streets, to repair the dwellings, to complete the fortifications, to cut and bring in firewood, and finally to disembark and store the provisions and ammunition. By the commencement of October the army was able to be fairly well accommodated with lodgings, either within the walls or in the palace of the intendant, which had escaped the siege with only slight damage. The nuns of the Ursuline Convent and of the Hôtel-Dieu returned to their respective convents, which were now partly occupied by troops. The strictest discipline was maintained at all the posts. Day and night, in the rain and cold as well as in fine weather, sentries patrolled the surroundings to guard against all surprise. The command of the place might have been confided to a more able tactician, but not to

anybody better adapted to gain the esteem and the confidence of the Canadians.

In one of the last days of October the cannon on the ramparts answered to the salute of the fleet which was sailing for England. On board the *Royal William* were the embalmed remains of General Wolfe.

A few days earlier Captain Marcel, on the point of leaving for France with the prisoners of war, had visited the chapel of the Ursulines to bid a last farewell to the remains of his general, who was never more to see the beautiful sky of Provence, nor yet his olive plantations, his oil mill and his much-loved friends of Candiac.

In England the news of Wolfe's success came with most dramatic effect. The despairing letter which he had written to Pitt a few days before his death had been published and had caused universal disappointment. "If the general was doubtful of the result," said the public, "surely we have cause to despair." Three days later came altogether the news of the defeat of Montcalm, of the death of Wolfe, and of the fall of Quebec. "The incidents of a drama," said Horace Walpole, "could not have been more artfully conducted to lead an audience from despondency to sudden exultation. Despondency, triumph, and tears were mingled together, for Wolfe had fallen in the hour of victory." The young hero was lauded to the skies. The whole face of the country was brilliantly illuminated. Only one locality,

Blackheath, remained dark and still; for there a recently-widowed mother mourned the death of the best of sons. Her fellow-citizens, respecting her grief, abstained from all public rejoicing. Lady Montague, writing to the Countess of Bute, said: "General Wolfe is to be lamented, but not pitied. I am of your opinion that compassion is only due to his mother and intended bride." The great minister, who had discovered the genius of Wolfe, made his panegyric in the House of Commons, and the gratitude of the English people raised him a monument in Westminster Abbey.

The France of Louis XV hastened to forget the memory of Montcalm, which lay upon it as a burden of remorse. The France of America will always cherish it. It has forgotten his faults to remember only his virtues and his heroism. The name of Montcalm is inscribed on our monuments and public places. History and poetry have joined hands to celebrate the national heritage of his glory. The mausoleum raised over his tomb a century after his death is not less honoured than that of Wolfe at Westminster.

CHAPTER IX

THE VICTORY AT STE. FOY—SURRENDER OF CANADA TO ENGLAND—CONCLUSION

THE hard winter of 1759-60 passed without further incident than the increase of public misery and a few skirmishes. April brought with it the grateful sun of spring time, the alternation of warm rains, and biting frosts, and finally the disappearance from sight of the snow, with the crash of the breaking ice, and the unbridling of the waters. This was the opportunity for which Lévis and Vaudreuil had been waiting, for they had decided to strike a blow at Quebec. "The melting of the ice," wrote Malartic, "does not correspond to the eagerness of our troops to start." Lévis had everything in readiness, so that each battalion, with its quota of Canadians, should be ready to march the moment the signal was given. Each *habitant* was to have on hand eight days' provisions for himself and the soldiers he boarded. The general's first act when he called the army together was to acknowledge his gratefulness towards the Canadians, who had been like fathers to the soldiers all winter, giving them lodging, warmth, and clothing, and who were just dividing with them their last morsel of bread. "We should," said Lévis, "in this daring undertaking, show our gratitude to the colony which has main-

tained us since our arrival. The Canadians have received the soldiers as if they were their own children, and we cannot too highly praise their friendship and devotion."

These proceedings had gained for Lévis the hearts of the entire population, and here, and nowhere else, is to be sought the explanation of the prodigy of the campaign—the brilliant victory of April 28th. He believed that he could rely sufficiently upon the devotion of the soldiers and militiamen to hide from them none of the sufferings they would have to undergo. "I beg you," he wrote to the officers, "to warn them to expect a hard campaign. I cannot foresee any certainty of a good supply of any food but bread, and when we arrive before the walls of Quebec we shall only have such horse meat or beef as we can happen upon."

It is only necessary to read the replies of Lévis to the demands of the army to realize the unbelievable scarcity of stores that stared him in the face. The militiamen with no uniforms but their *habitant* clothing, were armed only with their hunting guns, without bayonets, replacing the latter by knives, their handles so shaped as to fit the ends of the firearms. The supply of projectiles was no more satisfactory, for after collecting all that could be had in the various posts only three hundred and twelve cannon balls and two hundred thousand pounds of powder were available. Such were the means with which Lévis undertook to defeat Murray's victorious

army and retake Quebec. Ever since the end of the last campaign he had had the workmen of Montreal at work making tools, gun carriages, and even kitchen utensils, which the army sadly lacked. Some indispensable articles which could not be otherwise obtained were stolen from Quebec, from under the very noses of the English. Lévis was the soul of all this organization, and found reason for self-satisfaction in the entire and active coöperation of Vaudreuil. The governor had even succeeded in maintaining spies within Quebec, and these kept him informed concerning all that went on in the town and the state of the garrison. Thus he knew that scurvy had made great havoc, especially among the soldiers, and six or seven hundred bodies had been buried in snow banks, until such time as the ground would thaw sufficiently to allow them to be interred. Some seemingly improbable accounts even said that over half the garrison was on the sick list, and there were not over two thousand serviceable men left. The truth was that Murray could still lead into the field four thousand eight hundred men, who, more fortunate than the *habitants* in the country parts, had had an abundance of food, even if it was not over fresh. Among the sick, too, were many who were only slightly affected.

At Sorel the valiant Captain Vauquelin, who was in charge of the two frigates, *Atalante* and *Pomone*, completed the loading of the stores, and was ready to sail at a moment's notice.

Each time that the general left the governor's château in which the council sat, he lingered upon the terrace overlooking the river to examine the effect of the water upon the ice, the departure of which he would have liked to hasten. The enormous white cuirass, up-borne by the giant river's swollen breast, opened to form great crevices which were soon transformed into troubled lakes in which innumerable icebergs dashed against one another like crumbling walls. Finally, on April 15th, the river before Montreal was open to navigation. The same day two transports, a vessel transformed into a storeship, the *Marie*, and a schooner, which were to be conveyed by the frigates, were launched, loaded with the equipment and part of the ammunition. A small cavalry corps, which left in two divisions, the fourteenth and fifteenth, was already *en route* for Jacques Cartier. It was composed of only two hundred men, mounted upon the best horses that could be gathered together round Montreal. On the seventeenth all the battalion leaders had in their hands the general's marching orders, directing them to embark on the morning of Sunday, April 20th, with their troops, upon the vessels lying at the shore opposite their respective cantonments.

The little fleet grew as it approached Lake St. Peter. At Lachenaie it effected a junction with the fleet bearing the La Sarre battalion, and at Verchères it was joined by the barges conveying the Guyenne corps. Berry's two battalions, which

were camped lower down formed the advance guard. A number of birch-bark canoes, bearing two hundred and seventy-eight Indians, glided about among the heavier vessels with their usual swiftness. The two frigates, the transports and a few other small vessels followed at a slight distance. The total strength of the army, including the Indians and the cavalry, who had gone down by land, was six thousand nine hundred and ten men, divided into five brigades and eleven battalions, half regulars and half militiamen, most of the latter being incorporated into the regiments.

Lévis hoped to recruit some of the *habitants* round Quebec after having invested the place, but, as he observed, they could only serve as pioneers, having been disarmed by the English. He was authorized by Vaudreuil to force them to enlist "under penalty of death," if they were not moved to do so by considerations of patriotism and religion. The general stole a moment in which to write to Bougainville, who had just replaced Lusignan at Ile-aux-Noix. "The army started to-day," he said. "M. de Bourlamaque is leaving at the present instant, and I start to-morrow. Prayers have been offered up for us. God grant that they may find acceptance. The bishop has issued a splendid *mandement*." Mgr. de Pontbriand and his clergy, had, as a matter of fact, urged his people forward to the expedition as to a crusade, and the pulpits re-echoed with prayers and exhortations. The bishop of Quebec,

who had only two months more to live, arose from his bed to make a supreme appeal to his flock, and it was hearkened to. The river, which was at high water mark, rapidly carried down the vessels loaded to the water's edge with their cargoes of men armed and accoutred in every conceivable fashion. Soldiers half clad in peasant dress, jostled against grenadiers with regulation uniform and broad waist belts; and the gold-laced officers, elegant even with their faded plumes, transformed grey *habitant* homespun into caps of imitation fur.

The great level plains around Montreal not yet quite free from their mantle of snow, still bore their drear wintry appearance, and great fields of ice, which broke loose from both shores, covered the river with white islets, some of them grounded and others borne along by the current. As the vessels passed their respective parishes the militiamen signalled, and sometimes spoke a few words to their families, who ran to the water's edge to distinguish their loved ones and bid them farewell.

A strong north-east wind, accompanied by rain, which raged all day during the twenty-third, arrested the army's progress. The Chevalier de Lévis issued orders that Pointe-aux-Trembles was only to be reached the following day, and this was done at sunset, when the men had much difficulty in dragging their boats ashore, owing to the floating ice. The frigates, the transports, and the canoes in which de Lévis travelled arrived a few hours before them.

Here the general landed three field-guns, which were to follow by land, and encamped his men about the church. The hard, rough journey neared its close. For fifty leagues the army had been exposed to the damp cold, characteristic of the season, which was found more piercing than ever on the river. Shivering night and day in their boats the men had only cold water wherewith to slake their thirst, and a meagre ration of salt meat to satisfy their hunger, but they bore without a murmur the privations which private and officer shared alike.

The early morning sun of April 25th found the army assembled upon the church grounds. The enemy was known to be near; in fact, it was supposed that he was at Cap Rouge, where he could oppose the crossing of the river. Already threats of burning the houses of all the people of St. Augustin had been made. The troops were served with provisions for one day, and Canadian and Indian scouts led the way. On Saturday, the twenty-sixth, at 8 a.m., notwithstanding the north-east wind, all the vessels were again despatched on the way to St. Augustin, where they moored before noon. The season here was more backward than at Montreal; the ice-bridge at Quebec had only left three days before, and great walls of ice still fringed the shores. For this reason it was necessary to drag the vessels high up on the beach, so that they should not be carried off with the débris of ice at flood tide. The men could be carried no nearer to Quebec by water,

because of the precipitous character of the cliffs lower down the stream, and the facility with which they might have been occupied by the enemy to prevent a landing. Two men were left in charge of each boat. The approach to Quebec was, therefore, necessarily by land, and by a route eighteen miles long over almost impassable roads. The same obstacles which had the year before prevented Wolfe's designs at Cap Rouge now faced the French, and for this reason Lévis, certain that the mouth of the river was guarded, decided to attempt a crossing two miles further up. The army was then provided with three days' provisions, and a supply of cartridges, and, while this was being done, an advance guard, consisting of the grenadiers, the Indians, and a detachment of artillery, under Bourlamaque, was ordered to repair the bridges which had been destroyed by the English. The task could not have been entrusted to better hands. By two o'clock in the afternoon two bridges for foot passengers had been constructed, and Lévis at once pushed forward with his army. The north-east wind had, since the morning, developed into a tempest, followed by an ice-cold rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, but the soldiers, wet to the skin, faced both wind and storm, ankle deep in a thick mud which was mixed with snow. The officers, who were also on foot, like mere privates, set a worthy example of courage and good humour.

Lévis, who had just learned that the British had abandoned their positions at Lorette, and fallen back upon Ste. Foy, ordered Bourlamaque to cross the river and seize these positions as well as the houses commanding the road and crossing. "We succeeded," says Lévis, "in sending over before nightfall a brigade which occupied the grenadiers' positions, and M. de Bourlamaque was ordered to advance as far as he possibly could without, however, compromising himself, until he heard that the army was under way." He consequently crossed the Suete marsh, in which the enemy might have advantageously opposed him, and took up his position in some houses less than a mile from the heights of Ste. Foy, upon which the enemy was stationed. The Chevalier de Lévis advanced the brigades as they crossed to support him, and went over himself for the night, instructing de Lapause to inform him as soon as the entire army had crossed the marsh.

"It was a frightful night," writes Lévis, "terribly cold and stormy, and the army, which only finished crossing at a very late hour in the night, suffered enormously. The bridges were broken, and the men had to wade through the water. In the darkness the workmen could hardly repair them, and had it not been for the lightning we should have had to stop." In another place he says, "the troops were in a pitiable condition." The tempest in question was one of the worst the country had known

for many years, and the houses creaked until it almost seemed as though they would be blown down. Then the wind went down, and gave place to even more intense cold and a rain mingled with snow.

General Murray was better informed of the movements of the French army than Lévis imagined. The rumours of an attack on Quebec had gained strength as the winter advanced, and gave place to certainty on the approach of spring. About the middle of April three French deserters from the regulars, and later on a sergeant of grenadiers assured him that the entire strength of the colony was to be below the walls of Quebec in a short time. On the twenty-first, at 10 a.m., the general posted a proclamation ordering all civilians to leave the city within three days. "It is impossible," says Knox, "to help sympathizing with these unfortunates in their distress. The men prudently restrained their sentiments on this occasion, but the women were not so discreet; they charged us with a breach of the capitulation; said that they had often heard *que les Anglais sont des gens sans foi!* (that the British are a faithless people) and that we had now convinced them of the propriety of that character."

General Murray was unaware of the presence of the French army at Cap Rouge, when a fortuitous circumstance warned him of the imminent danger. On Sunday, the twenty-seventh, at 2 a.m., a sentinel on the sloop of war *Race Horse*, then moored in Cul-de-

Sac Cove, thought he could hear through the fog which overhung the St. Lawrence wails resembling the cries of a man in distress, apparently drowning. At this time the rising tide was driving up a number of floating pieces of ice, which could be heard grinding against one another in the darkness. Hearing the cries repeated the sentinel no longer had any doubt that some human being was in distress and in need of succour, and he informed the commandant of the fact. Captain Macartney sent his boat and some sailors to enquire into the matter, and, following in the direction of the cries, they presently found a man, almost frozen, upon a floe. He was taken on board the vessel, and after some trouble consciousness and speech were restored. The revelations which he thereupon made were so important that it was thought wise to inform the general at once, although it was 3 a.m. The dying man was borne in a ship's hammock to headquarters, where Murray, who had been immediately awakened, listened to his story. He was a sergeant of artillery in the army which Lévis was leading against Quebec. The floating battery upon which he had been stationed with six men had been overturned during the tempest by a berg upon which he had managed to scramble while his companions were drowned. Night had surprised him before he could summon assistance, and the ebb tide had carried him to the Island of Orleans, while the flood brought him back along the wharves of the Lower Town. He

had time to tell before dying that Lévis had with him some twelve thousand or fifteen thousand men.

Murray at once called the garrison to arms, and left at daybreak with the grenadiers, five regiments, and ten pieces of artillery to reconnoitre the enemy's position, dispute his advance, and, if necessary, retire his own advance posts. He stationed his troops in the row of houses which lined the road on both sides of Ste. Foy church, and opened a cannon fire upon the French outpost which could be seen in the edge of the forest. Lévis, who, at the moment, was with Bourlamaque conducting a reconnaissance on the Lorette road, recognized the advantageous nature of Murray's position. The village of Ste. Foy is situated upon a slight hill, which rises as it approaches Quebec, where it is called the Côte Ste. Geneviève, and to the westward it descends by a more gentle slope to the Cap Rouge River. Opposite Ste. Foy this hill becomes an inclined plane, below which is a swamp called the Suete. This marsh was covered by a thick layer of rain-soaked snow, and such was the road which the army had to follow. Lévis knew that Murray had fortified himself with his cannon in the church and the neighbouring houses which flanked his position. To dislodge him he would have to bring up artillery by impassable roads, and then traverse marshy woods, and form up under an artillery and musketry fire. The army was moreover worn out by thirty hours' fatigue, apart from the frightful weather; and an icy rain

still fell. The French general consequently decided to wait until nightfall before advancing, and to attempt to turn the enemy's position by the right. He had just halted his columns, which were pouring out of Lorette village when he saw the Ste. Foy church in flames, and the roof fall in. The British were retiring and blowing up their store of ammunition. The order to advance was at once given, and at 6 a.m. Lévis was master of Ste. Foy village. "This march," says Malartic, "was hard and painful. All the officers made it on foot, and, like the privates, suffered from rain and snow, besides the inconvenience of marching in snow up to their knees."

The cavalry and grenadiers pursued the British to within a mile and a half of the town, where they had a fortified post in a house and another in a windmill, belonging to one Dumont, which was situated on the north side of the Ste. Foy road, on a slight eminence overlooking the Côte Ste. Geneviève. On the site of this mill stands to-day a column surmounted by a statue of Bellona, erected to commemorate the heroic fight which was waged there the following morning. The army fortified itself in the houses and barns along the Ste. Foy road, and in the neighbourhood of Sillery.

While the British soldiers, after their return to the city, comforted themselves with the good rum distributed to them, and enjoyed the heat of fires

built of the wood taken from the houses of St. Roch their general was considering, in a council of war, the course to pursue on the morrow. If he remained strictly upon the defensive he could either shut himself up within the walls of Quebec or fortify himself behind the Buttes-à-Neveu. The fortifications were still poor, but stronger than when the British conquered the place, for they had made important additions to them. He finally decided to entrench himself without the walls, notwithstanding the difficulties presented by the ground which the frost was only beginning to leave. In the council he did not even suggest taking the offensive, although in his heart he was inclined to do so. He was impetuous, like most of the officers of the time, brave even to rashness, and extremely ambitious, and the extraordinary glory bestowed upon General Wolfe caused dreams of similar fame to enter Murray's mind.

During the preceding autumn Bernier, the commissary of war, who had many dealings with him, admirably gauged his character. "The man is young," he said to Bougainville, "fiery, proud of his strength, decided in his ideas, and, having reached a position which he had no reason for previously expecting, is eager to distinguish himself. Of a naturally good character, he is nevertheless to be feared when opposed, and being easily inflamed is then ready to do almost anything. You know that too great an opinion of one's strength often leaves one little

opportunity for reflection and consideration, and frequently gives reason for subsequent regret." This estimate explains Murray's conduct. With an army composed altogether of regular troops, and the splendid train of artillery at his command he considered himself certain of defeating the remains of a beaten army led by Lévis, while he held the collection of militia which swelled its ranks in utter contempt.

The night had been calm and clear, and at daylight Lévis mounted his horse and proceeded to inspect the Plains of Abraham in order to choose a favourable location on which to receive the enemy if he appeared. Murray's tactics on the preceding evening led him to believe that the British would remain strictly upon the defensive, and he had told the transports to land at the Foulon the provisions which he intended to distribute at once to the army. When he emerged from the woods of Sillery surrounded by his staff and an escort, the sun's rays fell upon a plain which seemed a veritable desert. Traces of snow and pools of frozen water here and there marked the undulations of the ground. The budless, frost-covered branches sparkled like crystals in the early sunlight. The blades of grass beginning to shoot on the eastern slope of the cliff heralded the return of spring. Over two miles below, Cape Diamond raised its crest towards the east. Here and there a few British detachments were visible upon the horizon. One of them was abandon-

ing a redoubt overlooking the Foulon, and this Lévis caused some of his dismounted attendants to occupy, himself proceeding further so as more closely to observe the enemy's movements.

Murray had come out of the town with his entire army, preceded by twenty-two pieces of artillery, two of which were howitzers. Besides his arms each man bore either a pick or a spade as if the general intended only to entrench himself outside the walls. Was this done for the purpose of concealing his real intention, and conveying the idea that he had only decided to attack at the moment when the action began? It is hard to believe otherwise when we consider the precipitation of his assault. When the Buttes-à-Neveu were reached he drew up his regiments in order of battle, with a frontage of two deep, and marched towards the heights upon which Wolfe had, the previous autumn, awaited Montcalm's army. It was at this moment that Lévis saw the enemy come out of the ravine covering the entire plain from the crest of the cliff to the Ste. Foy road. As the British advanced they extended their lines so as to cover as much space as possible on the tableland. The moment Lévis saw that he had to deal with the entire British army he withdrew his men from the redoubt, and gave Major-General Montreuil orders to push his troops to the front. At the same time he ordered Bourlamaque to post five companies of grenadiers in Dumont's house and mill, which the British had evacuated during the night,

and to station the other five on a slight eminence commanding the right. His two wings being thus strengthened he posted de Lapause at the entrance to the Ste. Foy road, along which the army was advancing, to point out to each commanding officer the place his battalions were to occupy. The two brigades on the right, the Royal-Roussillon and Guyenne were already in position, and Berry was debouching from the road when the British soldiers, whom Murray had ordered to throw down their tools, appeared on the elevation below which the French troops were defiling. In front of Dumont's mill the brave d'Aiguebelle, with his grenadiers, opposed Dalling's light infantry, while the grenadiers on the right held back the volunteers and Hazen's rangers.

Murray, with his staff, advanced a few paces in front of his lines. He saw before him a scene which might easily inflame even a less fiery soul than his. The ground which he occupied was as favourable as that whence Wolfe, in the previous September had overwhelmed Montcalm's army. Moreover, he had behind him formidable artillery and an army with victory still fresh in its mind. On his left he was master of the redoubt which the French had just abandoned. On his right the light infantry was within a few paces of Dumont's mill. Behind the mill wound, like a natural defence, the ravine through which ran a stream, swollen by the melting snow, and falling like a cascade by the Côte

Ste. Geneviève. On the edge of the Sillery forest were the Berry and marine brigades, advancing in all haste to take up their post in the centre, while the Béarn battalion came out of the Ste. Foy road. Only Lévis' right was drawn up in battle formation.

It did not seem as though there could be a more favourable moment for crushing the units of the French army in detail, and Murray at once ordered the attack. At a distance of one hundred paces the artillery opened a fire of grape, which took terrible effect, especially upon the two last brigades, which were on the march. Lévis saw the danger, and at once resolved upon the dangerous expedient of retiring his army to the edge of the woods. He personally directed the movement, which, he says, "was carried out with the greatest bravery and activity under a heavy artillery and musketry fire." Murray was deceived. He took the retreat for the commencement of a flight, and ordered his troops to charge, at the same time inclining to the right so as to seize Dumont's mill and house, which commanded the Ste. Foy road. Several guns already swept this road, across which the La Sarre brigade began to deploy, forming the French left. A furious struggle was being waged about the mill between the grenadiers and the light infantry, behind whom the whole English right was advancing, including Webb's and Amherst's regiments, and part of the Royal Americans under Colonel Burton. The grena-

diers, crushed by superior numbers, abandoned the mill, and fell back upon La Sarre. At this moment Lévis passed along the front of his line holding his hat on the end of his sword. It was the prearranged signal for a general attack. The La Sarre brigade, which old Colonel Dalquier, its commander, had caused to retire in order to take up its position in line with the others, came back with the grenadiers and retook the mill, as well as two hillocks overlooking the road. During this attack the light infantry was so demoralized that it retired to the rear guard and never returned to the attack. On the right the five companies of grenadiers, supported by the Canadian sharpshooters, cleared the redoubt of the rangers and volunteers, and advanced on a second redoubt surmounting a knoll a few paces further on. The two brigades on the right, with three guns, stubbornly opposed the redoubtable Highlanders and the Bragg and Lascelles regiments which formed the British left.

The French general gave his two wings his principal attention, for the centre, composed of the marine and Berry brigades, with the main body of the Canadians, seemed unshakable. Each battalion was preceded and flanked by a host of Canadian sharpshooters under Repentigny, and these thinned the British ranks with frightful rapidity. Always admirable shots, they availed themselves of all the shelter the ground afforded, and brought down a man every time they fired, with as much precision

as though they were on their hunting-grounds. They would lie down to avoid a discharge of grape, or a volley of musketry, and then fire again. For over two hours the main body of the enemy, the flower of the British army, endeavoured to crush these poorly-armed militiamen from its own more advantageous position, but each time had to fall back and reform under the protection of its artillery.

Bourlamaque imparted to the left, which he commanded, the spirit of his own unconquerable tenacity. While the fight was at its hottest, he, for a moment, crossed over to the right to receive his general's orders. As he was returning his horse was shot under him, and a ball cut away a part of his leg. He was conveyed to the residence of M. de la Gongendière, which was close at hand.

Just at this time a party of Highlanders, sent to replace the light infantry, and d'Aiguebelle's grenadiers were having a hand-to-hand fight. "They were worthy opponents," says Chevalier Johnstone. "The grenadiers, bayonets in hand, drove the Highlanders out through the windows, and the latter, re-entering by the door with their dirks, forced the former in turn to take the same means of egress. The building was taken and retaken several times, and the fight would have lasted while there was a Highlander and a grenadier left, if the two generals had not recalled their men, and as if by common consent, left the place, for the time being, neutral ground. The grenadiers were reduced to not more

than fourteen men to the company, while the Highlanders were proportionately decimated. Lévis hastened to reassure the La Sarre brigade by his presence, and then crossed his lines, going from right to left between the two armies, and ordering each of his brigades to charge as he passed it." The grenadiers he instructed to take the last redoubt. The charge was irresistible, and the rangers and volunteers retiring in confusion exposed the left flank of Bragg's regiment, which began to waver.

The La Sarre brigade after having crossed the brook advanced, without firing, upon the English left. It was a bare thirty paces from it when the men sank to their knees in a deep drift of snow, which checked their advance. Moreover, the ground across which they were charging sloped gradually towards the Côte Ste. Geneviève, exposing them to a murderous fire of grape from the British guns. The brigade was suffering so severely, and was in such grave danger that Lévis sent Lapause, and afterwards another officer, to order it to make a half turn to the right and establish itself in some houses situated a little to the rear. Although the order was conveyed by so intelligent a man as Lapause it was misunderstood, and the day was thereby almost lost. Malartic, not daring to disobey, said nothing, but advanced fifteen paces in front of the brigade in order to show that it must advance. A minute later Dalquier, bleeding from a wound in his side, joined him, and said, "Major, I will take it upon myself

to disregard the general's orders. Let us take advantage of the soldiers' zeal. We will not fire but fall upon them with the bayonet, and so shall conquer." Then turning to the men he said, "Men, when we are within twenty paces of the enemy is not the time to retire. We will give them the bayonet, for that is our best course." The centre seeing the left advance did the same, and the grenadiers once more seized the mill and the hillocks from which they were not again dislodged. Lévis arrived at this moment, and said to Dalquier, "You have done the king the greatest possible service in not making a half-right turn. Hold your position for five minutes, and I will guarantee a victory." The general then disappeared behind the clumps of trees scattered about the plain and regained the right. The moment for the decisive blow was at hand. Lévis intended to execute a flank movement with the Royal-Roussillon and Queen's brigades, and force the British towards the Côte Ste. Geneviève, thus cutting off their retreat to Quebec. A badly-executed order, however, brought the Queen's brigade behind the left wing. Lévis thereupon undertook the carrying out of the movement with the Royal-Roussillon brigade alone, and gave orders to this effect to Poulariez, who, taking advantage of a dip in the ground, made his way along the edge of the cliff. A panic spread amongst the British when they saw the French bayonets glittering upon the ridge between them and the

river. Murray, in desperation, threw his reserve upon both wings at once, but it was too late. "The enemy," says Johnstone, "fled so precipitately, and in such confusion that the officers could not rally a single man."

"If the Queen's brigade," said Lévis, "had been at its post, we would have enveloped the enemy's left, and evidently could have cut off their retreat, which would have been decisive. They retired so precipitately though, and were so near to the town that our worn-out troops could not overtake them. However, they abandoned all their artillery, ammunition, tools, dead and wounded."

The Canadians proved themselves to be as firm as the regular troops in the open. While the latter formed up on the edge of the forest they formed an impenetrable cordon round them, and the British so feared their accurate aim that they did not dare to approach the woods. "The Canadians of the four brigades," says Malartic, "who occupied the intervals or preceded the brigades, kept up a sustained and effective fire, doing much harm to the British."

Captain de Laas, of the Queen's brigade, who commanded a detachment of Canadians on the extreme right, did not receive orders to turn the British left wing with the Royal-Roussillon brigade. He, however, joined in the movement with an intelligence equalled only by his bravery, and Lévis mentions his charge as one of the most brilliant of the entire day.

"The enemy," says the chevalier, "numbered about four thousand men, and we about five thousand, of whom two thousand four hundred were militiamen. Of this total, however, about one thousand four hundred men, such as the cavalry and the Queen's brigade, were never in action. We had been obliged to leave some detachments behind, and the Indians retired, and would fight no longer."

About the end of the action Malartic was wounded by a piece of grape, which spent its force upon his breast. "The blow," he says, "knocked me down and shook me up considerably. I came to in the arms of a sergeant and a private, who wished to raise me, but I begged them to let me die in peace. As they lifted me, notwithstanding my protests, I felt something cold slide down my chest, and then, opening my vest, which had been pierced, I found my left breast swollen until it was as large as my fist and very black." Malartic was taken to the general hospital, with the wounded of both armies.

The English placed their loss in the engagement at over one thousand men killed, wounded, and missing. On the other hand the French lost two hundred and sixty-eight killed, including two officers, and seven hundred and sixty-three wounded. Of this number the Canadians had two hundred and three killed and wounded. Among the Canadians killed was the gallant Colonel Rheaume, commander of the Montreal battalion, and some of their best officers, including Captains St. Martin and Corbière. The

Indians, who, as we have already seen, basely kept at a distance during the fighting, did not pursue the fleeing Britishers, but spread over the plain, while the victors followed up the vanquished, and scalped indiscriminately the French and British who lay upon the field of battle.

The scene of the conflict presented a horrible sight, being covered with pools of blood, which the frozen ground could not absorb, while the snow which lay in the depressions of the field was turned to red. Around Dumont's mill and house the mounds of bodies completely covered the soil. Immediately after the battle General Lévis sent an officer and some men to take possession of the general hospital, which lay at the bottom of the St. Charles valley. It is not difficult to imagine the anxiety with which its occupants had watched the varying fortunes of the day.

"Every cannon and musket-shot rang in our ears," says one of the nuns, "and you may imagine our position. The interests of the nation were at stake as were also those of our relatives who were participating in the fight, and so our sufferings defied description.

"It would require a more eloquent pen than mine to depict the horrors we were called upon to witness and to listen to during the arrival of the wounded who came in for twenty-four consecutive hours. The cries of the dying and the grief of their friends were indeed heart-rending, and

one needed an almost superhuman strength to sustain the ordeal.

"Although we prepared five hundred cots, which were supplied from the king's stores, as many more were needed. Our stables and barns were crowded with the unfortunates. Out of sixty-two officers in the infirmary thirty-three died, and the place was strewn with amputated arms and legs. The misery was heightened by a scarcity of linen, and we were obliged to sacrifice even our own clothing. We could not on this occasion, as on that of the first battle, hope for aid from the hospital nuns of the city, for the British had taken possession of their hospital, as well as of the Ursuline convent, for the accommodation of their wounded, who were even more numerous than our own. In fact, we also received about twenty of their officers whom they could not carry away and with the care of whom we were also burdened."

The news of this victory rapidly flew from parish to parish, and was everywhere welcomed with outbursts of joy. For the moment it was thought that the colony was saved, for the majority of the Canadians still lived in hopes that France had not forsaken them, and that, as in the preceding year, the help which they had asked for would arrive before the British fleet, and afford Lévis the assistance he required for retaking Quebec, thus deciding the campaign once for all.

"Please accept my congratulations upon your

splendid victory, my dear general," wrote Bougainville. "I am the more delighted with it because it affords an instance of cleverly-executed movements in the field, incredible diligence on the march, and noteworthy intrepidity. You will be our father since you have restored our honour, and even should you not retake the town your glory will be none the less. I am grieved, indeed, that I was not privileged to be with you, but a man of war has no choice but to obey. Naturally our losses were heavy, but they could not be otherwise. Here every one is frantic with joy, and we await with impatience the news of your next movements. You have no time to lose.

"There is nothing new here. We are working while you are winning victories."

Vaudreuil had already written to the chevalier as follows:—"Your military experience and good judgment were sufficient to decide the battle in your favour. It will long be a memorable day, and to you all the glory of the achievement belongs. I can hardly express the keenness of the joy it gives me.

"I regret exceedingly the brave officers and men of both the regulars and Canadians who have fallen. They could not, however, be otherwise than valiant when fighting under the eyes of a general whom they love so much, and whose bravery all admire."

The appearance of the British fleet in the harbour of Quebec, however, nullified the victory at Ste. Foy. Lévis, being obliged to raise the siege which he had commenced, was compelled to fall back upon

Montreal, where he was soon surrounded by the overwhelming force which had invaded the country from three sides at once, and the capitulation signed by Vaudreuil on the following September 8th ended the French régime in Canada.

It would be superfluous to draw here a picture of Lévis, for he stands out all through the pages of this volume. In it we have heard him speak and seen him play his part. His incontestable superiority over all who surrounded him has asserted itself, and Montcalm did not hesitate to acknowledge it. The marquis, in all his correspondence, shows to what an extent he consulted the chevalier, and modified his plans in accordance with the latter's suggestions. He was, in short, the only man to whom the colony's imperious military commander bowed, feeling himself obliged to defer to his cool and lofty reasoning, his self-control, the wisdom of his advice, and the prudence of his conduct. Montcalm and Lévis had, in common, great military qualities, unflinching bravery, and a consummate knowledge and experience of the art of war, but the latter had the better judgment, more broad-mindedness, greater coolness, and even superior intrepidity in action. It was Wolfe's good fortune not to meet Lévis on the Plains of Abraham, otherwise, while the engagement at Montmorency was only a temporary check to his plans, that of September 13th might have meant to him only disaster and ruin.

The Treaty of Paris, signed on February 10th,

1763, put an end to the Seven Years' War. To all outward appearances it had in no way changed the physiognomy of Europe; in reality it marked a revolution in the history of mankind. France, being confined to the Old World, fell back upon her internal affairs, and gave herself up entirely to the new ideas which she was beginning to entertain, and which were destined to burst so soon upon the world like a thunderclap. The startling revenge which she took upon England twenty years after the Treaty of Paris was the prelude to the enormous commotion which, like an abyss, now marks the past from the present. The Treaty of Versailles, concluded in 1783, assured the independence of the English colonies, which had become the United States of America, and through it England no longer retained in America anything but a portion of New France, and the handful of people whom she had conquered, and who were just beginning to recover from the ruin that surrounded them. Immediately after the fall of Quebec, Franklin, the most eminent statesman in the English colonies, laughed at those who prophesied that the conquest of Canada would result in their early independence. "I venture to say," he wrote, "that union between them for such a purpose is not only improbable but impossible." The Treaty of Versailles proved conclusively that he was wrong. General Murray showed more perspicacity, for in a conversation with Malartic in 1760 he asked the latter:—

"Do you think we will give back Canada to you?"

"I am not familiar enough with politics to see things so far ahead," was the reply.

"If we are wise," said Murray, "we will not keep it. New England must have something to rub up against, and our best way of supplying it is by not retaining this country."

If Malartic, when he was thus questioned by Murray, could have seen into the future he would have answered: "The Cabinet at London will show less foresight than you; it will not leave the English colonies the opposition necessary to restrain their exuberance, and they will soon break their oath of allegiance. As an independent nation the United States will startle the world by their rapid growth. In a century they will have a population of over fifty million people. You ask me how they are to accomplish this prodigy? They will receive from all quarters of the earth such a horde of immigrants that only an invasion of barbarians can rival it, and its results can easily be foreseen. And this peaceful invasion will be more fraught with dire results to the early settlers of the United States than was the violent conquest of Canada to the French-Canadians. At the end of the nineteenth century the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, your most intelligent and hard-working colonists, will have almost entirely disappeared from New England. They will be replaced by others from foreign countries, who will give to the continent such a strange new aspect

that if the elders of the time of Cotton Mather were to return they would find nothing remaining of their old-time manners, habits, and religion.

"With the Canadians it will be very different. Deserted and left by France in an almost inconceivable state of ruin, they will survive. Without the aid of outside immigration, they will, by their natural increase alone, grow so rapidly that, at the end of the next century, they will form a homogeneous people numbering over two million souls, united as one man and still so French that one of their own poets will be able to say in all truth:

> 'Nous avons conservé le brillant héritage
> Légué par nos aïeux, pur de tout alliage,
> Sans jamais rien laisser aux ronces du chemin.'"

NOTES

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BOUGAINVILLE'S MISSION TO FRANCE

It is only proper to mention that Vaudreuil was largely responsible for the failure of Bougainville's mission. He commended Doreil to the minister of war: "I have full confidence in him, and he may be entirely trusted," and of Bougainville he wrote to the minister of marine: "He is in all respects better fitted than any one else to inform you of the state of the colony. I have given him my instructions, and you can trust entirely in what he tells you." The virtue of these recommendations was seriously impaired by the confidential letter which Vaudreuil wrote to the minister of marine: "I have given letters to MM. Doreil and Bougainville, but I have the honour to inform you that they are creatures of M. de Montcalm."

Pages 65, 66

WOLFE'S ALLEGED BRAVADO

The author has here followed a prevalent tradition which has been seriously questioned by competent historians. The story was not introduced for the purpose of casting discredit upon Wolfe, but rather for the purpose of enforcing the point of George III's well-known reply to the allegation that Wolfe was mad. Parkman in the third volume of his "Montcalm and Wolfe" (page 35) has argued against the probability of the story, and Wood and Doughty both urge its unreliability on the ground of Temple's incapacity to appreciate Wolfe, and because of the length of time which elapsed between the alleged occurrence and its narration at second hand to Mahon.

Page 67

WOLFE'S PORTRAIT

The fate of nations certainly did not depend upon the young commander's personal appearance. The concourse of testimony has up to the present led us to believe that Wolfe was uncompromisingly ugly, and the "receding forehead and chin" of the Abbé Casgrain's description, "which made his profile seem to be an obtuse angle," is merely in keeping with tradition. Both Dr. Doughty and Major Wood insist upon the inaccuracy of this description of Wolfe, and assert that West in his famous but unreliable picture perpetuated the features of a

certain Captain Montrésor, one of Wolfe's engineers during the siege. Dr. Doughty declares in favour of the portrait in the National Gallery as the most authentic likeness which we have of Wolfe.

Page 107

THE FORCES ENGAGED

The author has given the figures with substantial correctness. In this present paragraph the naval force is assumed to be an integral part of the army of attack. There is justification in doing so when we consider the important part which the navy played in the operations. The whole British army consisted of nine thousand men. Of these four thousand eight hundred and twenty were present at the final battle, although only three thousand one hundred were in the firing line. There are no official returns of the French forces at the battle. During the whole siege Montcalm had approximately seventeen thousand men at his disposal, but only a small proportion of these were seasoned troops. At the Battle of the Plains he had about five thousand militia and regulars.

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SCALPING

Much reference is made of necessity in this book to the inhuman aspects of the campaign. All that can be said with regard to the practice of scalping is that honours were even, and that both Wolfe and Montcalm made repeated and ineffectual efforts to hold the rangers, Indians and woodsmen in check.

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WOLFE'S INDECISION

Wolfe's indecision was in part at least an element in his strategy. It is a part of the art of war to keep the enemy guessing, and Montcalm's testimony is sufficient evidence of Wolfe's success in this particular. We must also bear in mind that abrupt changes in plan were often necessitated by the frequent desertions to the enemy. A letter written by James Gibson on July 20th is an interesting commentary on the situation: "Within the space of five hours we received at the general's request three different orders of consequence, which were contradicted immediately after their reception, which, indeed, has been the constant practice of the general ever since we have been here, to the no small amazement of every one who has the liberty of thinking. Every step he takes is wholly his own—I'm told he asks no one's opinion, and wants no advice; and, therefore, as he conducts without

an assistant, the honour or . . . will be in proportion to his success."

Page 160

Neither Vaudreuil nor Montcalm considered the Foulon to be as dangerous as the country above Cap Rouge.

Page 162 THE REINFORCEMENT OF THE FOULON

Vaudreuil did suggest the addition of fifty men of Repentigny's troops to the corps of Vergor at the Foulon, but he wrote to Bougainville that if provisions were scarce he would not send them. The truth is that neither Montcalm nor Vaudreuil dreamed of the possibility of a landing in force above the town. Yet to provide against remote contingencies Montcalm wished to have the Guyenne regiment stationed upon the Heights of Abraham, and gave orders to that effect which Vaudreuil revoked.

Pages 176, 177

Bougainville's sentinels doubtless saw the large vessels at Cap Rouge, but there is nothing to indicate that they saw the small boats with Wolfe's troops drop down the river.

Page 178 VERGOR'S APPOINTMENT

We do not know why the Abbé Casgrain assumes that Bougainville is responsible for Vergor's appointment. From the correspondence it is evident that Bougainville was first informed of Vergor's appointment by Vaudreuil. See letter Vaudreuil to Bougainville, September 6th, in "The Siege of Quebec," Vol. IV., page 99.

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We might add an eleventhly to this list. When Wolfe was dropping down the river he passed close beside the *Hunter*, and was amazed to see the crew running to quarters and bringing the guns to bear upon his boat. It appears that his captain had been informed by a deserter that the French provision boats were coming down the river that night, and Wolfe's boat, not unnaturally, was mistaken for one of these. We have seen how cleverly Wolfe afterwards utilized this information.

Page 187

Vaudreuil was informed of Wolfe's descent earlier than Montcalm,

and while Montcalm was with him he received a confirmatory despatch from Bernetz giving fuller particulars of the landing.

Page 194

Montcalm could scarcely have arrived at the Plains of Abraham before eight or eight-thirty. We also know that Bougainville was as high up as Pointe-aux-Trembles on the night of the twelfth.

Page 195

There is much doubt as to what Montcalm really said when arriving upon the field of battle.

Page 215

Shortly after this Vaudreuil wrote a letter to the minister of marine defaming Montcalm: "From the moment of M. de Montcalm's arrival in this colony down to that of his death he did not cease to sacrifice everything to his boundless ambition. He sowed dissension among the troops, tolerated the most indecent talk against the government, attached to himself the most disreputable persons, used means to corrupt the most virtuous; and, when he could not succeed, became their cruel enemy."

Page 219

Montcalm wrote from his death-bed a letter to Townshend which has been preserved. It reads as follows: "Sir—Being obliged to surrender Quebec to your arms, I have the honour to recommend our sick and wounded to Your Excellency's kindness and to ask the execution of the *traité d'échange* agreed upon by His Most Christian Majesty and His Britannic Majesty. I beg Your Excellency to rest assured of the high esteem and respectful consideration with which I have the honour to be, Your most humble and obedient servant, Montcalm."

The letter quoted on page 219 has not been proved to be genuine. It is scarcely likely that Montcalm wrote two death-bed letters to the same person.

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Readers of the books of Dr. Doughty and Major Wood will observe that both these authorities are much more lenient than is the Abbé Casgrain towards de Ramezay in the matter of the capitulation of Quebec.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF IMPORTANT EVENTS

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1756, March 14th, Montcalm appointed to command the forces in Canada.

1756, August 14th, Montcalm captures Oswego.

1757, August 9th, Montcalm captures Fort William Henry.

1757, August 11th, Massacre at Fort William Henry.

1757, Wolfe appointed quartermaster-general to the Rochefort expedition.

1758, July 8th, Montcalm wins the battle of Carillon (Ticonderoga).

1758, Wolfe appointed as junior brigadier to serve under Amherst at Louisbourg.

1759, Wolfe appointed to command the expedition against Quebec.

1759, February 17th, Wolfe sails for Canada on the *Neptune*.

1759, June 26th, British fleet anchors off the Island of Orleans. Wolfe issues a proclamation to the inhabitants.

1759, June 27th, The army lands on the Island of Orleans unopposed. A heavy gale throws the fleet into confusion.

1759, June 28th, The French send fire-rafts against the ships.

1759, June 29th, Carleton occupies the point of the Island opposite the Falls of Montmorency. Monckton crosses the south channel to Beaumont.

1759, June 30th, Canadians attack Monckton's force inflicting loss.

1759, July 2nd, Wolfe occupies the Lévis heights with 5,000 men and siege guns.

1759, July 9th, Wolfe seizes the left bank of the Montmorency.

1759, July 12th, 13th, Dumas, with 1,500 men, makes an unsuccessful attack upon the Lévis batteries.

1759, July 18th, Wolfe reconnoitres the north shore above the town. Two frigates and smaller vessels also pass up the river escaping damage from the town batteries.

1759, July 21st, Wolfe again reconnoitres above the town. Carleton leads an expedition twenty miles up the river against Pointe-aux-Trembles. Bougainville appointed to watch the British movements above the town.

1759, July 25th, Wolfe makes a reconnaissance in force up the Montmorency. The French, under Repentigny, repulse him with loss.

1759, July 27th, De Courval sends fire-rafts against the fleet.

1759, July 31st, Wolfe is severely repulsed in an attack in force upon Montmorency.

1759, August 5th, Murray is sent up the river with a considerable force.

1759, August 8th, Murray receives a severe check from Bougainville at Pointe-aux-Trembles.

1759, August 25th, Murray returns to the main army.

1759, August 29th, Wolfe proposes a threefold plan to the brigadiers.

1759, August 30th, Brigadiers reject these plans and propose an alternative.

1759, August 31st to September 3rd, The camp at Montmorency is evacuated. Various reconnaissances up the river.

1759, September 10th, Wolfe makes his final reconnaissance, and selects L'Anse du Foulon (Wolfe's Cove) as the point of attack.

1759, September 13th, The battle of the Plains of Abraham. Wolfe dies on the field of battle. Vaudreuil retreats from Beauport to Jacques Cartier.

1759, September 14th, Montcalm dies.

1759, September 18th, Ramezay capitulates.

1759, September 19th, Townshend marches into Quebec.

1760, April 28th, Lévis defeats Murray at Ste. Foy.

1760, May 16th, Lévis abandons the siege of Quebec on account of the arrival of the English fleet.

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